

*The Lantern
of Diogenes*

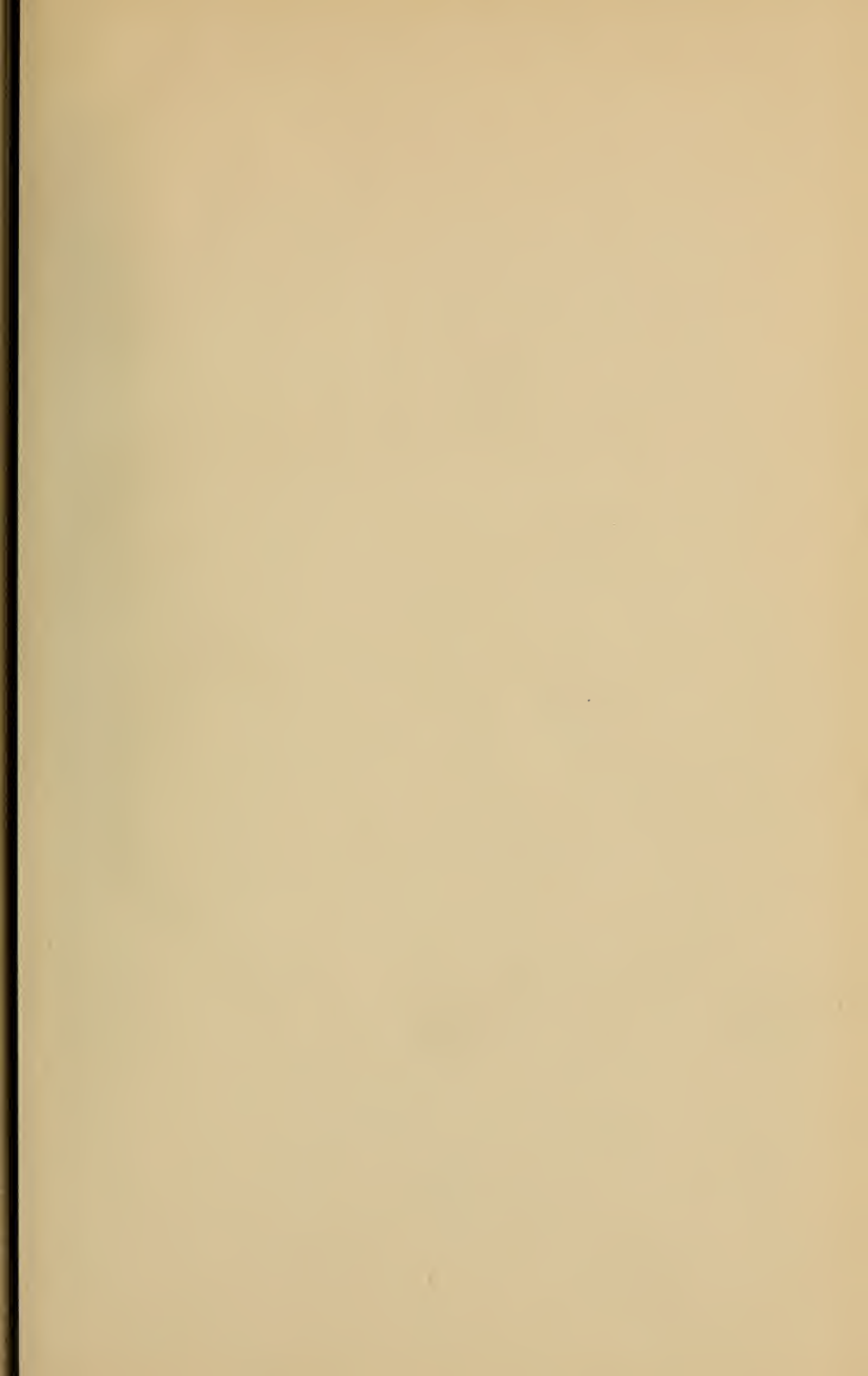


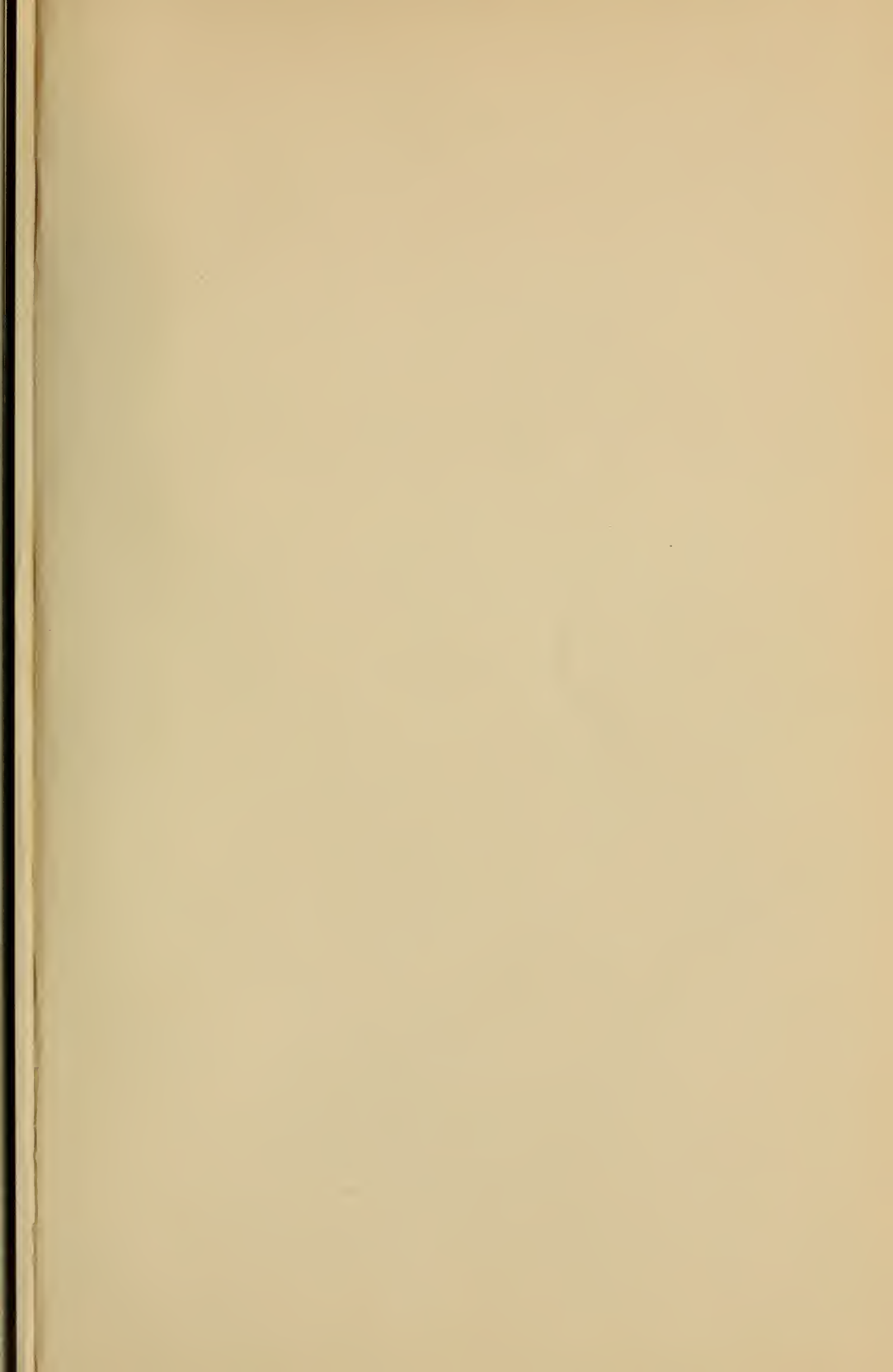
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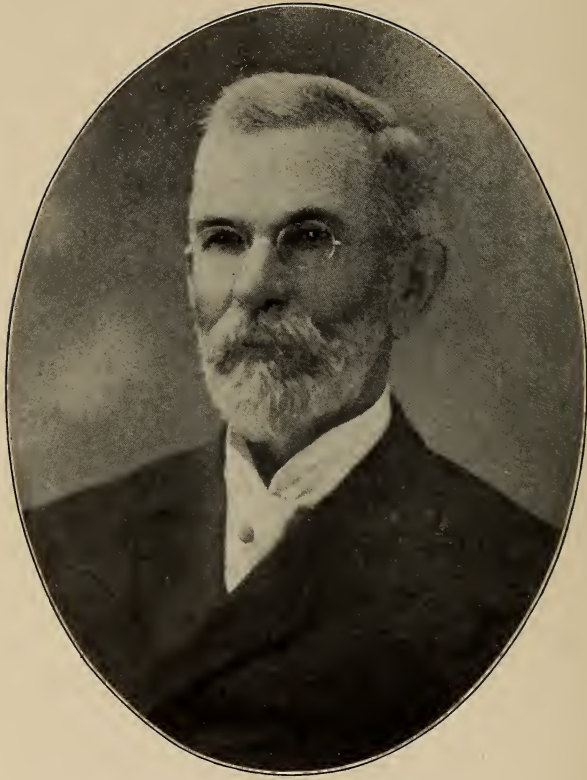
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A. D. Herring, M. D.

THE
LANTERN OF DIOGENES

BY
N. B. HERRING, M. D.



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N. B. HERRING

TO
THAT VILIFIED AND LITTLE UNDERSTOOD CLASS,
THE SKEPTICS;
AND TO THE HONEST AND TRUTH-LOVING
TEACHERS OF RELIGION,
"PURE AND UNDEFILED BEFORE GOD,"
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY THE AUTHOR.

"From the moment when a man desires to find the truth on one side rather than another, it is all over with him as a philosopher."—
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"The business of the scholar is the pursuit of truth. He is to find out and formulate the facts regardless of creeds, teachings of traditions, decrees of councils, or votes of assemblies. If he does less than this, he is a coward and a deserter. If he does more, he is a demagogue and a charlatan."—PRESIDENT HYDE of Bowdoin College.

"As we are obliged to obey the divine law, though our will murmur against it, so we are obliged to believe the word of God, though our reason be shocked at it; therefore, the more absurd and incredible any divine mystery is, the greater honor we do to God in believing it."—FRANCIS BACON.

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INTRODUCTION.

I have no apology to make for writing this book. It is the result of many years' study, and the offspring of the best thought of my life. If its readers do not like it, they are welcome to say what they please about it.

Criticism is invited and abuse will not ruffle the temper of its author.

Several scholars have read it, but no one has criticised it, and only one has abused it. Bishop Strange did himself poor service in his misapprehension of its intent and meaning. His letter and my answer follow.

Elder P. D. Gold read it and said: "I have enjoyed reading your book, which is peculiar. I have been puzzled at times to know where you are and what you believe."

Unlike Bishop Strange, he could not place me on one side or the other. He comprehended the intent of the book—that of presenting both sides of every question discussed, and leaving the verdict to the reader.

It is easy to see from the Bishop's letter where the "peep behind the curtain" stuck him deepest. Poverty of resource has ever placed the church in a false light, and never has there been a time when it ran so severe a gantlet. The reader will do well to make no decision until he has read every line and digested the whole. Let him do as the Bishop started to do, when he balked. Let him stick a pin at the first rut—the first jolt he finds in the road, and not wait until he gets to his journey's end and then say, *the road is bad*.

If the good Bishop will spend another three days, or, better, three weeks, on that stumpy road where he found so many obstructions, and point out that particular stump where "There is no right and no wrong in the world," I will dynamite that

stump and fill up the hole. And if he will point out any passage in Ingersoll's writings where he inveighed against the "words and character" of Jesus, I will confess that I am a careless reader.

Book I shows that I am not an admirer of Ingersoll, but I believe in "giving the devil his due"; for—

"Bad as he is, the devil may be abused,
Falsely charged and causelessly accused;
When men, unwilling to be blamed alone,
Shift off the crimes on him which are their own."

A prominent lawyer of Richmond, Ky., writes: "To me, your book has been a source of inspiration along certain lines. I feel more than repaid by a hasty and, to me, unsatisfactory reading. I recall the fact that your style has the happy amalgam of Miltonic sonorous English and the incisiveness of a chancery brief.

"I notice you ask for my criticism. Am I an *Edinburgh Review*, and are you to be the George Gordon Byron? No, no, 'excuse me'—do not excruciate me upon this *crux* of the Krino."

Relative to Book I or Part I of the *Lantern*, he writes: "It seems to me that this part of the book might, with propriety, to say the least, be expunged. I fail to realize *in ideas* its logical connection with either the 'Jew' or the subsequent career of the school-teacher."

Singular as it is, the more a man knows, the more difficult it becomes to present a subject in language that can be easily comprehended; yet it seems strange that careful and scholarly readers can make such egregious mistakes in the interpretation of what seems to be a very simple matter. One places me on the side of the agnostic, because the arguments on that side appeal more strongly to him, while the other objects to Book I or Part I of the *Lantern*, because he cannot see the connection between that and the second part of the book.

The Schoolmaster, a deist, contends with two antagonists—Ingersoll, an atheist, and the “Jew,” who is a Christian. Atheism is combated in his argument with Ingersoll; Christianity in that with the “Wanderer.”

Book I shows Mr. Eliot’s belief in God; Book II, his unbelief in the Christian religion; and the whole book shows that he was a Unitarian.

If some deductions from scriptural texts jar upon the timid, pious mind, or certain conclusions drawn from the admissions of the adversaries of Orthodoxy vex the wiseacre, let the reader remember that simple fairness demands that he reach his verdict only after careful consideration of all the arguments based upon the evidence. If he endorse the witness, he must not repudiate the testimony, and as Q. K. Philander Doesticks implies in his “apology” for writing *Pluri-bus-tah*, “*Si stulti pactum facias, stulti stipendium tibi accipiendum sit.*”

Take the case and say how it is.

N. B. HERRING.



BISHOP STRANGE'S LETTER.

BISHOP'S HOUSE,

WILMINGTON, N. C., September 5, 1906.

MY DEAR DR. HERRING:—I send you your book by express to-day. I have been reading it steadily and carefully for the past three days. I started with pencil and paper, taking notes, to commend, to criticise, and even to answer some of the positions of the Schoolmaster. Then, I concluded to read the book straight through and get its impression as a whole. I have done that, my dear Doctor; and the impression is so sad and terrible that I will attempt no particular criticism nor reply.

In the early part of your book you say that conscience is no guide at all in treading the labyrinth of life; and, later on, you even urge that conscience is the cause of sin. You discredit Faith, telling men that it is just as likely to lead them to superstition and misery as to truth and happiness. The main part of the book is a strong argument for the doctrine of absolute Necessity in all creation and a denial of human responsibility. There is no right and no wrong in the world; the murderer and ravisher are not to be blamed or punished; and the man is not to be praised who gives his life to relieve human suffering and to make this earth a sweeter, brighter, better place. They *had* to do what they did; and so there is no blame nor praise.

You make Holy Scripture a magic book, penned by the hand of omniscient God, with every "t" crossed and every "i" dotted by Him; and, then, you sneer at the position in mind and morals which such an interpretation of the Inspiration of Scripture places us. You make the great drama of Job a jest, and you excuse the treachery of Judas.

Your chapter on the teachings of Jesus is the bitterest and most unfair arraignment of the words and character of the noblest man in human history that I have read in literature, with the possible exception of Ingersoll. How can you define Jesus as a man who "deserts his best friends and forsakes those who are in sympathy with him to grovel with the *canaille*"; whose teaching is "the inculcation of selfishness," and whose advice is "to disregard the duties of this present world"?

You finish your book with a horrible sermon, as if it were the best sermon that Christianity can give, which unreservedly declares that all the heathen are tortured forever in hell; which declares that the distinguishing difference between Christianity and Materialism is, in regard to the end of man, that the one consigns *most* men to the everlasting tortures of hell, and the other consigns *all* men to worse tortures in a deeper hell. Ah, yes, Doctor, as I read your book, I see the ONE, Almighty, self-existent, all-wise Being creating this world with a purpose, forcing all men through life necessarily to this purpose; and that the end and meaning of this purpose is HELL—hell, flaming, torturing hell for all men, but—but—an infinitesimal few who, despite their reason and their moral sense, simply declare that they believe in Jesus and feel that they are converted by the Cross.

It is not a sufficient answer, Doctor, to say that you have stated only one side and that you have tried to find answers for the other side. I do not think, as a matter of fact, that any man can answer his own real arguments. Here it is so evident which is your side; it is argued out so much more clearly and fully that men follow you in the argument, unless they, as few do, have the intellect and learning to argue for themselves. There is much fine, original matter in the book; many true, beautiful, and wise things; but you can give them to the world in another setting. Pardon me, if I have been too frank, Doctor; but we have been so in all our talk; and I agreed to be that when I took the book.

With good wishes for you and Mrs. Herring,

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT STRANGE.

REPLY TO BISHOP STRANGE.

MY DEAR BISHOP:—The book came safely by express, your letter following next day.

I am disappointed in your letter. You have not done yourself justice.

Queasiness is no substitute for argument, and hypercriticism never yet bettered an evil.

I asked for bread, and you have given me what I already had—a stone. Or, rather, I asked for a fish, and you gave me a serpent. The stone I easily picked up as I journeyed through the Sacred Volume; but the serpent—oh, the serpent! When will he cease to crawl on his belly and eat dust?

You assume more than the arguments justify. If the evidence is stronger on the materialistic side than it is on the other, why should you assume that I am more on the one than the other?

I did my best on both sides, and nothing but poverty of evidence kept me from answering the Schoolmaster satisfactorily to you. I called on the brightest scholars and greatest theologians of this age; and I am proud to say that I have been treated with the utmost courtesy, and given all the aid at their command. I stopped writing the book a whole year because I could not answer some of the Schoolmaster's questions, nor find a man equal to the task. In way-off Boston I, at last, found a doughty champion of the Cross who, with a boldness made of knowledge, and a *finesse* to adorn Machiavel, came to my rescue and bridged the gap.

Borden P. Bowne's letter is incorporated in the book, word for word and letter for letter. It is a masterpiece of strategy, steganography, and scholarship—a genuine *sesquipedalia verba*. He calls it Transcendental Empiricism. Whatever that means, it is an answer, and enabled me to go on with the book.

To Bishop Candler I sent the chapters "Job" and "Judas," asking for a reply. He did his best, and was exceedingly courteous in his manner and style. It is in the chapter headed, "The Lesson," and breathes the spirit of true Christian humility. If "weak," as you intimated when we read the chapters together, it is in strong

contrast with yours where you complain that I "make the great drama of Job a jest, and excuse the treachery of Judas."

If the argument against conscience as a guide be fallacious, you ought to have shown the fallacy. Your criticism of my book is the same that Bruno, Servetus, and Savonarola underwent. When the Church had civic power the inquisition was the evidence, and the fagot and torture-chamber the argument; it is the "bitterest and most unfair arraignment."

If the bible is not the word of God with every "t" crossed and every "i" dotted by Him, it is only a human document, and should be treated as other human documents. In a recent defense of the bible and the Christian religion the writer says: "No man is fit to speak about religion who reviles the word of God. *If he knew it to be false*, he who reviles a book that the best people in the world revere is a bad man, with the instincts of a blackguard."

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," is Scripture. It is neither "magic" nor legerdemain, but a command of Almighty God—the father of Jesus Christ. It is just as much His word as "Thou shalt do no murder." Yet it has been abrogated by human legislation—yea, been *reviled* and repudiated by the Christian Church.

Science and philosophy are both failures in accounting for the universe. Human reason balks at the unknowable. Revelation as portrayed in the Old, and elucidated in the New Testament, explains everything. A Sovereign* "God determines upon His own acts, foreseeing what the results will be in the free acts of His creatures, and so *He determines those results*."

*"From eternity God foresaw all the events of the universe as fixed and certain."

Orthodox Christianity as taught by the Roman Catholic Church, and many schismatic sects since the days of the Apostles, is summarized in the "*Lantern of Diogenes*," and this summary gives you a feature of the "scheme of Salvation," stripped of its draperies, its gildings, and its canonicals. It is the same portrait painted by Tertullian and later on by Calvin. They were artists drawing from nature.

Horrible, my dear Bishop, as this picture appears to you, it accounts for the universe and everything in it. It goes beyond the

*Strong's Theology.

limitations of science, and leads where philosophy has lost its path. It tells you why idiots are born to intelligent parents. It accounts for the pains of parturition; it tells why people come into the world blind, deaf, and dumb; why monstrosities exist, and why people are sent to hell.

Orthodox Christianity—that is, bible or true Christianity—declares that God, for the salvation of a few—and a very few at that—of riffraff Jews, *had His own son murdered*; that He loved Jacob and hated Esau before they were born; that He is Sovereign, that He overlooks the sparrows, that His providence extends even over sin; and that, “He blinds the eyes and hardens the hearts of sinful men; and sends them strong delusions, that they should believe a lie and be damned.”

You will doubtless say that this is not true; that it is the “bitterest and most unfair arraignment”; but, my dear Bishop, it is bible doctrine, and it is endorsed by Jesus Christ himself. Turn to the fourth chapter of Mark and read it, and note especially the 11th and 12th verses. Is there anything in the Old Testament more horrible than that sermon, coming from the loving lips of Jesus?

“Wicked men are called the rod, the staff, the ax, the saw, in his hand; and are therefore moved by him, as these instruments are by the hand of him who uses them.”

Is not this sermon of Jesus, quoted by Mark, a vindication of the Old Testament Scriptures? Did he want that multitude saved? Did he treat the only true friend (John the Baptist) he ever had as the Golden Rule commands? Was Peter, his right-hand man, on whom he founded his church, a high-toned gentleman? How about the Prodigal Son and his brother? Whose conduct did he approve, the industrious Martha's or the lazy Mary's? Why should he commend the unjust steward who had robbed his employer? Tell me if it is *just* to pay a laborer, for one hour's work, as much as another for a whole day. Why should he go to a fig tree, out of season for figs, and then curse it for being bare?

Calvinism has stood the test from the day it was expounded by Jonathan Edwards, and no man has yet answered it.

Now, wherein is my chapter on The Teachings of Jesus “bitter and unfair”? I have only used the evidence and drawn logical conclusions from the same. On the other hand, I have endeavored to

palliate these horrible statements and excuse Omnipotence from the implication of evil. That I failed is only because the evidence is not there on which to build the argument.

You have not read the book as the Schoolmaster read the bible. If the whole of anything is faulty, its parts, or at least some of its parts, are faulty. Dissection is the only means of getting at the structure of anything. If no *part* of a structure can be condemned, the *whole* certainly ought not to be condemned. Instead of analyzing the book as you purposed and as I desired, you throw up your hands in holy horror and accuse me of being on one side.

Finally, as to that "horrible" sermon which is the closing chapter of the book. And before I say a word in defense of that sermon, allow me to quote two verses from what you must agree is the finest sermon ever preached on this earth:

"Go in by the small gate. Broad and spacious is the road that leads to destruction, and those that go in by it are many; for small is the gate and narrow the way that leads to Life, and those that find it are few."

In that "horrible" sermon we see science and philosophy, by their own confession, traveling at a rapid rate down the "broad and spacious road." Their inevitable goal is "destruction."

"Hell—hell, flaming, torturing hell for all men, but—but—an infinitesimal few." Now, who said that—the Schoolmaster or Jesus Christ?

The philosophy of materialism says *all*; the Sermon on the Mount lets off the few that "go through the small gate." No stronger argument was ever, nor ever can be, presented to the human mind for the acceptance of Christ.

That horrid nightmare, "Hell," seems to affect you as the Lemurine Phantom affected Brutus at the battle of Philippi.

Crapsey could not stand the immaculate conception, and you are horrified at the idea of hell. Thousands of men who call themselves Christians accept Darwin's theory of evolution which denies the Fall, and therefore does away with any lifting-up process. It is the same old wrangle that has existed from the earliest days of the Christian era. If this sermon is so horrible because it preaches hell, and tells you how to keep out of it, pray tell me what you think of the sermon Jesus preached to the multitude on the seashore. If you will give

me one good reason for his preaching that sermon, I will agree to burn mine up and never open my mouth again on the subject of religion.

My dear Bishop, you ought to read the book again, and read it as the Schoolmaster read the bible. Had you read the *preface* carefully you would have seen that both the "Sermon" and the "Teachings of Jesus" are legitimate. And if you will read the bible account of Job and Judas, you will see that I have neither made a "jest" of the one nor "excused the treachery" of the other.

If an Omnipotent God orders anything done, the human instruments selected to carry out His orders are not to be charged with the acts committed. If Christ was a mortal, if he was the son of Joseph and Mary, born in the good old-fashion way, he was crucified by the Romans. If he was the Son of God, he was crucified by the direction of his Father. If you deny this, I will prove it by his own testimony:

"As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received from the Father."

According to Matthew, Christ predicted his death, entombment, and resurrection:

"For as Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three nights in the heart of the earth."

Christ told his disciples that he must go into Jerusalem and suffer many things and be crucified. He told Peter, James, and John not to publish the details of his transfiguration "until the Son of Man be risen from the dead." He said: "The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men, and they shall kill him." He said that he "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life, a ransom for many." He fell on his face and prayed: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

When one of his disciples would have resisted the capture, Jesus said that he could, by praying to his Father, obtain for his defense "more than twelve legions of angels," and added: "But how, then, shall the Scriptures be fulfilled that it must be?"

Moses and Elias talked to Jesus about his "decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." He said to his disciples: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem, and all things that are written by the prophets concerning the Son of Man shall be accomplished."

According to Luke, Christ predicted that he should be delivered to the Gentiles, mocked, spit on, scourged, and crucified. When Pontius Pilate told Jesus that he had power to crucify or release him, Jesus answered that the Roman had no power except it was given from above. Everything that was done was done in order "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." Take this proposition from the New Testament, and the scheme of salvation is gone.

If what happened could have been prevented by the Romans or by the Jews, then the New Testament is worthless. It is too late in this day of intelligent thought to continue the arguments of the Middle Ages. Could religion have made progress along with science and literature, our sacred books would have kept pace with other changes; and instead of a bible suited to barbarians, we would have one now in accord with civilized life. Thomas Jefferson, instead of being preached into hell for selecting the good and ignoring the bad, would be counted a benefactor of the human race. Ingersoll, for condemning the bloodthirstiness of Jehovah, and preaching the moral precepts of Jesus, would never have been stigmatized as an infidel. Stephen Girard, whose philanthropic monument to the orphan children of Philadelphia is doing more real good than all the churches of that city, would be canonized instead of doomed to the Christian's deepest hell.

Yes, my dear Bishop, you will have to get rid of your witness. The testimony is too strong, the evidence too clear for the Crapseys, the Coxes, and other strong men in the Church. Set aside your witness or accept his testimony, as the Catholics do. And if God has told you to give diseased meat to strangers or sell it to aliens, do that. All the horrible commands laid down in Leviticus and Deuteronomy are as binding to-day, and upon us, as they were then upon the Jews, for he says: "This shall be a statute forever unto them throughout their generations."

A quotation from a "Schoolmaster" of the olden time, with an answer by a great ecclesiastic, will fitly close my apology for the "bitterest and most unfair arraignment":

ONAN.

"The race of Onan exhibits great singularities. The patriarch Judah, his father, lay with his daughter-in-law, Tamar the Phœnician, in the highroad; Jacob, the father of Judah, was at the same time married to two sisters, the daughters of an idolater; and deluded both his father and father-in-law. Lot, the granduncle of Jacob, lay with his two daughters. Saleum, one of the descendants of Jacob and Judah, espoused Rahab the Canaanite, a prostitute. Boaz, son of Saleum and Rahab, received into his bed Ruth the Midianite; and was great-grandfather of David. David took away Bathsheba from the warrior Uriah, her husband, and caused him to be slain, that he might be unrestrained in his amour. Lastly, in the two genealogies of Christ, which differ in so many points, but agree in this, we discover that he descended from this tissue of fornication, adultery, and incest.

"Nothing is more proper to confound human prudence; to humble our limited minds, and to convince us that the ways of Providence are not like our ways. The reverend father Dom Calmet makes this reflection, in alluding to the incest of Judah with Tamar, and to the sin of Onan, spoken of in the 38th chapter of Genesis: 'Scripture,' he observes, 'gives us the details of a history which on the first perusal strikes our minds as not of a nature for edification; but the hidden sense which is shut up in it is as elevated as that of the mere letter appears low to carnal eyes. It is not without good reasons that the Holy Spirit has allowed the histories of Tamar, of Rahab, of Ruth, and of Bathsheba to form a part of the genealogy of Jesus Christ.'

This ancient "Schoolmaster" then comments as follows upon the answer of Dom Calmet:

"It might have been well if Dom Calmet had explained these sound reasons, by which we might have cleared up the doubts and appeased the scruples of all honest and timorous souls who are anxious to comprehend how the Supreme Being, the Creator of worlds, could be born in a Jewish village, of a race of plunderers and prostitutes. This mystery, which is not less inconceivable than other mysteries, was assuredly worthy the explanation of so able a commentator."

Sincerely, your friend,

N. B. HERRING.



BOOK I.

THE LANTERN OF DIOGENES.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

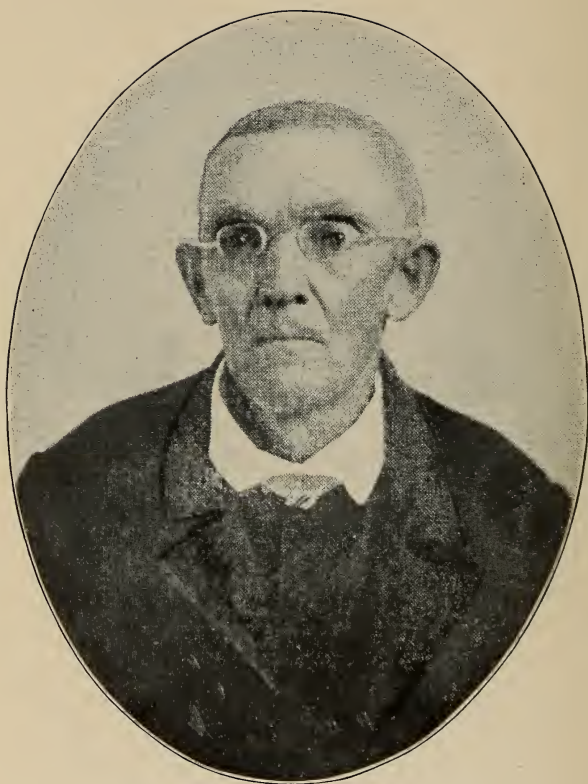
THE OLD MAN IN THE CAR.

ON a warm afternoon in the month of June, 1889, an old man was traveling at a high rate of speed, in a gorgeous palace car, on one of the great trunk railways of the United States. He was a good distance from home, and was returning from a tour of inspection of the schools of the North and West. He was the only passenger in the car, and, his journey being a long and tedious one, he had provided against the *ennui* and monotony of travel by supplying himself with some of the current literature of the day. He was sociable in his nature and habits, and preferred the society of his fellow-man to any other enjoyment, but when alone and comfortable he never failed to have at hand some book or periodical from which he received instruction, or whiled away the time between his more active engagements. His hair was short cropped and white with age. His face was wrinkled and his back bowed, but his eye was bright and his broad forehead indicated thought. His dress was plain but neat, and his spectacles pushed up on his forehead showed that he did not need them in reading. He had been near-sighted in youth, and wore glasses mainly to see at a distance. Age had flattened his eyeballs, and the focus of light had come in the easy range of ordinary men in their prime. He wore glasses now more from habit than from any benefit he derived from them. He had been a student from early youth, and the acquisition of knowledge had been the one absorbing passion of his life. He had had the benefit of the finest educational facilities of his day, and had been graduated with the highest honors from a famous university of the South. He

began at an early day to examine critically his own knowledge, and, finding much of it faulty, he inquired into the methods of teaching, and to his surprise and chagrin, found them crude, inefficient, and ill adapted to the requirements of the age.

His *Alma Mater*, which at one time he worshiped as a tutelary goddess, became in later years a fetich of priggism where the smatterer bowed and the pedant strove for the honors of a Machiavelian sophistry. In every department of human learning which he investigated he found the same superficiality, the same gloss and tinsel. The science and art of agriculture were in the most primitive condition, and the laws which governed the growth of plants understood by few. The physician's greatest ambition was to "smell like a doctor," and his armamentarium consisted in murdered technicalities of which he knew little more than his deluded patrons. The lawyer would speak knowingly of the *Lex talionis*, while the preacher quoted Scripture and twisted it to suit his own church and creed. Some of the best mechanics had spent much of their time in working at perpetual motion, and the alchemist's dream still haunted the chemist, while the philosopher's stone engrossed the attention of nearly every class above the common laborer. But, of all men, the teacher was found most sadly wanting in useful information; and so deeply grounded was his prejudice, and so bent upon following the ruts of his predecessors, that the caustic lines of Boileau became a fitting animadversion upon the farcical purism of the average school-master:

"Brim full of learning, see the pedant stride!
Bristling with horrid Greek, and puffed with pride,
A thousand authors he in vain has read,
And with their maxims stuffed his empty head;
And thinks that without Aristotle's rule
Reason is blind, and common sense a fool."



THE SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

TO BE a schoolmaster in the South prior to the war, and more especially about the year 1840, was looked upon as an admission on the part of the teacher that he was good for little else. A few noted exceptions might be found here and there, where by long and persistent use of the rod a sort of savage respect had attached itself to particular individuals; but, as a rule, when the Southern gentleman wanted a teacher, he sent to Massachusetts or Connecticut, as he did for his ax-helves, believing that no good could come out of this modern Nazareth save a cotton bale, a nigger, or a mule. This phantasm of the Southern mind had built a temple of wisdom in New England, and, as true knowledge could be obtained from no other source, the Yankee schoolmaster came periodically to keep the free and "entered" schools of the South. Ichabod Crane, Irving's hero of "Sleepy Hollow," is a type of the New England gabber-lunzies who migrated annually to North Carolina to instruct the young "Tarheel" in the mysteries of foreign slang.

"I kotch it," I have heard one say as he played ball with the children when school was out. They brought with them an abundance of "waters Lethean," of which the tow-headed urchins drank copious draughts; and hence "your Epimenides, your somnolent *Peter Klaus*, since named Rip Van Winkle."

Notwithstanding the unsavory atmosphere in which the native teacher was compelled to live, this old gentleman decided in early manhood to devote his life-work to the instruction of others. With an honesty unknown in the other professions, he pursued the line of truth as far as he could trace it, without thanks and with little reward. He passed through the usual stages of hopeful optimism, despairing pessimism, indifferent submission, and finally in his old age entered the Elysian fields of true philosophy. At middle age he had learned a lesson which few ever learn, that is, the limit of his own capacity. After that he never attempted impossibilities. He saw that the possible was so much neglected that life was too short to waste time after the impossible. He had learned that the

human mind could never attain to the limits of all knowledge, and for years he had only endeavored to instill into the minds of his pupils some of the fundamental principles. He made it a rule of his profession to correct error rather than to teach truth, believing that negative evidence—that is, a statement of what a thing is not—is more valuable than dogmatic assertion. The modern method of “pushing” at school, of going through and over books, of cramming, learning rules by heart, and reciting by rote, he repudiated as a waste of time and an injury to the understanding.

As a man, he was somewhat after the order of Rousseau’s portraiture of his Spanish friend, De Altuna :

“The idea of vengeance could no more enter his head than the desire of it could proceed from his heart. His mind was too great to be vindictive, and I have frequently heard him say, with the greatest coolness, that no mortal could offend him. He was the only man I ever knew whose principles were not intolerant. It was not of the least consequence to him whether his friend was a Jew, a Protestant, a Turk, a bigot, or an atheist, provided he was an honest man.”

Heteroclit, *bizarre*, *sui generis*, or some such appellative, appeared to befit him both as a teacher and a citizen, and accordingly he was known in his community as an oddity. Even as a young man, and at college, he was considered queer, and having no double name, he adopted the middle initial G., conferred upon him by his college mates on account of his fancied resemblance to a ghost. He ever afterward signed his name John G. Eliot, and sometimes simply “Ghost Eliot.” His pupils nicknamed him “The Old Stive,” but whether he ever heard of that is questionable, as he commanded the respect of all classes. He was known within the radius of a large circle, as “The Ghost,” but to his face he was always respectfully spoken to as Mr. Eliot. “When did you see the Ghost?” was often the question of one friend to another.

CHAPTER III.

"THE GHOST."

MR. ELIOT taught by precept and example, and while he had for years endeavored to instill into the minds of his pupils the fundamental principles of all knowledge, he had watched the teachings of others, not only in the schoolroom, but from the pulpit, the rostrum, and the secular press. Speculative philosophy had for many years engaged his leisure moments, and he had studied with a close scrutiny the various theories of philosopher, minister, and statesman. He had found from experience and observation that truth lay buried in the inner kernel of all things, and could only be found by dissection and analysis; that the pericarps or husks of philosophy alone were seen by the multitude, and that to get the pure gold the mine must be sapped to the bottom. He analyzed the human mind, and divided it into compartments embracing truth and error. He compared the psychical states of men and brutes, and found them so closely allied as to bear the semblance of kinship, yet so far apart that no theory of descent has been able to bridge the gap. The marvelous intellect of Darwin, the keen logic of Spencer, the profound thought of Helmholtz, and the painstaking studies of Haeckel, have never yet discovered the "missing link" in the chain of cause and effect which attempts to bind man to a common origin with the brute. Evolution in its broad sense he admitted, as every true philosopher is compelled to admit, but the theory of man's descent he found to be based upon pure assumption, as all theories concerning God, the universe, and the devil are based upon postulation. In his philosophy he assumed nothing; but, taking facts as they are presented to the minds of all thinkers, he reasoned out a philosophy of his own—a creed, as it were, in which he could find no fact in the universe running counter to his theories.

He made a circle around every living creature, and called it the "circle of the finite." Beyond this circle lay the infinite, and into this infinity he found that man was ever prying, ever trying to project himself.

The lower animals, so far as he could see, completed their whole existence here. Their distinctive faculty, as well as the common faculties of man and brute, remained satisfied in this circumscribed area—never pushing the brute to a hope beyond, nor dragging him with a fear of the far-off and unsettled future. Man alone he found delving into the mysteries of the infinite, yet never satisfied, because of his intruding fears and doubts. He sought for a reason why man should trouble himself for that which appeared to be so far beyond his grasp, and in settling this point he compared by analysis the human and the brute mind, noting particularly the distinctive characteristics of each. The physical senses, appetites, and the passions he found common to both, with the balance in favor of the brute as regards development. Especially sight, hearing, and smelling, he found to be more acute in the lower animals; and that the distinctive faculty called instinct—a free gift to the brute, as reason is a free gift to man—unerring as a guide, incapable of improvement, perfect, and of which man can have no conception—a faculty which appears to be a substitute for reason, so closely allied, yet so far apart from reason that it sets a barrier between man and beast which no theory of materialism can overthrow. From this faculty of instinct he found no dependencies; therefore the brute is without hope, without charity, without faith. Reverence, veneration, knowledge of good and evil, civilization, progress, religion, belong to man alone. Instinct enables the honey-bee to make its comb, the horse to find its way home through the mazes and intricacies of a virgin forest, the beaver to make its dam, and the carrier-pigeon to direct its flight; but instinct never profits by experience, never teaches one generation how to avoid the mistakes of a preceding one, never educates youth nor protects age. Circumscribed, limited to the finite, bound with a Promethean-chain to this elifted-stone, it has no means of extending itself beyond that tether. Infinity is a realm of which instinct has no conception, and the spirit of the beast must end with the physical forces which bring it into existence.

How different with men! “Indued with intellectual sense and souls,” they stand out, reach out, grasp all, and long for more.

The circle of the finite cannot contain the mind of man.

Reason, with its dependencies, enables him to traverse the infinite, to project himself beyond the pale of the known into the regions where truth, error, happiness, and misery reign supreme; where time and space have no beginning and no ending, where mutation ceases, and where reform is impossible; for it is written:

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

ENTHRONED upon the highest pinnacle of the infinite sits Reason, crowned with the tiara of Justice, clad in the purple robes of Faith, Hope, and Charity, having for its footstool Reverence, Veneration, Conscience, Worship, Superstition, and Fear.

Upon this couch Religion was born, and at this altar it bends its knee. It is pure and Godlike as it approaches the crown, low and groveling as it descends to the foot. Without reason, the dependent faculties could not exist; without these faculties, religion would be impossible. With reason alone, man would be simply an intellectual machine, wound up by the hand of Time, to run its course without pleasure, without pain, without hope or fear; stoical, never in error, never in doubt, doing no good, doing no harm—progressing forever in the line of truth—simply to know, to know until he knew it all, and then what? Ask the Pantheist. To be a man, then, and a religionist requires a combination of intellect and its dependent faculties, but, astounding as the statement may be, it is nevertheless true that religion has ignored its fountainhead, and seeks to maintain its existence by feeding from these inferior and dependent sources. This it is which enables infidelity to flaunt its florid rhetoric before the dazzled gaze of ignorance. This it is that shames the honest seeker after truth, and causes his ears to tingle, and his cheek to burn at the irreverent propagandism he hears in the pulpit. This it is which forces the philosopher back upon his own resources, and causes him to ignore the teachings of priest and infidel alike.

As the prime object of all teaching is to influence conduct, to give lessons through any medium whereby the individual may be influenced to act to his own detriment can never come within the pale of true education, and as such should not be encouraged. To get at the truth of any matter, we have but one unerring guide. The senses are proverbially delusive, human desires are but a mockery, and that ever-paraded monitor, conscience, sways the human heart to and fro upon the

billows of life without rudder or ballast, driving one in this direction, another in that, approving in one what it condemns in another, and blinding all with the beautiful phantasmagoria of self-approval. Were it left to the senses, the world would still be flat, and imagination would again place it upon the coiled serpent.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Our desires are still less to be trusted. We live under the influence of so many artificial stimuli that those instincts which to the brute are unerring guides, become in man *ignes fatui*, leading us in devious paths, and often stranding us in the mud. That divine gift which alone separates man from the brute, and through which all the grand achievements of the world have been accomplished; that which enables him to think on abstract subjects and profit by experience; that which is the only image of God in man—reason, and reason alone, is the guide to truth. If man is ever to be judged by appearances, and have sentence passed upon him through the medium of sense, his case will remain hopeless; but when enlightened philosophy shall formulate a creed in accordance with the highest attributes of humanity, the veil of charity will then cover up the ugly places in man's nature, and fit him for the exercise of that love which is so much spoken of and so little realized. As well might we attempt to get at the chemical composition and therapeutic effect of a sugar-coated pill by looking at it, as to essay an analysis of the hidden springs in human nature by looking at man. His composition is so intricate, his make-up so elaborate, and his attributes so varied, that anatomists, physiologists, and psychologists, with all their studies of body, function, and soul, have failed to satisfy even themselves on the points of their most painstaking labor.

This unsatisfactory result may be traced to two essential errors: one, of the manner in which the investigation is made; the other, in the means used to make it. The mathematician in working out a problem starts with the premises and labors to the end with one instrument. Hopes, fears, preconceived opinions, and appearances do not enter into the effort. Reason

alone battles with the difficulty, and, if the result comes out unsatisfactorily, he does not abandon his means, but with the same reviews his work and detects the error; or, if there is no error, acquiesces in the result without quibbling for an answer that he thought, or expected, or had been told would be the proper one. So in the mechanic arts, so in law and medicine; then why not in the more refined and subtile philosophy of metaphysics? Why trust and appeal to the intellect in all matters pertaining to material benefits, and so unceremoniously thrust it aside as untrustworthy when it comes to the study of ethical and psychological law? Is there nothing real in all these wordy abstractions which harass and perplex without satisfying, or does the fault lie in the method of study and the ends to be gained? Have we any criterion of truth, that we should follow automatically as the shadow follows the substance? This was claimed and enforced during the Dark Ages, and the world lay dormant. Truth was claimed to have a visible throne in the Church, yet the history of those times is a long history of crime against the fear-corded intelligence of man. This criterion (Truth) is now centered in the thinking capacity of every rational creature, and when a man lays aside his reason he denies God. The truth can be arrived at just as an eclipse of the sun can be arrived at, but you must work the problem out the same as the astronomer works out the eclipse.

The intellectual world is tired and sick of dogmatic teaching.

"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," and "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."

CHAPTER V.

FAITH.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

—Tennyson.

For the finite to grasp the infinite would be to make a part equal to the whole; yet the finite, by the terms of its own existence, and with the aid of the evidence at its command, can in a manner arrive at conclusions which are positive. Positive evidence, or the evidence of our senses, will compel every one to admit that time is without limit either in the past or future, that space is boundless in every direction. No man has experience when there was no time, neither has he come to the limit of space. Evidence by denial, exclusion, or exception, twist it as you may, can never exclude either the one or the other, nor bring them within the scope of the finite. Synthetic reasoning, from whatever point you start, can only carry you to the circumference of the circle. At the boundary of the finite, reason must stop, because evidence becomes inoperative and testimony futile. Here another faculty assumes control, and, having its impulse from positive data, can never vary from the direction it takes.

Faith is the only means by which the finite can extend itself into the infinite.

Beyond the limits of the finite, it is influenced no more by finite things. With its impulse from truth, its direction is forever in the line of truth; but with its momentum from error, its progress tends to error *ad infinitum*. In the philosophy of Materialism faith is a condemned faculty. It is regarded as the offspring of ignorance and superstition alone. Denial of facts and assumption of truths are the bane of all systems of philosophy. The contention is for what we want rather than for what we have. Faith being one of the dependencies of reason, and being influenced and modified by the other dependent faculties, becomes a guide or a snare, according to the influence exerted by one or all of its fellow dependents. Faith, the product of reason, is simply an extension of reason beyond the finite into the infinite. Faith, the product of the subordinate faculties, is

only an extension of those faculties into the infinite. Now, as truth within the circle of the finite is only attainable through reason, to find truth in the realm of infinity, we must exercise that faith which is based upon reason alone. Faith, based upon the subordinate faculties, is always liable to be erroneous, because these faculties contradict one another, and because they form "in the brain, that wondrous world with one inhabitant, recesses dim and dark, treacherous sands and dangerous shores, where seeming sirens tempt and fade; streams that rise in unknown lands from hidden springs, strange seas with ebb and flow of tides, resistless billows urged by storms of flame, profound and awful depths hidden by mist of dreams, obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half revealed, jungles where passions' tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead; and the poor sovereign of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that Mockery has throned and crowned."*

*Ingersoll's "Reply to Gladstone."

CHAPTER VI.

DIALECTICS.

"AND the poor sovereign" (Reason) "of this pictured world is led by old desires and ancient hates, and stained by crimes of many vanished years, and pushed by hands that long ago were dust, until he feels like some bewildered slave that Mockery has throned and crowned."

Rhetoric! Beautiful, high-sounding, turgid rhetoric! Weapons of the evangelist—of the revivalist. Shall the philosopher imitate the priest? Shall Reason abdicate her throne at the behest of a phrase-monger?

"The intellect is not always supreme. It is surrounded by clouds. It sometimes sits in darkness. It is often misled—sometimes, in superstitious fear, it abdicates. It is not always a white light. The passions and prejudices are prismatic—they color thoughts. Desires betray the judgment and cunningly mislead the will."*

Were these powers taken into the council that projected the Mont Cenis tunnel? Are they invited on shipboard in a storm at sea? Did they help Lieutenant Maury to construct his navigation charts? Did Columbus invoke their aid when he set out on his voyage of discovery? It is a "poor sovereign," indeed, that takes these fearful helpers into his cabinet of state. Torquemada and Bonaparte chose them for boon companions and bedfellows. The mathematician utterly ignores them, the astronomer does not recognize them, and the philosopher should say to them, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The passions are the common property of man and brute. What makes the man is his power to think on abstract subjects. This power to think is independent of the physical senses or the passions. The senses cannot help the mind to think. The passions, when they intrude, always do harm. The mind often becomes more acute and active when one or more of the senses are destroyed. A celebrated blind teacher of anatomy in New York is an example. The deaf, dumb, and blind asylums prove the same thing. Bonaparte's character and career show what intellect will do,

*Ingersoll's "Reply to Gladstone."

aided by all the passions. The character of Lord Bacon is another example. Does anybody suppose that Euclid cared about the "obscure and phantom realms where vague and fearful things are half revealed, jungles where passions' tigers crouch, and skies of cloud and blue where fancies fly with painted wings that dazzle and mislead"? Was he misled by this unexplored and tangled mass of disarray? Did fear, hope, despair, hatred, or love aid him in the solution of his celebrated forty-seventh problem? To what use could the mathematician put conscience? What can the surgeon do with prayer? How far would any or all of the passions direct the engineer, the navigator, or the statesman? Does not the downfall of empires show what irrational legislation can do for men? Faith, directed by reason, brought Columbus to the Western Hemisphere. Faith, directed by conscience, caused Paul to persecute the early Christians. Faith, directed by reason, enabled Eads to channel the mouth of the Mississippi River. Faith, directed by worship, prayer, and superstition, caused Paulina to lose her virtue in the Temple of Isis.* Faith, directed by reason, makes agriculture possible; gives impulse to commerce, navigation, and education; builds cities, wharves, steamboats, and railroads; makes progress, civilization, and contentment possible. Faith, directed by the passions, causes internecine wars, religious persecutions, and *autos-de-fé*.

"The experience of many ages proves that men may be ready to fight to the death, and to persecute without pity, for a religion whose creed they do not understand, and whose precepts they habitually disobey."†—*Blind faith*.

Shall a man doff his reason the moment he puts on the garb of religion? Is it possible that God's physical laws are based upon reason, and his spiritual laws upon the subsidiaries to reason? Is revelation a thought of God? If so, how can revelation be above reason? Can the triangle contain more than two right angles in the mind of God? Is reason the image of God in man? If so, God's reason and man's reason are alike.

Such were the philosophical conclusions of this gray-headed pedagogue from North Carolina, as he sat in the car reading the *North American Review*.

*Josephus. †Macaulay.

CHAPTER VII.

EVIDENCE.

MR. ELIOT was somewhat startled by a long, shrill screech of the locomotive whistle, and a rather sudden slowing up of the train as it approached a station; but, as his attention was deeply engrossed upon the subject he was reading, he hardly knew the train had stopped until another passenger entered the car, and caused him to look up from his book. The passenger was a portly gentleman, rather above the middle age, with a beaming, kindly, rather full countenance, and a pleasant greeting on his lip, as he took a seat next our old friend and remarked: "I am glad to find that I am not entirely alone in the car, as I always prefer company to solitude, and especially after a hearty breakfast." Without laying down his book, the old man adjusted his glasses and returned the congratulations of his new acquaintance with a smile and a pleasant word, to let him know that his presence was welcome; and with some emotion he directed the conversation at once to his book by saying, "I have just read a most astounding assertion, and as the author is a lawyer, and supposed to be well versed in matters of evidence, it appears all the more strange as coming from such a source."

This at once opened the way for what is to follow in these pages; and the new-comer, glancing at the book, saw it was the *North American Review*, and his eyes danced with a merry twinkle as he looked at the page and read, "A Reply to the Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D."

"May I ask what the assertion is that appears to be so astounding?" Mr. Eliot opened the book and read this sentence: "In the nature of things, there can be no evidence of the existence of an infinite being."* "

"Will you please to give me your idea of what may be termed evidence?"

"Evidence, to my mind, may be reckoned under three forms—that of positive, negative, and rationalistic."

"What do I understand you to mean by positive evidence?"

*"A Reply to the Rev. Henry M. Field," page 483.

"Positive evidence is that form of testimony which is only deducible from the physical senses.

"To make a positive assertion in regard to anything or any occurrence, you must either see, hear, taste, smell, or touch the object of which your assertion is the subject. The probability of error in this mode of coming to conclusions is so great that the testimony at all times is made doubtful. Our earliest life is made up of sense impressions only, and, to correct the defects of one another, all the senses must be compared before they can give just information; and, notwithstanding the experience of a lifetime, the eye will continue to deceive, subjective noises in the ear will distract, and the sense of smell is often perverted by a disagreeable sight or an unpleasant sound. Taste and touch, also, are subject to similar perversions, and require the most watchful care to prevent error, and we never live long enough to get entirely rid of the delusion. The clinical thermometer is a tacit admission on the part of every physician in the land that the tactile sense of the most delicate fingers can only approximate the truth as to temperature; the mirage of the desert is a plague-spot to the weary traveler; and the tricks of the juggler become a divine alchemy to the uninformed. Negative evidence is a minus quantity in relation to the perceptive powers—a sort of unofficial affirmation or assent of the mind.

"Rationalistic evidence, as you well know, is the deduction of pure reason from admitted premises. Negative evidence may be taken in a description or definition by denial, exclusion, or exception—a statement of what a thing is not. Like the positive, it becomes useful in many of the factitious ordinances of life, and may become auxiliary to pure reason in seeking an unknown quantity. But, in a problem where you are limited to the synthetical mode of reasoning, little evidence can be admitted save the rationalistic."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "ASSERTION" ANALYZED.

THE two travelers had become very good friends in this time, and the stout gentleman, turning to his companion, inquired if he thought that, by any one or all three of the modes of evidence discussed in the preceding chapter, it could be demonstrated that Colonel Ingersoll's assertion in regard to the existence of an infinite being might be false.

"To demonstrate the absolute falsity of the assertion," replied the schoolmaster, "and to the entire satisfaction of all thinking minds, might be a task of great difficulty, but to place the balance of evidence *against* the assertion, I not only think feasible, but of easy performance."

"And, pray, what evidence is there to place against the assertion?"

"There is a great deal of negative, much positive, and some rationalistic evidence, which, if you will exercise a degree of patience, I will endeavor to present as briefly as possible"; and, continuing, the old man said:

"All truths move in parallel lines. They never cross, never clash, never run counter to one another. The axioms of Euclid stand in perfect harmony with every fact and every true theory of existence. There is not one single cosmic atom in the universe which interferes with the statement that 'a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.' If it can be found that one of the least factors of existence shows violence to any theory, that theory in the nature of things must be false. A theory, to be true, must be based upon facts admitted and self-evident, and the theory must be the product of synthetic evolution from those facts. For any statement to be absolutely true, it must be found that no fact in the whole universe impinges upon that statement. The assertion of Colonel Ingersoll, that 'there can be no evidence of the existence of an infinite being' is dogmatic, pedantic, and not warranted by the facts of existence.

"In the discussion of any problem, all parties must be agreed upon fundamental principles. Unless the starting-points are

the same, no process of ratiocination can ever bring disputants together. All results in mathematics and astronomy are based upon the fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. To deny this fact would make mining, engineering, railroading, navigation, impossible. Natural philosophy would build a 'Flying Island,' and the sciences would seek for a new Laputa, and a world of chance would be substituted for law and order, if it should be held that a curved line is shorter than a straight one; yet no one can prove it. That two and two are equal to four is not susceptible of demonstration, still no one denies it. Now, the fact from which the balance of evidence may be placed against the 'assertion,' is the existence of the human mind."

At this point the lecturer interrupted the old gentleman with the exclamation, "Hold! you are getting into deep water. We must have an understanding. What is the mind? Philosophy is not settled on this point. Is it a force or a mode of motion? A phenomenon dependent upon the movement of molecules, or is it the result of isomeric and metameric chemical changes in the brain?"

"The mind is immaterial," said the old man. "The metameric and isomeric changes in chemical combinations deal with matter alone, and cannot be brought up as examples to illustrate combinations of material and immaterial phenomena. Any theory as to the movement of molecules setting up phenomena *de novo* is gratuitous, and must be assigned to the regions of dogmatism. We will not put it in a crucible and endeavor to reduce it to its component parts, neither will we call it a force or a mode of motion; but we insist that it is an entity in contradistinction to a nonentity—something instead of nothing. If you try to think of nothing, you can only do so by trying to associate in your mind the absence of existence. But, if you think of the mental state of one of your intimate friends, that condition of vacuity or nonentity is not presented to your mind as is the case when you try to think of nothing. This makes it self-evident that the mind does exist, and that it is something."

The lecturer thought for a moment, and then said: "If the mind really be an entity, something instead of nothing, it is either self-existent or it is the effect of one or more causes."

"That is just what we will come to after a while," said the old man; "but we must establish its relation to the body before we can proceed to investigate its causes."

CHAPTER IX.

MIND AND BRAIN.

CONTINUING the conversation, the ancient "Tarheel" expressed the opinion that all intelligent persons were agreed that the brain is that particular portion of the animal body with which the mind is immediately connected.

"I agree with you in this opinion," replied his companion; "but in what manner it is related to the brain has never yet been determined."

"Scientific investigation," said the teacher, "is of necessity pure materialism, and is compelled to stop at the borders of the spirit-world. In this problem we have matter and spirit, or material and immaterial powers, so intimately related and associated that science is not only unwilling but unable to venture a solution."

"Would it not more properly come within the province of the psychologist?"

"No. Theology and psychology both have hammered at this solution ever since man began to think on the subject, and with a bitterness and rancor more suited to the furies."

"Is there then no explanation to phenomena which are under the daily observation of all men?"

"An explanation that would be satisfactory to all minds is, perhaps, an impossible thing, but the balance of evidence may be placed here, as in other intricate cases, by reasoning from such facts as are known."

"I can't understand," replied the stout gentleman, "how it is possible for much evidence to be adduced from such a paucity of facts."

"It is true, the facts are not many, but, by a system of exclusion, evidence by denial will aid reason very much in getting a start."

"Would you exclude all the present theories on the subject?"

"I would first analyze those theories and see if they are founded on facts."

"The theologic idea seems to be, that the mind exists independently of the brain, and only uses the brain as an implement or tool."

"That is about their position," observed the old man, "and some pseudo-materialists maintain the same views, and among the most noted was the late Dr. John W. Draper.

"He attempts to argue from the construction of the brain and nervous mechanism, the necessity for an independent vital principle or soul, and says: 'Thus it may be proved that those actions which we term intellectual do not spring from mere matter alone, nor are they functions of mere material combinations; for, though it is indisputably true that the mind seems to grow with the bodily structure, and declines with it, exhibiting the full perfection of its powers at the period of bodily maturity, it may be demonstrated that all this arises from the increase, perfection, and diminution of the instrument through which it is working. An accomplished artisan cannot display his powers through an imperfect tool, nor, if the tool should become broken or become useless through impairment, is it any proof that the artisan has ceased to exist; and so, though we admit that there is a correspondence between the development of the mind and the growth of the body, we deny that it follows from that either that the mind did not pre-exist or that the death of the body implies its annihilation.'"

The lecturer himself could see that there was some "lost motion" in this theory, and observed: "This reasoning, carried out to its legitimate conclusion, would make the minds of all men equal—even that of the man-eating savage or the idiotic cretin would compare favorably with the greatest benefactors of the race. The Australian on his log and Sir Isaac Newton, disembodied and deprived of the imperfect tools of the present life, would become co-artisans of equal merit in that land where there are no tools to work with, and no work to do."

Mr. Eliot agreed with him in this criticism, and proceeded to give the materialistic view, or such deductions as science is able to present, by quoting from Dr. Austin Flint's work on "Human Physiology."

"At the present day, we are in possession of a sufficient number of positive facts to render it certain that there is and can

be no intelligence without brain-substance; that, when brain-substance exists in a normal condition, intellectual phenomena are manifested with a vigor proportionate to the amount of matter existing; that destruction of brain-substance produces loss of intellectual power; and, finally, that exercise of the intellectual faculties involves a physiological destruction of nervous substance, necessitating regeneration by nutrition here as in other tissues of the living organism. The brain is not, strictly speaking, the organ of the mind, for this statement would imply that the mind exists as a force independently of the brain; but the mind is produced by the brain-substance; and intellectual force, if we may term the intellect a force, can be produced only by the transmutation of a certain quantity of matter.' "

The stout gentleman was pleased with the mention of Dr. Flint, and said that he knew Flint in his lifetime, and a very able man he was. "But," he continued, "if Dr. Flint has stated facts, and his conclusion be true, that 'mind is produced by the brain-substance,' then the brain becomes a functioning organ, and may be compared to other organs in the animal body, whose functions are well established. Bile, tears, saliva, and urine are secretions from and by their respective organs, the liver, the lachrymal and salivary glands, and the kidneys; so, if mind is only a secretion or excretion from the brain, this theory stands on as poor ground as the preachers' theory, and the exclamation of Pope Leo the Tenth, when he dismissed his prelates from their discussion of the soul, *Et redit in nihilum, quod fuit ante nihil*,* is applicable to both, and the 'assertion' of Colonel Ingersoll remains unchallenged and unrefuted."

Our philosopher expected this sophism, and challenged his opponent in these words:

"All these secretory and excretory organs have blood as a material from which, by their own action, the various secretions and excretions are formed. These secretions are material substances, and may be reduced to about the same elements as the blood from which they are formed.

"You may ask if the brain has not blood also.

*It began of nothing and in nothing it ends.

"I would answer yes, and a very abundant supply, but it is for the nutrition of the brain-substance itself, and not for any secretory purposes.

"The anatomy of the liver shows that it has a double circulation, one for the renewal of liver substance and the other for the purpose of fabricating bile; and so with all the other secretory organs of the body. The spleen is the only organ of any consequence except the brain which has but one circulation, and, as there is no visible effect of splenic action, its function to this day is problematical. The mind being the product of brain-action, the question arises, 'By what manner of means is this product the result of brain-action?' Bile, the product of liver-action, is a material substance made of blood, another material substance. Mind, the product of brain-action, is immaterial, and made from—what?

"That like begets like is a law of nature.

"Two of a sort will beget the same sort.

"What does the brain make the mind out of? Nothing? The idea of creating something out of nothing has never been allowed to any power save Deity. Does it make it out of itself? The brain is material substance, and to admit an immaterial effect from a material cause would belie the law that like produces like."

The reader will perceive now that every theory and every chemical or molecular change that may occur in the brain have been examined and laid aside, and that the present tack is the only one that holds out the least hope of a rational solution of the problem.

The subject will be further elucidated in the next chapter by an elaborate argument from analogy.

CHAPTER X.

ELECTRICITY.

THE schoolmaster, continuing his discourse, brought up, as an analogous example to the mind and brain, one of the most interesting subjects of which natural philosophy treats, and addressing his companion with an earnestness unusual to an octogenarian said: "Electricity is undoubtedly a force in nature, yet we never see manifestations of it except when controlled by or controlling matter; and electrical force, like intellectual force, can be produced only by the transmutation of a certain quantity of matter. It is as immaterial as mind itself, and bears the same relation to matter that mind does to brain-substance. It is true that very dissimilar combinations of matter can be made to develop the phenomena of electricity, while brain-substance alone is able to develop mind; still, this can be no argument against the analogous relations of the two, when we take into consideration that one is an organized, and the other an unorganized force. We might ask the same questions about electricity and its connection with matter that we asked about mind and its connection with brain-substance, and the same answers would be applicable to both. That electricity occupies space between material bodies is not disputed, and, moreover, it may be concentrated and stored up by machines and used at will, or it may be transferred from one body into another and held, or it may be allowed to dissipate itself again into space. Matter, then, is one thing, and electricity is another thing. Brain-substance is one thing, and mind is another thing. Electrical machines, by the transmutation of a certain quantity of matter, make manifest electricity, which exists independently of the electrical machines. Brain-substance, by the transmutation of a certain quantity of matter, makes manifest mind, which exists independently of brain-substance."

At this point the lecturer interrupted the old man by saying: "The course of reasoning you have adopted by your system of exclusion, and your appeals to exceptions or denials, would leave no other conclusion possible except the one you have arrived at;

but you are still in a dilemma as to the priority of matter or electricity, of brain-substance or mind."

"I understood," replied the teacher, "that we had decided that mind in its individuality or personality is secondary to brain-substance; as the argument advanced by Dr. Draper, to the contrary, led to so many absurdities that you yourself first pointed them out. But, as that was more of a speculation than a rational conclusion, I will endeavor to show why the individual mind is secondary to brain-substance, and why brain-substance is secondary to mind as a whole."

"I am a good listener," observed his companion, "and have good ears—proceed."

"In the first place," he continued, "the facts stated by Dr. Flint make it positively certain that there can be no (individual) mind without brain-substance."

The lecturer answered this by quoting Dr. Draper's illustration of the artisan and tool.

"'An accomplished artisan cannot display his powers through an imperfect tool, nor, if the tool should be broken or become useless through impairment, is it any proof that the artisan has ceased to exist; and so, though we admit that there is a correspondence between the development of the mind and the growth of the body, we deny that it follows from that, either that the mind did not pre-exist or that the death of the body implies its annihilation.'"

"Dr. Draper has a very nice way of putting things," replied the old man; "but if each individual mind pre-existed each individual brain, then each individual mind must either have existed from all eternity, or have come into existence at some indefinite time prior to each individual brain, and in either case the conclusion would be an absurdity."

"Why an absurdity?" asked his companion.

"Because, if the mind existed from all eternity, it would be self-existent, and in consequence be subject to no law. It would be conditionless, which we know to be untrue, as every mind is subject to the law of its own surroundings and conditions. If it is made by some power other than itself, and made to be the owner and user of each individual brain, and made prior to that brain, then we have a mind-maker, and that mind-maker

either makes mind out of something or creates it out of nothing; and to admit the power to create at all, is to admit a creator, and that would end this investigation. The individual mind, then, is secondary to the individual brain; but that brain is secondary to collective mind, or mind as a whole, is proved by the fact that, for an individual mind to be secondary to any individual brain, that individual brain must stand in the relation of cause and effect to its individual mind; and, as brain-substance cannot create or make mind out of nothing, it must have mind as a whole, or collective mind, as a source of supply upon which it can draw, in order to make manifest any individual mind. The electrical machine has electricity as a whole to draw upon, before it can collect and store up any individual charge of electricity."

"You speak of collective mind, or mind as a whole," observed the stout gentleman. "Do I understand you to mean that this collective mind pervades all space, is universal—everywhere?"

"I mean this," said the old teacher, "that mind outside of brain is like time outside of the present moment, like space outside of your own surroundings—limitless. If mind had not existed before brain, brain never could have made it manifest, unless we allow to brain a creative power. If mind did exist before brain, then to say when it began to exist is equivalent to saying when time began to exist. If mind does or ever did exist outside of brain, then it is not circumscribed—it is infinite."

"Even if we grant your position of a universal mind," replied the lecturer, "infinity of mind does not necessarily imply the existence of an infinite being. It may be that this universal mind is latent, and shows no activity until concentrated and individualized by the action of brain-substance."

"We know," said the old man, "that electricity is active before it is concentrated by the electrical machine, and if mind pervades the universe outside of brain, and is only active when concentrated, stored up, and made manifest by brain, if all space between material bodies be filled up with inactive mind, and is only drawn upon by the poor little brains of fishes and birds and animals and man, of insects, and the mites of the microscopic world, then we must say that the supply is out of all proportion to the demand; but if this omnipresent mind thinks, and the evi-

dence that it does is so great that we cannot doubt it, then we have an infinite intelligence, to say the least of it, and an infinite intelligence without the existence of 'being' is scarcely conceivable."

"Your argument is ingenious," answered the stout gentleman, "but it is not sufficient to nullify the assertion of Colonel Ingersoll. The tack may be in the right direction, but the wind is not strong enough to fill the sails."

"Perhaps," replied the old man, "we may be able to find some additional negations, in the doctrine of dysteleology, or purposelessness in nature, which, added to this ingenious tack, may fill the sails enough to keep the ship moving."

CHAPTER XI.

DESIGN.

THE schoolmaster continued the conversation thus:

"The argument of design has suffered more at the hands of its friends than of its enemies. The former have made it a mass of contradiction by denying much of its essence, while the latter simply ignore it. They have likewise made Jehovah the butt of ridicule by denying him many of his attributes, and investing him with too much of human virtue. He has become a crowned demigod upon the altars of superstition and fear, and no God to the intellect of man. What we are seeking here is an unknown quantity. If we find that quantity to contain mercy, all right. If we find it sodden with envy, spite and malice, it matters not. If we find in it all the elements of human character, shall we be chagrined? Suppose we find the God of the Bible, shall Colonel Ingersoll be unhappy? or, if we find an 'infinite vacuum,' shall he rejoice?"

"Colonel Ingersoll would rejoice to find the truth," observed the stout gentleman.

"Then let's seek the truth with such means as we have," said the teacher, and continuing his discourse, said: "The doctrine of dysteleology, or purposelessness in nature, offers a wide scope to the discerning powers, and must in a reasonable measure account for facts, or take its place with design as ordinarily presented, and the infinite goodness of Jehovah. As we have said before, one fact impinging upon any theory will undo the theory and make it untenable. Haeckel, in his 'Evolution of Man,' speaking of the rudimentary organs of animals, says: 'They are among the most interesting phenomena with which comparative anatomy acquaints us, because they most forcibly refute the customary teleological philosophy of the schools. They must be regarded as parts which in the course of many generations have gradually been disused and drawn from active service. Owing to disuse and consequent loss of function, the organs gradually waste away, and finally entirely disappear. Hence, they are of the greatest philosophical importance; they clearly prove that the mechanical conception of organisms is

alone correct.' This 'mechanical conception of organisms' makes sexual attraction dependent upon the '*elective affinity of two differing cells—the sperm-cell and the egg-cell.*'

"The words of Haeckel are these: 'The coalescence of two cells is everywhere the single, original impelling force. At first, the two united cells may have been entirely alike. Soon, however, by natural selection, a contrast *must* have arisen between them. One cell became a female egg-cell, the other, a male seed or sperm-cell.' Was ever assumption more gratuitous? Did ecclesiastical bigotry ever formulate a more dogmatic conclusion? And yet the mechanical theory of the universe is built upon just such foundations. After paying a passionate tribute to love as the 'source of the most splendid creations of art, and reverencing it as the most powerful factor in human civilization,' he says: 'So wonderful is love, and so immeasurably important is its influence on mental life, on the most varied functions of the medullary tube, that in this point more than any other, "supernatural" causation seems to mock every natural explanation. A theory which is founded only upon a "must," ought not to complain of a similar theory, because it sets out with the "Supernatural," and seems to mock at the explanations of its degenerate offspring, however much it may claim to be natural.'"

"I think," replied the lecturer, "that you do Professor Haeckel an injustice, by quoting only a part of what he has said on this subject. A reading of his book may place a different construction upon the doctrine of purposelessness *versus* design in nature. Having the book in my traveling bag, with your permission, I will read that portion which bears directly upon this theory."

And taking from his satchel the first volume of the "Evolution of Man," he read on page 109, from the article "Dysteleology," these words:

"Almost every organism, with the exception of the lowest and most imperfect, and especially every highly developed vegetable or animal body, man as well as others, possesses one or more structures which are useless to its organism, valueless for its life-purposes, worthless for its functions. Thus all of us have in our bodies various muscles which we never use; for example,

the muscles in the external ear and the parts immediately surrounding it. These outer and inner ear muscles are of great use to most animals, especially such as have the power of erecting the ears, because the form and position of the ear may thus be materially altered, in order to take in the various waves of sound in the best possible manner. In man, however, and in other animals not possessing the power of pricking up the ears, the muscles, though present, are useless. As our ancestors long ago discontinued to make use of them, we have lost the power of moving them. Again, there is in the inner corner of our eye a small crescent-shaped or semi-lunar fold of skin, the last remnant of a third inner eyelid, the so-called nictitating membrane. In our primitive relatives, the sharks, and in many other vertebrates, this membrane is highly developed, and of great use to the eye, but with us it is abortive and entirely useless. On the intestinal canal we have an appendage which is not only useless, but may become very injurious, the so-called vermiform appendage of the cæcum. This little appendage of the intestine not infrequently causes fatal disease. If in the process of digestion, by an unlucky accident, a cherry-stone or some other hard body is pressed into its narrow passage, a violent inflammation ensues, which usually causes death. The vermiform appendage is not of the slightest use in our organism; it is the last and dangerous remnant of an organ which was much larger in our vegetarian ancestors, and was of great use to them in digestion, as it is still in many herbivorous animals, such as apes and rodents, in which it is of considerable size and of great physiological importance.

“Other similar rudimentary organs exist in us as in all higher animals, in different parts of the body. They are among the most interesting phenomena with which comparative anatomy acquaints us: firstly, because they afford the most obvious proof of the theory of descent; and, secondly, because they most forcibly refute the customary teleological philosophy of the schools. The doctrine of descent renders the explanation of these remarkable phenomena very simple. They must be regarded as parts which in the course of many generations have gradually been disused and withdrawn from active service. Owing to disuse and consequent loss of function, the organs gradually waste

away, and finally entirely disappear. The existence of rudimentary organs admits of no other explanation. Hence, they are of the greatest philosophical importance; they clearly prove that the mechanical or monistic conception of the nature of organisms is alone correct, and that the prevailing teleological or dualistic method of accounting for them is entirely false. The very ancient fable of the all-wise plan according to which 'the Creator's hand has ordained all things with wisdom and understanding,' the empty phrase about the purposive 'plan of structure' of organisms, is in this way completely disproved. Stronger arguments can hardly be furnished against the customary teleology or doctrine of design, than the fact that all more highly developed organisms possess such rudimentary organs."

"I am glad," replied the ancient schoolmaster, "that you happened to have the book, for the whole extract places the doctrine in a more awkward position than did the few lines I chanced to remember.

"A doctrine which so easily accounts for these rudimentary organs surely ought to account, with equal facility, for organs and functions which still remain in active use and operation. The human eye, if I remember correctly, occupies ten pages in the 'Evolution of Man.' This is the way he commences his description: 'The history of the development of the eye is equally remarkable and instructive. For although the eye, owing to its exquisite optical arrangement and wonderful structure, is one of the most complex and most nicely adapted organs, yet it develops, without a preconceived design, from a very simple rudiment in the outer skin covering.' While he can so readily account for 'the last remnant of a third inner eyelid, the so-called nictitating membrane,' he does not once mention a little contrivance in the appendages to the eyeball by which the movement called rotation is effected. We can but admire the silence of Professor Haeckel on one of the most important systems of the animal body in his attempt to prove that man is the blood-relative of apes and worms. In these two exhaustive volumes of over nine hundred pages, he devotes ten lines to the development of the muscular system, yet this system gives form and

elasticity, beauty and strength to the body, and is a maze of mechanical principles subservient to beauty and use.

"In the eye socket is a little fusiform muscle, whose use it is to rotate the eyeball, and to do this, it must pull the globe in another direction from itself. This is accomplished by the muscle passing over a pulley on the same principle of the block and tackle. How did it get over the pulley? Is this fact a result of the terrible and ceaseless 'struggle for existence'? Did this little muscle have such a craving desire for existence, that it projected itself over the pulley, and submitted to be doubled up on itself, for the sake of being there; or did the eye have such a longing for being rolled about, that it built up this muscle, and hung this tendon over the pulley, because there was no other room in the orbit for it? Explain this muscle, and I yield at once to the doctrine of purposelessness."

"Colonel Ingersoll," replied the lecturer, "in his second letter to Dr. Field, answered the argument of design in these words: 'You see what you call evidences of intelligence in the universe, and you draw the conclusion that there must be an infinite intelligence. Your conclusion is far wider than your premise. It is illogical to say, because of the existence of this earth, and of what you can see in and about it, that there must be an infinite intelligence. You do not know that even the creation of this world, and of all planets discovered, required an infinite power or infinite wisdom. I admit that it is impossible for me to look at a watch and draw the inference that there was no design in its construction, or that it only happened. I could not regard it as a product of some freak of nature, neither could I imagine that its various parts were brought together and set in motion by chance. I am not a believer in chance. But there is a vast difference between what a man has made, and the materials of which he has constructed the things he has made. You find a watch, and you say that it exhibits or shows design. You insist that it is so wonderful it must have had a designer; in other words, that it is too wonderful not to have been constructed. You then find the watchmaker; and you say with regard to him, that he, too, must have had a designer, for he is more wonderful than the watch. In imagination you go from the watchmaker to the being you call God; and you say he de-

signed the watchmaker, but he himself was not designed, because he is too wonderful to have been designed.

“‘And, yet, in the case of the watch and the watchmaker, it was the wonder that suggested design, while in the case of the maker of the watchmaker, the wonder denied a designer. Do you not see that this argument devours itself?’”

“Colonel Ingersoll was then contending with a preacher,” said the old man, “and he was combating an assumption. Dr. Field assumed God. In this case nothing has been assumed; but from one single fact, which you dare not deny, an infinite intelligence has been demonstrated by reasoning which is incontrovertible. If this infinite intelligence is the same which Dr. Field assumed, then instead of Dr. Field’s argument devouring itself, your own has become a *felo-de-se*.”

CHAPTER XII.

HYBRIDS AND PHYSIOLOGICAL PAIN.

THE old gentleman, continuing his argument, said: "It is a well-known fact that there is a class of animals in the world known as hybrids. These animals are generally produced by the intervention of man; but we cannot deny that they are a product of nature, and that they may, and do, occasionally, come about without any interference on the part of man. Every close observer must have noticed the almost insatiable eroticism of these animals. The genital organs in both sexes are perfect with one exception—that of function; they are barren.* The common mule is a type of this class, and is bred for man's benefit alone. It is one of the most erotic of animals. The male is without sperm-cells, the female has no egg-cells. The true function of the genital organs has never been exercised. The secondary function, that of copulation, has been exercised so rarely that it amounts to 'disuse,' yet these organs have neither become atrophied nor rudimentary."

"It seems to me," replied the stout gentleman, "that it is straining a point to bring hybrids into the controversy. These animals are an exception to the general rule. For their production it requires an amalgamation of two distinct species, and if reproduction was possible to this class, the result could not be a hybrid, but another distinct species. 'Disuse' can have nothing to do with any of the organs in the hybrid body, as each individual of this class stands in the same cognate position with the first as with the last that might come upon the earth. Evolution is at a standstill with regard to hybrids. They are an exception to the law."

"I am glad to see," remarked the old gentleman, "that your eyes are beginning to open. There is more, I dare say, on this line, than you have thought of. Another fact connected with the animal body is worthy of study—the pains of parturition.

"For all other pains to which the animal economy is subject, there is an adequate cause, a justifiable and pathological reason.

*The "Mechanical Conception of Organisms" makes sexual attraction dependent upon the "elective affinity of two differing cells, the sperm-cell and the egg-cell."

For this pain science is a sealed book, physiology is dumb, and pathology has no answer. According to all analogy, the parturient uterus ought to contract without pain. The heart, stomach, bladder, and other hollow muscles cause no pain either in distention or contraction; then wherefore the womb? If pregnancy be a pathological condition, then law is at fault. If according to nature, wherefore the pain? No law can be formulated from one isolated fact, neither can any known law hang the tendon of a muscle over a pulley. The barrenness of hybrids is the strongest kind of proof against the transmutation of species, and their salacious propensities in connection with their inability to procreate would place them outside the limits of law."

"If," observed the lecturer, "you place them outside the limits of law, they would become outlaws."

"And truly so," replied the teacher. "Nature has outlaws as well as society. The budding of fruit-trees is a species of outlawry which nature will not permit for many generations in succession. After a while it becomes impossible to make the bud live. There is not a race of mulattoes on the face of the earth. They will go back, and all be white or all negroes, or all die out. And so with improved stock. They revert to their original place as soon as the hand of man is withdrawn."

"Would you place physiological pain in the same category?" asked the lecturer.

"There is no other place to put it," replied the teacher. "Physiological pain is an anomaly in nature, still it cannot be called a freak, for a regular recurrence of any fact will destroy the idea of supervenient causes."

"I infer," said the lecturer, "from your mode of reasoning, that you regard physiological pain, hybrids, and the various improvements upon natural products, together with the results of the destructive efforts of man, as being extrinsic to natural processes, and, as such, should be placed outside of natural law."

"You seem to have the idea," said the old man, "but I fear you may draw inferences which would not be justified by the introspection. Nature cannot do an unnatural thing, neither can man. We speak of man's work as being artificial only as

a result which nature would not and could not accomplish without individual intelligences. It cannot be unnatural, because every product of an individual intelligence (such as a shoe or a hat, for instance) is artificial in the sense that, for its accomplishment, the individual intelligence has modified and utilized the means placed at its command by the universal intelligence, and in this sense alone can it be called unnatural. Likewise, pain produced by the throes of a parturient uterus, together with hybrid products, while they are perfectly natural, must be regarded as bearing the same relation to the regular current of natural events which the artificial products of man sustain to natural law; and, there being nothing analogous in nature to these special and arbitrary effects, we are obliged to regard them as the *ipse dixit* of that infinite intelligence of which the mind of man is an infinitesimal reflection."

"It appears, then," said the lecturer, "that all your array of logical sequences has only brought you at last to the irrational assumption of the average theologian, and that Dr. Field's Presbyterian God is the unknown quantity which you have sought with so much labor."

"The answer we may find," replied the teacher, "in the solution of any problem does not and cannot depend upon our likes or dislikes. To me, individually, it is a matter of perfect indifference whether God, devil, heaven, hell, or immortality be fact or fiction. I would not change it from what it is if I had the power; but it being a fact that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, I am glad to know it. So, if God is, I wish to know it; if hell be a fact, I wish to know that. I have no feeling in the matter. All I can do is to learn the truth according to the lights before me."

At this speech, the stout gentleman made a spasmodic and involuntary effort to flirt the rudimentary, nictitating membrane of his "primitive ancestors" over the visual organ, as if to remove a mote or to diagnose the disease nyctalopia, but finding the effort useless, and the *impliciti morbi* more in the brain than in the eye, he gazed earnestly at this dried-up specimen of aged humanity, and asked in tones of astonishment:

"What kind of man are you? I have been endeavoring for two hours to get at what you believe, and I am more at a loss

than ever. You commit yourself to nothing. Even the deductions of your own strange mode of reasoning are not affirmed. You start with what you call the fact of the human mind, and reason out in your own way another fact, which you call an infinite intelligence. You seem to argue that the intelligence of man is nothing but an accumulation of a bit of this infinite intelligence in the brain of each individual, to perpetrate petty acts for good and evil, so long as it is used by or uses the brain with which it is intimately connected. This would make a theology with which I am unacquainted."

In reply, the old man said: "When you set out with premises which are true, axiomatic, self-evident, and reason logically, the end of your inquiry is truth. The result should neither be anticipated nor imagined, but accepted when found, whether we like or dislike it. Hating a fact cannot make it false, neither can love for an error make it true.

"A broader view of this infinite intelligence might enable you to understand the apparent contradictions in the Jewish and Christian theologies. These apparent discrepancies, garbled by sophism and rhapsody, present to the murky eye of ignorance a tangled skein of mysticism, and enable such men as Mr. Ingersoll to pass the juggler's pieces of their scoffing pyrrhonism as true coin."

"It is with difficulty," said the lecturer, "that I get your ideas from your language. What do you mean by 'a broader view of this infinite intelligence'?"

"The word 'infinite' ought to give you a hint as to what I mean. Infinite intelligence implies a knowledge of all ignorance, all error, all mistake. It is not confined to the good, the beautiful, and the true. It takes in the universe, with its pleasures and its pains, its beauties and its deformities. As man can impart his knowledge to his fellow-man without diminishing his own, so the infinite intelligence can, without detracting from itself, supply all the brains in the universe. But, as a part can never equal the whole, to say, 'An infinite God has no excuse for leaving his children in doubt and darkness,' is a travesty upon the question, 'Why should the infinite ask anything from the finite?'"* Colonel Ingersoll says: "The sentence,

*"Colonel Ingersoll to Mr. Gladstone," page 620.

"There is a God," could have been imprinted on every blade of grass, on every leaf, on every star.* The same, with equal propriety, might be said of this sentence: 'The three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.' Does everybody in the world know this mathematical truth? Suppose Colonel Ingersoll's mind was so constructed that it would be impossible for him to comprehend the demonstration of this problem, and then suppose he was to say, 'In the nature of things there can be no evidence of the truth of the proposition that "the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles"': would this have any effect upon the truth of the proposition? Infinite intelligence implies more than the words import. To condition in word or thought, in act or attribute, is to detract from infinity; therefore, *being* is as much of a necessary attribute of infinite intelligence as omniscience or omnipresence. This conclusion may appear at first sight to be a *non sequitur*; but, reasoning from analogy, we can but place it in the catalogue of syllogisms. Our perceptions only give us ideas of intelligence connected with, or emanating from, human beings; and to conceive of an infinite intelligence without the attribute of being, is as impossible as to conceive of an individual intelligence apart from a human being."

"I would infer," said the lecturer, "from what you have already said, that you do not acknowledge the Presbyterian God of Dr. Field, yet you have worked up in your own mind an infinite being. I am at a loss to understand your conception of this being. Is he the God of the Jew, Christian or Moham-medan? Who is he? What is he? What is his character?"

"My argument," said the teacher, "has been, all the way through this discussion, to nullify the 'assertion' of Colonel Ingersoll, that 'there can be no evidence of the existence of an infinite being.' If the evidence adduced is of any value; if I have been able to show that the theory of development which involves the transmutation of species, the doctrine of purposelessness, etc., is based upon assumed postulates, and by pure reason to demonstrate that the human mind would be an impossibility from a physical or mechanical conception of organisms—then we surely have arrived at God: not the God of the

*"Letter to Dr. Field," page 40.

Presbyterians, for I thoroughly agree with Colonel Ingersoll that their description of God more nearly resembles an 'infinite vacuum'; not the God of any church or creed: but the God who says, 'I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil'; the God who said to the woman, 'In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children'; that God of whom Job said, 'He breaketh me with a tempest, and multiplieth my wounds without cause'; the same God who hated Esau and loved Jacob before they were yet born; he who put wool upon the negro's head, and straight hair upon the white man's; who gave the mule to man for a beast of burden, and virtually said, 'So far shalt thou go, and no farther'; he who hung the tendon of the pathetic muscle over a pulley; who changed the two coalescent primordial cells, one into male and the other into female; the same God who capacitated the soul of Colonel Ingersoll for such emotional states as the following words would imply:

"'I have sometimes wished that there were words of pure hatred out of which I might construct sentences like snakes; out of which I might construct sentences with mouths fanged, that had forked tongues; out of which I might construct sentences that writhed and hissed: then I could give my opinion of the rebels during the great struggle for the preservation of this Nation.'* The same God whom Colonel Ingersoll so cordially hates, and whose existence is affected by this hatred about as much as the existence of rheumatism is affected by his hatred for that."

*Speeches, Wit, Wisdom, and Eloquence.

PART II.

“HE IS UNCOMMONLY POWERFUL IN HIS OWN LINE, BUT IT IS NOT THE LINE OF A FIRST-RATE MAN.”

IN all the catalogue of human frailties, no trait is more censurable, more justly deserving of pity and contempt, than the overweening egotism of oracular wisdom.

Poet and philosopher have combined with ridicule and blame, to expunge this nauseous dilettanteism from the list of human foibles. Pharisaical notions of superior wisdom and superior virtue have met with rebuff at the high court of the manly intelligence.

Nothing but the most brazen impudence, or the petrified feeling of utter indifference, or the unhallowed desire for notoriety mingled with criminal ignorance, can induce any one to pander to the baser passions of mankind in an attempt to subvert truth, and to mock at the sacred beliefs of man.

The rottenness of priestcraft has no more to do with religious truth than political jobbery has to do with statecraft. Many a foul stream flows from a crystal fountain, and to condemn the source on account of the mingling of sewage and garbage is to condemn the sunshine because it falls upon a dung heap.

The scientific artisan builds a burglar-proof safe. The educated burglar devises means to get into it. Knowledge is the handmaid of the bad as well as of the good. The oxyhydrogen blowpipe in the hands of a thief will silently burn a hole through steel as surely as it will do the same work for the chemist. Dynamite will exert the same force for the criminal that it does for the engineer or the miner.

As the criminal studies science, so the sophist studies art.

Ornate and striking sentences, well-rounded periods, poetical effusions, and oratorical grandiloquence capture the senses and inflame the passions.

Logic is prosaic and dull; rhetoric is drunk in with avidity while it moves to tears or excites to madness.

The picture of a dying Saviour has carried more penitents to the mourner's bench than all the books on polemical divinity.

The slave-mother deprived of her babe has stirred up the bitterest feelings in Colonel Ingersoll's soul and caused him to rail at Jehovah.

He has a contempt for the Christian penitent, while the slave-master has a contempt for him. Is reason the arbiter in either case, or does Colonel Ingersoll possess all and the other two none?

Is truth a reality, or is it a weather-cock, to be bandied about by the opinions of men?

Theologians and lay-Christians have fought infidelity with the Bible. It is like fighting the devil with snow-balls! Satan pretends to be a great reasoner, a profound logician. Daniel De Foe, in writing his history, proved him to be a fool. He is the same fool to-day that he has ever been. He is more ignorant than criminal. His theories are confuted by well-known facts. His sayings, tested by logic, are as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Before the end of the discussion in the last chapter, the train had stopped at a supply station, and in the very midst of the controversy, several gentlemen entered the car, and, observing the animated debate going on between the two passengers, naturally seated themselves in close proximity to the disputants. Some of these gentlemen knew the younger man, and had heard him lecture on his favorite subject. They were familiar also with the writings of Colonel Ingersoll, and observing the attitude of profound earnestness with which the octogenarian depicted himself, together with his shriveled and almost insignificant appearance, they soon became an audience of eager listeners, while the old teacher, animated still more by their attention, seemed to forget that he was a long way from home, that he was traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour, over a country he had never seen before, and that he was talking before strangers to whom he was utterly unknown, and whom he would likely never see again.

He seemed to feel that he was in his native pine forest in the sand-hills of Carolina, seated behind his desk in the little log cabin where he had taught class after class for the past half-century, and that he was addressing a score or more of brawny young brains on the principles of logic.

His favorite mode of teaching for many years had been by didactic lectures, and his pupils were made up from the better class of thinkers, many of whom had been to college.

As age encroached upon his manhood, and diminished his powers of bodily endurance, he had given up much of the drudgery of the schoolroom, and instead of text-book recitations, he taught principles by analyzing the current thought of the day, thus presenting information in its most attractive form.

After this manner he proceeded to analyze the philosophy, or, as he called it, the sophistry, of Colonel Ingersoll, and addressing himself to the new additions, as well as to his first companion, he said: "In his first reply to Dr. Field, the Colonel says 'Reason is the supreme and final test. If God has made a revelation to man, it must have been addressed to his reason. There is no other faculty that could even decipher the address. Extinguish that and naught remains.'

"Here we can cordially shake hands with the great iconoclast, yet I know of no one who makes more pathetic appeals to the feelings and passions.

"With his thunder and invective, what a famous preacher he would have made!

"He seems to think that Dr. Field was trying to cozen him with the 'fatherly' advice to soften his colors. Dr. Field was only telling him the truth, when he told him that his words would be more weighty if not so strong.

"Voltaire, Rousseau, Paine and Hume wrote with persuasive pens. Gregg wetted the pages of his 'Creed of Christendom' with bitter tears, and the passionless and soulless philosophy of materialism never deals in invective.

"The continuous diatribes flowing like a stream of mephitic vapor from the mouth and pen of this modern apostle of rationalism, hover over the thoughtless multitude, and sway them to and fro with their Jack-o'-lantern lights, causing hurrahs for the moment, and departing like the specter of the Brocken without leaving a visible track.

"Sam Jones, or any other popular revivalist with a similar use of language and the same personal magnetism, can at any moment turn the same tide in his direction with a wave of his wand.

"It is the forte of the revivalist to coax the language for a picture; a horrid and gloomy portrait of hell—a weapon with which he wounds the softest chords of the mother's heart, and rends the tenderest sympathies of innocent childhood.

"He succeeds in making miserable for a short time his wife and his baby, his mother and his sister, and thinks he has done God's service. He talks about the soul as though he had a sample in his pocket, and its destiny as if power had been delegated to him for its disposal. Should the philosopher imitate the priest?

"And more; Colonel Ingersoll ought to remember this scientific fact, that *nothing is lost*; that the 'correlation and conservation' of energy is an admitted truth, that force is indestructible and eternal.

"He might also study with advantage the teachings of dynamical physiology, and learn that within the brain there is a registering ganglion which infallibly records every imprint received through the senses.

"Whether we regard the brain as the instrument of the mind, or the mind as the product of brain action, the case is the same. How bad then it is to have error stamped upon a scroll that is incapable of being filled—a scroll that forever retains the imprints it receives!

"This registering power of mind keeps an accurate account of all our thoughts, and while very few of them are remembered, the whole scroll is so carefully preserved that it may not inaptly be compared to a book.

"'And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.'

"What a theme for the teachers of revelation if they would give their lessons from a scientific standpoint, instead of the hideous object-lessons portrayed in Dante's 'Inferno' and some modern illustrated Bibles.

"With these facts before him, can Colonel Ingersoll exclaim with Rosseau: 'When the last trumpet shall sound, I will pre-

sent myself before the sovereign judge with his book in my hand, and loudly proclaim, thus have I acted; these were my thoughts; such was I' ?*

"A worshiper of the goddess of Reason should be consistent, at any rate, for when inconsistency walks in, reason leaves the house without an adieu.

"As 'the tree is known by his fruit,' so the philosopher is judged by his maxims.

Euclid lived in the fifth century B. C. His axioms have stood the test of criticism more than two thousand years. The mathematical sciences have been built upon his sayings.

"'If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.' Colonel Ingersoll has built a huge structure which he has decorated with ornamental scrolls, and painted with all the colors of the rainbow. It glitters in the moonlight. Beautiful coruscations flash like the wintry aurora around its dome. Upon the highest pinnacle he has placed a statue of Minerva. At the gilded portals may be read in shining letters, '*Templum Sapientiæ*.'† In moking silence the statue echoes back, '*Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parvum*.'‡

"Minerva is impatient upon her throne, and desires to abdicate. The house is divided against itself. The foundation is sand, and the corner-stone, what? The axioms of Colonel Ingersoll.

"Axiom first. 'That which happens must happen.' Axiom second. 'That which must be has the right to be.'

"The Colonel is to be admired for his short, crisp way of saying things. It leaves no room for misunderstandings. He is to be admired for the advice he gave to Dr. Field, when he said:§ 'Do not, I pray you, deal in splendid generalities. Be explicit.' He is to be admired the more for following his own advice—for being explicit. A syllogism is the most beautiful thing ever presented to a reasoning mind.

"'That which happens must happen.'

"The thumb-screw happened, therefore, the thumb-screw must have happened.

"'That which must be has the right to be.'

*"Confessions." †"Temple of wisdom." ‡"Much eloquence, but little wisdom."

§"A Reply to the Rev. Henry M. Field," pages 484-5.

"The thumb-screw must have been, therefore it had the right to be.

"Is Colonel Ingersoll fighting for the right?

"That which happens must happen.'

"Negro slavery happened, therefore negro slavery must have happened.

"That which must be has the right to be.'

"Negro slavery must have been, therefore negro slavery had the right to be.

"Why did Colonel Ingersoll fight against negro slavery?

"That which happens must happen.'

"It happened that Guiteau killed Garfield, therefore the killing of Garfield must have happened.

"That which must be has the right to be.'

"The killing of Garfield must have been, therefore it was right for him to be killed.

"Did the United States Government think so?

"Axiom third.* 'To exercise a right yourself which you deny to me is simply the act of a tyrant.'

"Is the United States Government a tyrant? In killing Guiteau, did it not exercise a right which it denied to him? What would syllogistic reasoning do with the third axiom in this case? Is it possible that this champion of liberty and freedom should uphold the act of a tyrant?

"He boldly says that,† 'Society has the right to protect itself by imprisoning those who prey upon its interests,' and 'it may have the right to destroy the life of one dangerous to the community.'

"How did it come by such rights? By the consent of all its citizens?

"Nay, my good friends, the right to take life is the right of might.

"Why should Colonel Ingersoll love human law and hate God's law? They both kill, they both oppress; they are both formulated upon the one principle—power. Is he consistent? Is he logical, or is he like 'Frankenstein'?

*"A Reply to the Rev. Henry M. Field," page 477.

†"Letter to Dr. Field," page 44.

"Has he taken a peep into the mirror of his own soul, recoiled in horror, and taken vengeance against his Maker?

"Did he include himself in this sentence:* 'Most men are provincial, narrow, one-sided, only partially developed'? Is the 'little clearing' around his brain just large enough to practice law in, and the remainder of the farm a jungle of snakes and wild beasts? Do the poisonous serpents of hatred lie coiled in the brambles, sending out a chorus of hisses with the wild beasts of sophistry?

"In all candor now, which causes his following, his logic or his rhetoric?

"Axiom fourth.* 'Neither in the interest of truth, nor for the benefit of man, is it necessary to assert what we do not know.'

"How about axiom second? Does he know it was right for the thumb-screw to be? Does he know it was right for Guiteau to kill Garfield? Does he not see that reason, wherever it sits 'crowned monarch' of his brain, will compel that man to place the mistakes, the errors, the world of tears and regrets in which poor, frail humanity is engulfed on the side of right? Does he not see that he has done away with all wrong—that he has made a millennium on earth, or is he in accord with this philosopher?

Whatever is, is right, says Pope—

So said a sturdy thief;

But when his fate required a rope,

He varied his belief.

"What! will not now your rule hold good?"

The executioner cried:

"Good rules," he said, "are understood

By being well applied."

"I would like to know if Colonel Ingersoll considers himself a civilized man. Does reason sit crowned monarch of his brain? Are his passions his servants? Is he very certain that Jehovah is a myth? Is he positive that axiom second is a truth? Finally, and lastly (as the old-time preacher would say), why is it that he hates the God of Moses with such malignant hatred? Why is it that he expresses regret at the poverty of language—

*"Letter to Dr. Field," page 46.

at its paucity of oburgatory expressions, of its deficiency in vocabulary to furnish words to express his loathing of this 'monster'—this 'Almighty Friend' of Dr. Field?

"Would not the old Hindoo prayer, with one word added, be a suitable prayer for many of us?

"'Have mercy, God, upon' (me) 'the vicious; thou hast already had mercy upon the just by making them just.'

"Crimination and recrimination in any discussion are always offensive to polite ears, but the doctrine of nonresistance, in the history of its evolution, and its *struggle* for existence, has never yet reached the highest pinnacle either of man's heart or head; so, to elucidate facts, strong language is at times indispensable.

"Is not the fact of Colonel Ingersoll's denying God positive evidence that he has laid aside his reason? Are not these words, taken from his reply to Mr. Black, negative evidence of the same thing?

"'Never for an instant did I suppose that any respectable American citizen could be found willing at this day to defend the institution of slavery.'

"Take axioms first and second in connection with this slavery question, and by syllogistic reasoning see if Isaac Taylor missed it much when he said:

"'The infatuations of the sensual and frivolous part of mankind are amazing; but the infatuations of the learned and sophistical are incomparably more so.'

"If slavery existed by a law of necessity, and Colonel Ingersoll opposed it, and still denounces it as a crime, whether it exists in 'world, star, heaven or hell'; and by his own testimony it can be proved by the best and most accurate mode of reasoning known to man—by reasoning that is equivalent to a mathematical demonstration—that *it had the right to be*; then, I say, Colonel Ingersoll ought to recant, and ask pardon of his fellowmen for practicing this unwarrantable imposition upon them for so many years.

"If he is an honest man, he will do it.

"These are his own words: 'That which happens must happen.' 'That which must be has the right to be.' These sentences are disconnected from all others. They may be found

in the November number of this *Review* (holding up the book)—one on page 499, third and fourth lines from the bottom, and the other on page 476, second line from the bottom.

"They admit of no interpretation. They mean just what they say. They are aphorisms which he has set up for the guidance of mankind. They include every event, every occurrence, every incident, every phenomenon, which have taken place since the world began; and, what is worse, they make right of it all. They do away with all wrong. They abolish evil, and make God a liar. They stultify the human intellect, and make the thumbscrew one of the mainsprings of equity. They place human slavery and human freedom in the scales of justice and make the beam poise. They make Anubis a justified god in the Temple of Isis, and the debauchment of the chaste Paulina a virtue. They make wars, pestilence, famine, widows and orphans, beggary, and 'man's inhumanity to man,' 'glad tidings of great joy.'

"They make a boomerang of these words:

" 'Slavery includes all other crimes. It is the joint product of the kidnapper, pirate, thief, murderer, and hypocrite. It degrades labor and corrupts leisure. To lacerate the naked back, to sell wives, to steal babes, to breed bloodhounds, to debauch your own soul—this is slavery. This is what Jehovah "authorized in Judea." This is what Mr. Black believes in still.* And, *mirabile dictu*, this is what Colonel Ingersoll says had a *right to be*. O Consistency, thou art indeed a jewel, but imbedded still in the head of a toad!

"Suppose that Colonel Ingersoll should say, 'A straight line is not the shortest distance between two points—a crooked line or a curved one is shorter than a straight line'; and suppose he should then call to his assistance all the adjectives in the English language, and import all the slang phrases and objurgations of all the savage dialects on the globe, and hurl them against the originators of the mathematical sciences; and then suppose that he should go over to the great fish market of London, and gather up all the billingsgate of that Alsatian den, and electroplate and gild it, and sugar-coat it, and try to force it down the throats of the American people—do you suppose

*"Reply to Mr. Black," page 485.

they would swallow it? And do you suppose that his frantic appeals would disturb the equipoise of the great principles of mathematics?

"With modest diffidence we would suggest that he study the principles of logic more, and Roget's Thesaurus less.

"Axiom fifth. 'Everything is right that tends to the happiness of mankind, and everything is wrong that increases the sum of human misery.'*

"The Colonel answers questions readily that the wisest and best have hesitated over. Pilate on one occasion asked a Divine person, 'What is truth?' He received no answer, unless the rebuke of silence was an answer.

"The above answer to the questions, 'What is right, and what is wrong?' would seem plausible, and would raise no objection in the mind of the average man; neither would an affirmative answer to the question, 'Is the Golden Rule perfect?' surprise the majority of people.

"Remember that no assertion can be the whole truth and nothing but the truth, if a single fact in the whole universe impinges upon that assertion. Colonel Ingersoll himself says: 'There is a continual effort in the mind of man to find the harmony that he knows must exist between all known facts.'† Such a picture as this has been seen in a civilized household in modern times:

"A woman of moderate mental endowments has been joined in the holy bonds of matrimony (one of Colonel Ingersoll's shrines of worship) to a man of a low order of intelligence, much lower than hers; yet he is kind, humane, loving. To the extent of his ability he provides for his family. He loves his wife and children, and his neighbors say of him, 'He is a clever fellow, but he has very little sense.' His journey through life is beset with difficulties which require brains to combat them. Being deficient in this respect, the difficulties surround and close in upon him. He becomes involved financially, and his children grow up a burden, because of their mental insufficiency. His property is under mortgage; but his friends are staunch, and wait patiently, because he is honest, because he is industrious, because he is good. His family is large. His half-

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†"Reply to Mr. Black," page 505.

witted children are stout and strong. They have good appetites. They work under their father's directions. They labor hard and willingly.

"They are good beasts of burden. But the result of all their toil, all their sweat, all their pains is insufficient to raise the mortgage, to cancel the debt, to provide for their daily wants. The pinch of poverty is being felt in that family. The father's brow is clouded, and he is beginning to doubt the justice of God. The mother's hands are horny with toil, and her face haggard with anxiety. The children, with one exception, are unable to appreciate the situation. They are becoming dissatisfied and threaten to leave. They can see no good in unremitting and unremunerative labor. Despair is hovering over that household, and, but for an episode of previous years, would sit down with that family and stay.

"When the mother was younger, and her animal spirits higher, she formed the acquaintance of a man whose intellect was keen, whose eye was bright, and whose vivacity of manner was captivating. In an evil moment a *liaison* was formed, and her exceptional child came into the world with a keen eye, a bright intellect, and a handsome face.

"Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiased, and his mind his own.
No sickly fruit of faint compliance he;
He! stamped in nature's mint with ecstasy!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.'

"This boy takes in the situation. As mind has power over matter, he arranges with his father and his brothers. Success crowns his efforts, and the household is blessed. His mother's face puts on a smile, and she is the only one in the wide world who knows why.

"Was her *faux pas* a right action because good resulted from it?

"Here is another picture that may be seen constantly on the easel the world over:

"A young woman of social standing, education, morality, and beauty enters the same holy bonds of wedlock with her equal in

all respects. The marriage-bells peal with joy, and many friends smile and congratulate. This occasion is one of pride, and the whole world recognizes it as being legal and correct. The consequence of this faultless step is *extra-uterine conception*. Suffering and death follow.

"The sum of human misery is increased. What can reason say to axiom fifth?

"Neither in the interest of truth, nor for the benefit of man, is it necessary to assert what we do not know."*

"Is Colonel Ingersoll working in the interest of truth? Is he working for the benefit of man? Does he assert *only* what he knows? Are his conclusions logical deductions from his own axioms? Is this the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? This, 'That which must be has the right to be.'

"Is it for the benefit of man that he says this: 'If in this world there is a figure of perfect purity, it is a mother holding in her thrilled and happy arms her child'?† Does he assert *only* what he knows when he says this: 'An infinite God has no excuse for leaving his children in doubt and darkness'?‡ In another place, he says: 'I have had no experience with gods.'

"How can a man say what anybody or anything ought or ought not to do when he has had no experience with the person, thing, or circumstance?

"There is one sentence in Colonel Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Black, the drollery of which under all circumstances excites my risibles. I can't look at that sentence without laughter, and I can't think about it without a smile. It is this:

"Will Mr. Black have the kindness to state a few of his objections to the devil?"

"Now, will Colonel Ingersoll have the kindness to state his opinion of the 'perfect purity' of the figure of a mother holding in her arms her *illegitimate* child?

"To pervert truth, to sophisticate nature, philosophy, or the understanding, to bend the mighty energies of the human intellect under a load of such ponderous magnitude as the doctrine of absolute atheism, entails a war in which the divine gift of

*"Letter to Dr. Field," page 46. †"Reply to Mr. Black," page 487.

‡"Letter to Dr. Field," page 40.

speech is made the battering-ram of justice, and the confusion of sophistical reasoning is employed to entrap innocence and prostitute virtue.

"Colonel Ingersoll must have got a glimpse of his own, when he said: 'I admit that reason is a small and feeble flame, a flickering torch by stumblers carried in the starless night.'*" Or he may be under the influence of that chameleon sprite 'Superstition,' as it leads in the van of human darkness, charming the eye with its cymophanous light, and forming a mirage of iridescent halos around the crown of human thought.

"If he will analyze his own sayings in the light of pure reason, if he will place his philosophy in the scales of justice and test its specific gravity with that of the superstition he so mercilessly condemns, he may find that they both tip the beam at zero; that opiniatry, not reason, is the 'flickering torch by stumblers carried in the starless night.'

"When a system of philosophy is open to so many adverse criticisms; when the glare of analysis casts a dark shade over statements purporting to be truth; and when a code of ethics reveals error under the sharp scalpel of reason, may we not doubt the infallibility of a theology based upon denial, and whose only support is ridicule?

"It has been said that every man makes his own god.

"Colonel Ingersoll hates Jehovah because Jehovah tolerates slavery.

"Can hatred alter a fact? He hates the rheumatism, but can he convince the sufferers from that disease that rheumatism is a myth because he hates it? Rheumatism can be positively known to the sufferers only. If Colonel Ingersoll never had the rheumatism, how does he know such a disease exists? Is he not obliged to believe it from the testimony of others?

"Perhaps he never had the toothache. Can he tell when another man has it? Or, doesn't he believe in toothache because he has had no experience with it? He may say that it stands to reason, that a decayed tooth should ache, or that an inflamed joint should pain. Very well, how about the pains of parturition? He assuredly has had no experience in that line.

"Is pregnancy a disease and parturition a result of violated

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law? Are the throes of labor sanitary, pleasurable or in any way for the good of the woman? Are they one of the consequences of a bad action? He says, 'Actions are good or bad according to their consequences.' If he says there is nothing bad in the pains of parturition, I will confront his testimony by the testimony of every mother in the land. Will he deny the existence of these pains because he has had no experience with them?

"In his reply to Dr. Field, he says, 'I have had no experience with gods; there can be no evidence to my mind of the existence of such a being.' Now, as Colonel Ingersoll has had no experience with the pains of childbirth, I would like to know if there can be any evidence to his mind of the existence of such pains, *save the bare statement of the woman.*

"Exclude the 'dark continent of motive and desire,' and let the 'poor sovereign' of 'that wondrous world with one inhabitant' say whether there can be any more evidence to his mind of the existence of these pains than there can be of the existence of an infinite being. We have the bare statement of the woman for the pains, and *nothing else.* We have the statements of both men and women for the existence of God. The amount of positive evidence is much greater for the existence of God than for the existence of labor pains, and, in addition to the positive, we have both negative and rationalistic evidence.

"The strongest negative evidence for the existence of God is, that no other nor all other theories will account for the facts of the universe.

"Admitting God will account for everything.

"The rationalistic evidence for the existence of God is the stepping up to him by the ladder of the human mind.

"Now, unless a man is lost in the 'treacherous sands and dangerous shores' of this 'dark continent of motive and desire,' he must see that it is no harder to believe in God than it is to believe in the rotundity of the earth, or the existence of China.

"I have had no experience with gods,' therefore there is no God.

"Is this syllogistic reasoning? Is Colonel Ingersoll dishonest, or is he unwise? He sets up a great deal of negative evidence to prove that he is not dishonest.

"Error is ever the result of ignorance or dishonesty. It never comes from any other source.

"If he is dishonest, then the contest is only between ignorance and right. A good part of the better world says he is not right. According to his own definition of right and wrong, he is either wrong or inconsistent. I think he himself will agree that inconsistency cannot be right. Then if inconsistency cannot be right, the Colonel must be wrong. Being wrong and being honest at the same time, he must admit that he is ignorant.

"Being ignorant, he ought not to set himself up for a teacher. If he persists in teaching, then he must deny that he is wrong or he must deny that he is honest. Being honest, however, there is nothing left but to say he is wrong; and being wrong, he is not fit to teach. Being unfit to teach, he ought to quit. This is a test of his honesty. Will he quit, or will he persist in his error, or will he endeavor to learn the truth?

"He says,* 'We should do all within our power to inform, to educate, and to benefit our fellowmen.' Is he doing it? If so, by what means? Are his axioms a measure of his power? Where does his strength lie?

"Colonel Ingersoll has certainly missed his calling. He ought to have been a preacher. That profession would have enabled him to expound his sophistry, to promulgate his maxims and contradictions to his heart's content, without offense. And he could in pious humility have prayed with 'Holy Willie':

"'I bless and praise thy matchless might,
When thousands thou hast left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight
For gifts and grace.
A burnin' and a shinin' light
To a' this place.'

"He reasons after the manner of the revivalist. He occupies a place in the literary and philosophical world similar to Jay Gould's position in the financial world. He is neither Jew nor Gentile. He is the special phenomenon of the Nineteenth Century. He has pitted himself single-handed against the states-

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man, the theologian, and the jurist. In many cases he has been the victor. He seeks notoriety as Gould seeks money—it matters little how he gets it.

"He has studied human nature and learned its weaknesses.

"While he holds up reason as the *ultima thule* of all that is desirable, he tempers his words to the capacity of the average man—well knowing that the mote which blinds his own eye has a magnified image in the eyes of the great majority of his fellows.

"He has learned the unfortunate fact, that it is not so much *what* a man says, but nearly all depends upon *how* he says it.

"Reason, that mighty fetich of his idolatrous homage, is to him and his followers a flamboyant light, encircled with halos and spectral shadows—delusive in itself, and, siren-like, leading its votaries on to a willing death.

"Mr. Ingersoll should stop and think. The people should stop and think, before they indorse him.

"‘Prove all things; hold fast that which is good,’ but don’t say, ‘Everything is right that tends to the happiness of mankind, and everything is wrong that increases the sum of human misery.’ And don’t say, ‘That which must be has the right to be.’ And don’t say, ‘Ignorance and credulity sustain the relation of cause and effect.’ And don’t say, ‘Acts are good or bad according to their consequences, and not according to the intentions of the actors.’ And, above all things, don’t say, ‘In the nature of things there can be no evidence of the existence of an infinite being.’”

The train stopped and the lecturer got up to leave. He was billed to this town for his “celebrated lecture,” and a large concourse of people with a brass band had come to the depot to welcome him.

He had listened with great attention to the long discourse of the old teacher, and many times he had strongly felt the impulse to interrupt, but being a good listener as well as a good talker, he had sat with the others, mute and patient.

His cynical eye beamed with a sardonic twinkle as he reached out his hand to bid the old gentleman goodbye, and he could not refrain from asking a few personal questions in regard to the old man’s life history.

"My good friend," he said, "I am going to leave you here, and while I have been entertained in a variety of ways with your companionship, I am curious to know if you are a man of family."

"No," answered the old man, "I have never been married."

"Have you made a fortune by your profession of teaching?"

"I have never had time to think about making money."

"Without family, a man of your age must be somewhat alone in the world."

"A man cannot be very much alone in the world who has friends at home, and books wherever he goes."

"Can friends and books satisfy the cravings of the human heart? Is ambition stayed by a taste of others' glory? Is it nothing to be known—to be heralded on the wings of the wind—to come in contact with the great and the learned?"

"You contend for principles, while the world neither understands nor appreciates you. The majority of men love to be cheated, and will pay handsomely for the service. Poverty is the Muses' patrimony. Saturn and Mercury, the patrons of learning, are both dry planets.

"And to this day is every scholar poor;

Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor."

"Good-bye," and, shaking the old man's hand, he stepped out of the car.

"Do you know that man?" asked a clerical-looking gentleman on the opposite seat.

"No."

"That is Colonel Ingersoll."

BOOK II.



PREFACE TO BOOK II.

VOLTAIRE said, "Books are made from books." This is true to some extent with the present volume, but I flatter myself that it contains some ideas not found in other books. While I have culled from others, often quoting the exact language where it expressed the thought better than I could—*plagiarized*, if you will—I make no apology for the *alicujus scripta furtum*.

My endeavor has been to write something to set men a-thinking. Logic is hard, and philosophy dry unless interspersed with a certain degree of variety and abruptness.

To this end I have endeavored to weave in a bit of romance without writing a novel. The characters I have introduced are two men of opposite modes of thought. One is a materialist, the other a spiritualist; one a free-thinker, the other a believer; one an infidel, the other a Christian. I have given free-rein to the thoughts of each one, and if the religious controversy is unsatisfactory to any Christian reader, the fault is in the substance and not in its application.

In the answers to the material philosophy, I have culled from the best books on Theology, and had the aid of some of the ripest scholars in the land. Among those to whom I would express gratitude and thanks are Rev. Dr. Borden P. Bowne of Boston, Rev. Dr. M. W. Prince of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and W. A. Candler, Bishop of the Southern Methodist Church. The local clergy of every denomination have been uniformly kind in suggestions and hints for aids to the faith.

I have excluded the Bible from either side as *authority*; allowing both to quote, where the quotation is apt.

Dogma has been excluded. The basis of the book is reason and experience.

The schoolmaster is a real character who figured as a local celebrity for many years in Eastern Carolina. Most of the oddities attributed to him were real traits, and with a few embellishments, his true character is portrayed here. The quotation, *Homo multarum litterarum* never fitted a man better.

The "Wandering Jew" is made up, partly from legend, and partly from fancy. He is a Christian pure and simple.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

AFTER the lecturer left the car, and Mr. Eliot learned that he had been talking, all the while, to Colonel Ingersoll, a feeling of dismay took possession of his mind as a first reaction from exciting debate; but later, a sense of quiet satisfaction ensued at having unwittingly told some pertinent truths to the right man. While he had so disciplined his mind as to bring most of his faculties into subjection to his will, yet, at times, he found pleasure in yielding to the play of fancy. In solitude, especially after such a mental strain as he had just undergone, he would court the slavery of imagination, indulge the power of fiction, and send the fancy out upon the wing to cull from all imaginable conditions that which for the present moment he should most desire. In this frame of mind he passed the rest of his journey, being neither disposed to talk nor to read; musing over the problem of life, contrasting the good with the evil in the world, wondering at the blindness of man, yet, amazed at his intellectual attainments; sympathizing with the cheerless gloom of the pessimist, and rejoicing in the buoyant courage of the optimist, his reveries ran in a never-ending chase, with thought pursuing thought, and vision succeeding vision as the monotonous roar of the train lulled the senses and disposed the mind to quietude and calm.

The centers of thought suffered their powers of analysis to give way to the pleasing fancies of revery, and the old man's eyelids drooped as his head reclined to the corner of his seat. Half sleeping and half waking, the dynamical powers of an active brain ran riot over scenes of the past, and conjured up visions of the future greatness of man.

Memory, that chaste goddess of the righteous and fell demon of the reprobate, pursued the phantoms of bygone days, evoked the shades of dead heroes; and, unlocking the ponderous doors of the great mausoleum of ancient philosophy, spread a feast

for the imagination unparalleled in its richness and beauty; and, barring the shapeless scenes of carnage, of blood, of murder and hypocrisy, the mad strife for gain, and the callous hatred of man toward man, would gild the book of life and leave the Stygian pool unstirred by the dip of a single wailing soul. His fidelity to the human intellect could neither be shaken by fraud nor weakened by deception. The power of thought to him was the light which shineth in the darkness, and his highest conception of Deity was a being of boundless knowledge. To know had been his lifelong labor—to know truth—to know error, and to be able to distinguish between the two. He believed with a childlike faith that man could know the truth, that error was an evil only as it is misunderstood, and that ignorance had been the cause of all mischief.

Cause and effect, he regarded as inseparably linked from eternity—what has been was the result of sheer necessity. He even went so far as to subscribe to the paradoxical creed which has been caricatured by the opponents of a certain school of Religionists, as, "What is to be, will be, if it never is."

Evil he regarded as necessary, a contrast which makes possible the good. A world without evil would be an unfit habitation for man. The Omniscient and Omnipotent Power which created the world and man, knew that evil was a necessity, knew that light could not exist without darkness, that peace would be an impossibility without discord, and, hence, it is written,

"I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. I, the Lord, do all these things."

The labor of cogitation is too violent to last long, and the reveries of fancy will finally end in slumber. Then it is that the indefinable state we call dreaming takes possession of the mind and we live as it were in another world. It is said by those who have paid most attention to the subject, that we dream only of those things which in the past have made some impression on the mind; that to dream of things we never thought of is impossible, and the fact of our not remembering them is no evidence of the impression never having been made; that the mind registers every thought, every imprint received, and that this register is indestructible, ineffaceable and eternal.

The old man dreamed as he reclined upon his seat and slept. He dreamed of his childhood, his youth and his manhood. He dreamed of his mother long since dead. He dreamed of his school-days when his mind first began to take fitful glances at the tree of knowledge, when he saw the golden fruit dangling far beyond his reach. The relish with which he imbibed his first draught of knowledge returned in his slumber, and a smile played upon his features like the smile of an innocent babe. Visions as unreal and fantastic as the chaos of thought passed before his mental sight and vanished, one after another, like dissolving views. The monotonous roar of the train, the cramped position and half rest of the weary traveler contributed to this mental phantasmagoria. He dreamed of the mountain he had climbed with weary steps to get only a glimpse of the truth. He saw error on every side of his path, and the yawning chasm of falsehood feasting with hungry eye and gluttonous maw upon the fairest of mankind. A panoramic view of the intellectual development of the human race from the earliest dawn of history to the present time, ran a steeple-chase before his drowsy eyes, and he saw man in the savage state modelling for himself a God, to whom he transferred conceptions of himself, and worshiped in the humility of self-love, and the fear of self-immolation. He saw the priesthood in the long vista of the past, either from superstitious honesty, or knavery, or both mixed, standing like an incubus in the way of human progress. He saw the dumb idols of Paganism sitting in eternal silence upon the throne of ignorance and fear. And then the beautiful image of a God-man came into view, about whose countenance a halo of glory shone in resplendent hues of love, and peace, and good-will toward men.

The scene quickly changed, and a fountain of pure, limpid, sparkling water gushed forth from a rock, and meandered slowly amongst men, slaking the thirst of the weary, and washing the soiled fingers of the vile and the wretched. Here the leper was cleansed, the halt, the lame, and the blind made whole. The broken-hearted and miserable found in it a healing lotion for the sore spots on the soul, and exchanged here, their grief for joy. The vilest sinner was never refused a drink, and the poor were made welcome, without money and without price. An im-

mense sign in golden letters stood over the rock, proclaiming freedom and equality, while a melodious voice was heard saying,

"Come, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The scene changed again: A broad, deep, and turbid torrent rushed along, sweeping before it human freedom, and drawing into its whirling eddies the progress, civilization, and culture of ages. Upon its bosom floated magnificent palaces in which the Priest and Levite held high carnival, where *aves* vehement hailed the degradation of man, and ignorance was held to be the mother of devotion. For a thousand years the tainted stream watered the earth and gave drink to man. Intoxicated with the Stygian draught, the gaping multitude crouched before, and paid homage to the gorgeous panoply. Reason abdicated her throne, and hallucinations born of religious zeal directed the affairs of State. The world went to sleep and the old man waked up with a groan.

Partly the uneasy sleep, but mainly the misshapen dream, caused this audible expression of pain. Rubbing his eyes, and collecting his thoughts, he contemplated the past history of Christendom with a sorrowful countenance, and looking out upon the beautiful country he was traveling over with such lightning speed, his amazement found expression in words, but his voice was drowned in the roar of the swiftly moving train. He said to himself, "How is it that so turbid a torrent could have flowed from so pure a fountain, and yet persist in claiming that fountain as its source? By what combination of human passion, perversity, and misconception could have grown up or been extracted anything so marvelously unlike its original as the current creeds of Christendom?"

"Out of the teachings of perhaps the most sternly anti-sacerdotal prophet who ever inaugurated a new religion, has been built up about the most pretentious and oppressive priesthood that ever weighed down the enterprise and the energy of the human mind. Christian worship, in its most prevailing form, has been made to consist in rites and ceremonies, in sacraments and feasts and fasts and periodic prayers. Jesus taught his disciples to trust in, and to worship a tender Father, long-suffer-

ing and plenteous in mercy:—those who speak in his name in these latter days, tell us rather of a relentless Judge, in whose picture, as they draw it, it is hard to recognize either justice or compassion. Theologians transmogrify the pure precepts and devotion of Jesus into a religion as nearly as possible their opposite, and then decree that whoever will not adopt their travesty ‘without doubt shall perish everlastingly.’

“Priestcraft, in some form, has dominated the human mind from the remotest ages, but the very masterpiece of human wisdom has been developed in the polity of the Church of Rome. The experience of twelve hundred eventful years, the ingenuity and patient care of forty generations of statesmen, have improved that polity to such perfection, that, among the contrivances which have been devised for deceiving and oppressing mankind, it occupies the highest place.” After this soliloquy, the tired traveler lapsed into a sort of trance or semi-conscious state, in which the old spectacle which so disturbed Jeremiah was reproduced before his eyes:

“Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this? A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land: the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and my people love to have it so: and what will you do in the end thereof?”

“What will you do?” said the echo. “Do?” answered the old man, as he resumed the conscious state, “I will continue to teach. I will teach the young and the old. I will combat error and promulgate truth. I will formulate a creed in accordance with the highest attributes of humanity—a creed that will cover up the ugly places in man’s nature and fit him for the exercise of that love which is so much spoken of and so little realized. I will show to those that have eyes to see, and courage to look, that the orthodox creeds of to-day are nothing more than sewage dipped from the filthy stream which drowned, for a thousand years, the progress of man. I will show the priest of to-day with the same mark of the priest of yesterday. I will hold up the true image of God in man that all may see. Instead of a serpent of brass, I will lift up Reason, and ask the people to think. It will not

be a 'prostitute seated on a chair of state in the chancel of Nôtre Dame,' but it will be that likeness which commanded a council of the triune Godhead—a convocation of the Elohim for its making. It will be the image which draws the line between man and brute, the image which has been a nightmare and reproach to priestcraft in all ages, and which religious iconoclasm has always endeavored to smirch and destroy. This beautiful picture, like its glory-crowned Archetype, will not fade. Its beacon light will yet lift man from the slime and miasm of the putrid river of superstition and fear. It will not down at the hest of a Beecher, a Talmage, nor a Pope of Rome. It will eventually preside over the spiritual, as it now presides over the temporal affairs of man. It will continue to shine till God will be seen through the intellect of man. Indeed, this image is the spiritual light, and the only spiritual light, which is able to make and guide a spiritual faith. Without this light, faith would be an unknown factor in the evolution of man. Without this light, man would be no more religious than the brute. Take away reason, and those subsidiary faculties denominated moral and religious, would vanish, as the shadow vanishes on withdrawing the light. Faith, which is the crowning glory of man, and which enables him to look beyond the finite into the infinite, is the last link in the chain of that intellectual endowment which makes him a moral and religious being. A faith which looks no higher for its source than its secondary causes, is like an oblation to an insensible, motionless idol, sitting with sightless eyeballs, staring on vacuity. This is the faith which the current creeds of Christendom inculcate. This is the 'wonderful and horrible thing committed in the land.'"

The approach toward home had been rapid and continuous. The teacher began to feel the balmy air, and to sniff the balsamic odor of his native pine forests. On the sand-hills of North Carolina he had been bred and born, and spent most of his long and blameless life. Here he felt at home. Here were his friends, and here he loved to be. The great West, with its mud and its sluggish streams, was an uninviting soil to an old man who loved to walk. The North was cold and dreary. Its bustle, and its keen rivalry of personal interests, contrasted unfavorably with the calm of a Southern fireside.

Money-making was out of his line and foreign to his thoughts. He failed to appreciate the hurry which gave little time to sleeping, and less for eating. He was proud of the great strides the world was making in material benefits, but the bent of his mind lay in the abstract rather than concrete. The world called him a dreamer, theorizer—an oddity. He was more like a dime in a barrel of coppers. At last, the train drew up at a little way-station on the Atlantic Coast Line Road, and the schoolmaster, from being “abroad,” was at home.

CHAPTER II.

THE TRACK IN THE ROAD.

AROUND the little station lounged a few idlers, to whom he raised his hat and asked concerning their health. Being travel-worn and dusty, he proceeded at once to his home, five miles distant. His gait was awkward, for his back was very much bowed, and his strides long and deliberate. He habitually walked with his head down, as if in meditation. The idlers laughed, as empty pates always laugh at wisdom.

Proceeding on his path, his eye caught the impress of a shoe which arrested his attention. The track was peculiar. The heeltap made an impression in the soft earth, which, in the present state of the old man's mind, caused him to watch every step, and to wonder at the arrangement of the nails. An ordinary shoe-heel is fastened by driving the nails on the outside rim, with scattering ones on the inside, and occasionally one in the center. This track was broad, and the nails in the heel formed a perfect cross. There were seven nails in each heel, and wherever the earth permitted a perfect track the imprint was thus:

. . .
.
.

This impress of a shoe, constantly before the old man's eye, caused his thoughts to turn back to his dream and his tedious ride on the car. He had often seen a cruciform jewel around the neck of a girl, or linked to the chain of a watch, but the idea of stamping the earth, at every step of a man, with an emblem of sacred truth exceeded his experience and excited his curiosity. His thirst after knowledge was sometimes eclipsed by his desire to scan a motive. Here was an incident which might be of peculiar interest, a shoe-track with the sign of the cross imbedded in the heel. "The wearer of this shoe must have a history, a story to tell, a secret burthen to bear. He may have committed an offence—a sin—for which his conscience is lashing, and his soul still endeavoring to expiate. It may be that he is simply superstitious, and wears this talisman to ward off evil. Perhaps he is an idle vagabond, without motive in

carrying this emblem of the religion of Christ, and without knowledge of its import. At all events, I am curious to see this shoe, to talk with its wearer, and to know what it means."

These were the thoughts which passed through the old man's mind, as he unconsciously quickened his gait, hoping to overtake the maker of the tracks. As he turned a curve, a long straight stretch in the road almost made him despair when he saw no sign of a pedestrian, however much he strained his vision.

"Distance," it is said, "lends enchantment to the view." If enchantment could mean a palpitating impulse, a craving desire to move faster than one can walk, this long stretch in the road, punctuated at every step with the mystic symbol of a deathless dogma, would charm the old man's eye and gladden his heart. But the heat of the day and his anxiety to overtake the walker dissipated the mirage, and left him at the end of the course, short of breath, and full of perspiration. His ardor, however, was not diminished. The tracks appeared more recent; he was evidently gaining on the shoe. All at once, as he started down a slope in the road, he espied a man sitting on the foot-log of a sand-hill stream, bathing his feet. At this sight, the old man's heart leaped for joy. Bathing was one of his cardinal virtues, and he thoroughly believed with Pope, that cleanliness is next to godliness. Slacking his pace, he removed his hat and with a large bandanna wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He was now within a few steps of the shoe, and where he could take a critical view of the man. He was about to make a greeting, when his attention became so utterly absorbed at the appearance before him, that words failed, and his motions ceased. He stood as if nailed to the spot. The individual before him had the appearance of age and youth combined. His countenance betrayed his Semitic origin, and his features were typical of the modern Jew. Upon a general view he appeared to be in the prime of life, but a close inspection gave the impression of extreme age. Wrinkles combined with a rosy cheek, hoary locks with a juvenile look, a brilliant eye in a sunken orbit; these and other odd characteristics, together with his dress and shoes, so amazed the schoolmaster, that he ventured not a word until the bath was finished.

An odd trait in the character of the old teacher has not yet been mentioned. However much he might wish to know your opinion, he never asked a direct question. While his curiosity was equal to that of Mother Eve, he would beat about the bush to get what he wanted, rather than risk the possible odium of being considered a Paul Pry. To ask him a direct question was, also, equivalent to getting no answer. These characteristics of a cautious mind were often complained of by his pupils. The impatient ones thought his method tedious and dilatory. Especially did those who had been taught in the usual way object to making haste slowly. At the end of each term, however, the impress of vigilance was stamped more or less distinctly upon the mind of every one who came under his influence.

At this moment, the conflict between caution and curiosity was vividly displayed in his countenance. His nostrils dilated, his mouth twitched, and his eyes blinked. He was in a dilemma. He wanted to speak, but the proper salutation would not come forward.

Just as the traveler took up a shoe, the old man said: "Hail, friend! good afternoon."

"God be with you," replied the stranger, continuing to put on the shoe.

"I almost grudge you the pleasure of your bath this sultry day, for I am footsore and tired."

"If the water were scarce," said the stranger, "your grudge might be excusable, but thanks to Providence there is enough for both; take a seat and enjoy my refreshment."

"Thanks:—in easy reach of home, I will defer a part for the whole, and there enjoy what I most urgently desire and need. I have traveled much by rail and foot; am dusty, and my raiment is out of repair."

"Traveled much? Ah! my friend, you know not what you say. No one knows what traveling means but he whose only desire is rest."

"Rest is a great boon to the weary."

"Yes, indeed! and to all but me there is a promise saying,

"'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'"

This was said in such an agonizing tone of despair, with a countenance depicting such utter wretchedness, that the school-master, in spite of his stoical philosophy, averted his eye, and cast about for something to change the current of thought. In this he made a bad selection, for the other shoe of the traveler lay just in front and riveted his attention. Fascinated by the shoe, unable to change the current of thought, he yielded to the impulse, and spoke of the tracks.

"For some distance back," he said, "I have noticed a strange mark in the road, rhythmical with the step of a man—in fact, a mould of that very step—which, on account of its unwonted connection with a track, has excited in me a most lively interest, and ——" Here the stranger took up the shoe and handed it to the old man, asking him at the same time to examine and see if it had any connection with the track. His curiosity would be gratified; he might possibly learn something.

On taking the shoe in his hand, he was forcibly struck with its ancient look, and yet surprised at no appearance of wear. It looked as if it might be a thousand years old, and at the same time every edge was sharp-cut, the sole had hardly lost its polish, and the heel as trim as when first taken from the last. It was pliant and glossy save a thin coating of dust from recent use. The cross formed by the nails in the heel stood out in relief, sharp-cut and bright. The balance of the shoe was indescribable. It appeared to be made of scraps—parings from the cobbler's knife joined together in so skillful a manner as to defy detection. The pieces were of every shape and size, and put together in every conceivable manner, yet dovetailed and fitted with such accuracy and finish as to form a surface resembling the modern alligator leather.

The high tension of the old man's curiosity was being gratified in one direction, and in another doubly excited. He began to see the outlines of strange characters in these scallopy inosculation. Some of them resembled letters, others hieroglyphics. Being a classical scholar, and versed in antique lore, he traced the alphabets of many ancient languages.

He looked long enough to see that these letters formed words, and the words formed sentences. Dumfounded, he handed the

shoe back to the stranger with this simple remark: "The track must have been made by this shoe."

The interest excited by the track eclipsed itself in the shoe.

"The Old Ghost" was lost to the external world. His brain was in a whirl. Doubter as he was, he began to suspect his own sanity. He had met with more than he bargained for. If the appearances before him were real, he was on the verge of a revelation. The more he looked at the man, the more he thought of the shoe, the more he was puzzled. His long talk with Ingersoll, his troubled dream on the car, his ride, his walk, the heat of the day, his present company, all contributed to a state of mental perturbation unusual with the old philosopher.

Collecting his thoughts by a strong effort of the will, he determined to work out the problem if tact and perseverance would sustain him. The man, if a lunatic, appeared to be harmless—he would invite him to his home.

In the meantime the stranger had put on both shoes and was ready to resume his walk.

The schoolmaster was nearing his home, and suggested, as the day was nearly spent and the traveler must be tired, that he would call and spend the night with him. To this invitation the pedestrian thankfully assented.

Mr. Eliot was so well pleased with his success that he walked along in silent meditation. His thoughts were these: "If this man is insane, I shall have the opportunity of studying a chapter in Psychological Medicine from a most interesting clinic. The great principle that Mental Disease depends solely upon cerebral conditions, has now become so thoroughly established that it is no longer questioned. Its full recognition, however, has been followed by such activity of observation and research, that the field of inquiry has been extended in every direction, and at the present time it may truly be said that new opinions, new forms of Insanity, and new remedies have been and are being multiplied at a rate which far outstrips the steady march of consolidated knowledge. As the field of inquiry extends, the crop of good results is more difficult to garner.

"At the present time, Psychological Science is undergoing a most notable process of expansion, and there is no sign that it will ever again be 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' by dogmas,

either legal or theological, nor any indication that its bounds will be circumscribed by any limits more narrow than man's powers to investigate the secrets of organization.

"If, on the other hand he is rational, and really is what his appearance indicates, I shall have a most interesting companion, one from whom I shall gather knowledge, and whom I shall most gladly entertain."

His musings were interrupted as he raised his head and found himself at his own gate. "Here is our place" (he never called it my place); "walk in."

The tramp obeyed with the simple remark: "Thanks."

CHAPTER III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

GHOST ELIOT was a bachelor. His establishment, unlike the usual bachelor's abode, was neat and tidy. His old maid-servant (formerly a slave) was as neat as her master. Everything had been scrubbed and scoured during his absence, and everything put in its place.

His library, more noted for its quaintness than for the number of its volumes, first attracted the attention of the stranger. He was looking over some rare old books when supper was announced.

At his own table the schoolmaster always invited strangers to ask a blessing. Bowing their heads, his guest said this suggestive grace:

"Son of God—Christ! Forgive me and let me rest. Bless mine host and accept our thanks, for what we have here is of Thee."

After the frugal meal, these two men, the one so alert, yet so reticent in his inquiries, the other so modest and unassuming, attempted, in the cool of the evening, a general conversation. It was slow work. The mind of the schoolmaster was not on general topics. His imagination was wrought up to the highest pitch concerning his guest.

Undecided in his mind as to his being insane, and unwilling to suspect him of crime, he found it difficult to conceal his desire to know something of the past history of one who seemed to be enveloped in a cloud of mystery.

The stranger, observing this anxiety on the part of his host, and surmising its cause, directed in a delicate way the conversation to himself. He commenced by saying: "The bath I took this afternoon on the road gave such relief to my feet that, with your permission, I will slip off my shoes and enjoy that complete rest which I am not often permitted, even temporarily."

"With all my heart," said the teacher; "and I will join you, for I seldom sit with my shoes on after the day's work is done."

It was now growing dark, and the old maid-servant brought in a newly-trimmed lamp and placed it upon the table in the center of the room.

It lighted the little apartment brilliantly.

The schoolmaster placed his own shoes to one side and took up the stranger's. Instead, however, of placing them with his, he took a brush, and performing the duties of his self-appointed office of boot-black, soon had them shining and glossy. His surprise was again excited when he found a beautiful polish come upon the shoes with a few strokes of the brush and without blacking.

He then took a seat by the light and commenced a critical survey, noting the inosculation with the greed of an Antiquary.

The letters of the ancient alphabets became more visible as he examined more closely, and he spelled words in the Punic, Chaldaic, Phœnician, Hebrew and Greek languages. He saw line after line in hieroglyphics, of which he could make nothing. He translated the Greek and saw they were familiar texts from the New Testament. The Hebrew characters he could understand well enough to see they all made allusions to Jesus Christ as the Son of God. What surprised him as much as anything else was, that he could find neither stitch nor peg nor nail, save the seven in the heel forming the cross.

He looked at his guest with an inquiring eye and said: "My friend, your shoes are a puzzle, an enigma. I have seen many queer products of the mechanic art. I have studied the hydrostatic paradox and the magic square. I can understand how an ice-boat and a reaction water-wheel may travel faster than the wind or water which propels them, but these shoes, if they are a product of human mechanism, have obscured much of the cobbler's art. I find neither thread nor peg; neither seam nor awl-hole. I look in vain for something to hold the parts together, and while I have never seen anything which appeared to need holding together more, it would seem that each part held its fellow part by mutual attraction. The mechanic who made these shoes must know more of the art than the shoemaker of the present day. Indeed, here is evidence of esthetic art, extraordinary mechanism and classical scholarship. I would like to be acquainted with the man who can do such work."

"To be acquainted with the maker of these shoes," replied the traveler, "would scarcely be profitable, for he has laid aside the tools of his craft, is an outcast upon the world, forsaken of God and man."

"You speak in riddles."

"The shoemaker himself is a riddle."

"Is there no means of solving the riddle?"

"Yes, I have the key."

"Then you can instruct me?"

"If you desire it."

"Nothing would please me better."

"Listen, then, to a tale of sin and its consequences."

"I was born a Jew, in the city of Jerusalem, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen years ago. My family was poor, my father being a common laborer. I was apprenticed to a shoemaker at the age of seven. The ill-treatment I received at the hands of a brutish master, the lessons in dishonesty, and the hard fare of an apprentice warped my little intellect and stunted my body. I grew up to be a fair cobbler, but an accomplished rogue. I studied more to make a shoe look well than to do honest work. I became a favorite cutter and fitter to the snobs of the city, and increased the patronage of my master many fold. I began to feel my importance, and took a shop of my own. It was on the main thoroughfare of the town, and my fame as a maker of stylish shoes spread far and wide. At the age of thirty I had an established business and a fair trade. I decided to marry, and this step determined my fate. My wife proved anything but a helpmate. She was extravagant, profligate and a virago. In vain I made stylish shoes. In vain I hammered and stitched both day and night, burning the midnight oil when I ought to have been asleep. In vain I remonstrated with her for wasting the fruits of my toil. In vain I attempted to reason her out of the violence of her temper. My house became a hell through improvidence and mismanagement.

"I became morose and looked upon mine as a hard lot. Israel, besides being a civil polity, was a theocracy; she was not merely a nation, she was a Church. In Israel, religion was not, as with the peoples of pagan antiquity, a mere attribute or

function of the national life. The religion of the Jew was the essence and the glory of his life.

"Worship was to him what progress is to the present generation. The existence, the presence of One, Supreme, Living, Personal Being, who alone exists necessarily and of Himself, was the great conviction of the people of Israel. The Jew, like Job, would have no daysman come betwixt him and his God. God had been to him a deliverer, a lawgiver and a guide. Any denial of his God or his mode of worship was a personal insult not to be forgiven. He witnessed daily sacrifices for sin; he witnessed the sacrifice of sacrifices which was offered on the Day of Atonement, and by which the 'nation of religion,' impersonated in its High Priest, solemnly laid its sins upon the sacrificial victim, and bore the blood of atonement into the Presence-chamber of God.

"With this he was satisfied.

"I was in the prime of life when Jesus Christ came, preaching a new doctrine.

"He claimed to be King of the Jews, the Son of God, the Savior of mankind. He habitually associated with and preached to the poor and ignorant. He denounced our rituals, our sacrifices, our feasts, and fasts. He preached repentance and personal righteousness. He said,

"*'I am not of this world, I am from above.'* *'I proceeded forth and came from God.'*

"He claimed to be the Son of God! This claim caused his arrest and trial for blasphemy. The Sanhedrim condemned Him because He claimed Divinity. The members of the Court stated this before Pilate:

"*'We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself the Son of God.'*

"All this took place while I hammered at my last and stitched with my awl and thread. I had always been scrupulous in my religious observances, but my poverty and inability to rise out of it prevented my taking any active part in schismatic opinions or discussions. I heard a good deal of the strange teachings of Jesus, but knowing him to be the son of a carpenter, and

hearing these reports only among the poor and ignorant, I regarded him as a simple, harmless person, who had lost his wits, or a vainglorious braggart, who could do neither good nor harm. But when the Sanhedrim had pronounced sentence of death upon Him, and the day of execution was fixed, I felt my rancor rise against him. I said, 'If he had been earning an honest living, instead of leading the life of a vagabond and upsetting the minds of weak persons, he would now, in place of a prisoner, be a respectable member of society; let him go, I have no sympathy for him.' The truth is, I was so hardened by toil and poverty that I felt truculent toward all who lived without labor.

"On the day of the execution I was so pressed by my necessities that I could not think of losing the time to attend, yet, when the procession came along, I went to the door of my shop merely to see the crowd. It was a mob composed of all classes; some enemies, some friends of Jesus, but mostly made up of idlers, vagabonds and thoughtless boys. The main spectacle was the condemned, who were compelled by law to carry their crosses. When Jesus came by He was weary and bent under His load. He asked permission to rest a moment upon the step of my door. I repulsed Him with acerbity, telling Him to go on—'Go on, Jesus, to your deserts.' He looked upon me with a severe countenance and said: 'I go to rest, but thou shalt go on till I return.'

"I went back to my work with a sneer on my lip, but the words, 'I go to rest, but thou shalt go on till I return,' kept ringing in my ears. I tried to think of something else and hammered furiously at my last, but the ominous sound continued, first in the whole sentence, then in parts. Finally, it got down to the monosyllable, go! and this was repeated so fast and in such a whirring monotone as to be positively painful.

"I got up and walked about, and stuck my fingers in my ears, but it rang more violently, go-go-go-go-go-go-go-oooooooooooo! until I thought my ears would burst.

"At last, without knowing what to do or where to go, I put on my hat and walked out. As I strode along, the dreadful noise weakened, and the faster I walked the more indistinct it

became; but stop for a moment, and it would return with increased tension, 'Go on, till I return, go-go-go-go!' And thus it has been from that day to this with few exceptions. I continued to walk aimlessly, and scarcely knowing the direction I took until I found myself upon Calvary, where the Crucifixion was going on. I mingled with the crowd, spoke to many acquaintances, and jested with the enemies of Jesus, trying every means to get rid of the horrible din in my ears.

"Crucifixion is, perhaps, the most cruel mode of executing the death penalty ever devised by man. It is slow torture, and death is the result of pain and exhaustion. After many hours the wretched victim dies without a struggle, thankful for the end.

"On this memorable day, when the idle and thoughtless began to stretch and yawn at the tedium of the torture, and the rancorous even began to surfeit with the misery they came to behold, when conversation waned, and the black mantle of Death began to hover over the scene, a wail from the tree on which Jesus hung—a wail heart-rending and despairing, unearthly in its cadence of anguish and despondency, rent the air, and sent a thrill of sadness through the most callous soul:

"*'Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani!'*

"I turned and saw the death agony, the *finale* of the passion of the Savior of mankind.

"My eyes were suddenly opened to the heinousness of my crime, and I started upon a journey that has never ceased, a pilgrimage that will end only with the second coming of Christ. I realized for the first time that a curse was upon me, and that my expiation was an endless pererration. Go on, go on, go-go-go! sounded like thunder in my ears, and pierced my brain like electric shocks. Whenever I attempted to stop the ominous roar drove me forward. Over hill and dale, through forest and fen, among civilized and savage nations I have roamed ceaselessly: praying for death, attempting suicide, enlisting in war, courting the perils of the sea and defying God that He might strike me dead. I studied the sciences of life and death, learned all the cures of disease, made a special study of Toxicology, and ventured into the labyrinth of Esoteric Buddhism. I traversed the miasmatic jungles of India, slept

in bogs, exposed myself to putrid emanations and noisome effluvia, entered the dens of wild beasts and poisonous serpents, lay in the path of Thugs, and prostrated myself before the Car of Juggernaut.

"My sole object then, as now, was rest. Rest in peace, in death, in annihilation—anything for rest. That craving has never ceased, its fulfillment has never been realized. How to obtain this goal has been my daily thought for near two thousand years. The methods only have changed. Then I was rebellious, now I am humble. I felt that my rancor was just, and bottled it up to give it more strength. I roamed for a thousand years over every part of the habitable globe, cursing the day I was born, and never ceasing to revile the author of my misery. I felt that I had committed a crime—but that my punishment was out of proportion to my guilt. I beleaguered with human philosophy the eternal wisdom of God, set myself the task of rejudging the justice of Omnipotence. My rebellious spirit sustained me until the blackness of despair obscured my vision, and the ceaseless torment of bodily pain provoked repentance. Repentance was a new doctrine to the Jew, a new mode of expiating crime. It came to me with tears, remorse, and despair. I fell prostrate before the image of a Crucified Savior and begged in piteous moans for rest. I ceased from this moment to indulge the folly of self-justification—the vanity of intellectual pride. I felt that my sentence was just, that by an act of my own free will I had forfeited the inheritance of my Maker—had sold my birthright for a mess of pottage. All this time I was an outcast from the society of men, a vagabond upon earth with the mark of Cain upon my brow. The food I received was as a bone thrown to a dog, accompanied with a ban.

"The one exception to this endless and fruitless journey of despair and remorse may be found in the Chronicles of Carthophilus—a bit of literature rare, and sacred to the memory of Isaac Lakedion, whose wanderings make record in the polychronicons of cloistered monks.

“Thus it is, saith the Chronicles:

“On the third day of the month Elul and of the Creation, 3839—which answereth to August 22, A. D. 79, I left Pæstum, before the stars of the morning were dimmed, and reached Pompeii on the night of that day. The sun was now buried in the waters of the Great Gulph, as I entered the eastern gate of Pompeii. A black and heavy cloud hung over the western horizon—the water of the Sarnus were much swelled—the Great Sea was more agitated than had been known for many years, and the numerous vessels in the southern and western harbors were with difficulty held to their moorings.

“The night, however, though passed in safety, gave us dreadful presages, and was full of terrors to many. The multitude, nevertheless, were keen as usual in the gratification of their darling pleasures; and though nature scowled with angry threatenings, I found the streets filled with crowds in pursuit of gain, of vice, of folly and of voluptuous enjoyments—whilst a few were seen, as it were, creeping into the temples, and offering to the gods a feeble lip-service, or a hideous outcry, from excessive alarm.

“On the morning of the fifth of Elul the sun rose with his usual lustre, the black and pregnant cloud had nearly vanished; the sea was greatly calmed; and the angry mountain was giving but an occasional moan—a much diminished volume of smoke and fire:—but, alas! all this was only the forebodement of an insidious and awful outbreak!

“Night came on, and with it an hour was dedicated to my Chronicles, in obedience to my long habit, as well as from the gloom that had nearly overcome me; for the condition of the mountain was now becoming very alarming, and our great desire was to hasten on our road that night, if possible, or by the early dawn of the morning.

“Wearied became my eyelids, and unto my couch I repaired for rest, *Vesuvio volante!*

“I need not recount the manner in which I became buried quite fifteen cubits beneath the ashy showers of Vesuvius, which ceased not entirely to pour down during several days; nor can I describe my agonies when the incumbent weight increased upon me, and as I became more and more conscious that life designed *not* to leave me; but that I was destined to exist under a load of unimaginable tortures—how long I could then in nowise conjecture!

“Happily for me, all this was preceded by a marvelous change of all that was corporeal in me, and with little, if any, *note of time*; for the years I lay there were, as to time, but a dreamy existence; and yet, in all other things, with the same vivid sight and consciousness that often belong to man during the brightest visions of the night!

"At first, all around me was black and palpable darkness—but soon, great was my wonder when a mild and comparative light, if such it might be called, slowly beamed in upon me, and more as if it found its source within me than anywhere without!—for all things, after a while, seemed to become *parts* of myself—attended, moreover, by such a preternatural increase of my vision that even Nature's minutest objects—their most intimate organization, and their very essences, were glaringly before me, and soon thereafter became to me, either odiously, or delightfully familiar, according to their very diverse natures!

"To my then ethereal and piercing vision, all nature around me teemed with *life*; and the astounding fact was revealed to me that nearly all *matter*, which, to the natural eye is so inert and lifeless, is perpetually quickening into animation and bursting into active existences—or, sinking into death—there to assume other mutations, again springing into or sustaining life! Here it was that I first learned to know that, in all creation, there exists a vast connected chain of being—an infinite progressive series of animation—filling all things, and giving breath, yea *thought*—and hence, the power and duty of *praise* to Him who alone is the Fountain whence they spring, and whither they must all return—each at its own appointed time!

"The years I had thus unconsciously passed, as to time, beneath those ashes, were often occupied by me in contemplating all those awakening things that then encompassed me—also in reminiscences of the hateful past, and in forebodings of the yet more odious and terrific future! These musings flitted through my mind, exciting it to the keenest curiosity—and then subduing it with wonder. At other times I found myself earnestly engaged in noting the habits and fashions of life among the infinitely various and small beings that moved and gamboled and died around me! And, as I now remember, when Vesuvius was casting forth more than its wonted volume of fire and smoke, I perceived that the earth was everywhere penetrated with a most odious and pestiferous *aura*, charged with sulphurous and arsenical particles, and with other metallic poisons! But great indeed was my wonder on beholding that, when these noxious, though extremely attenuated effluvia, were piercing thoroughly the earth, accompanied with sudden and tumultuous motions, far and wide, these were followed by a rush from the earth, into the air, of countless myriads of those inconceivably minute insects, then so hideously augmented to my vision, but which to man would continue unseen, were even an hundred million of them united into a single mass! These little beings, nevertheless, were intensely venomous for their volume; and when breathed in by man or beast, have often proved the cause of many foul diseases—of plagues, and of many unknown maladies, to baffle the skill of every Hippocrates, and to prove so mortal to our species! Those life-killing insects are often wafted

to great distances by sudden and resistless currents of air,—causing sickness, or death, even in the remotest regions, and ever in the ratio of the density of their numbers; and in places, too, where Vesuvius, or *Ætna*, is yet utterly unknown!*

“How I eventually escaped from my earthy stronghold, and emerged once more to hail the blessed light of heaven, and to inspire its balmy air, with a more refreshed spirit than when I entered Pompeii’s walls, need not be told further than that some plunderers came and sedulously dug over the very spot beneath where I lay; but having searched in vain, after removing much of the earth above me, they left my body almost visible! As night approached, the moisture, and the rush of fresh and vital air into my lungs, so long a stranger to it, gave me an awakening sensation, and soon a consciousness of a returning power of locomotion! The blood now began to course rapidly through my veins; and suddenly arousing myself, as with a convulsive struggle, I bounded upon my feet into the open air—where all around me were silence and the darkness of a moonless night!

“My usual vision was instantly restored; and early did I experience a longing for food! Vesuvius, as usual, had a few small streams of burning lava down its sides; and by this was given me the direction I would go; so that, before the dawn of day, *Cartaphilus* was again among the living, and suitably clad, at the ‘*Otiosa Neapolis*’—where, after nourishing the outer man during some days, he procured a small vessel, and hastened on to his beloved abode at *Pæstum*, after an absence of just six years, less ten days! And here in *Pæstum*, three days thereafter, I recorded this portion of my Chronicle.

“But the story of the marvelous past is not yet quite told. Skipping over many years from the time of my entombment in the ashes of Pompeii, I return to the regular course of my fitful and eventful career, enacted with men, and measured by time which, in the present day, would be deemed a waste and a crime.”

*The modern (?) theory of the microbe origin of disease is here exposed, and many recent discoveries in medicine have proved to be the resurrected remains of ancient aruspicy. Verily, “there is nothing new under the sun.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRUSADES.

“FOOTSOKE, dejected in spirit and without object in my rambles, one day on the dusty highways of Continental Europe I met a man of mean appearance, riding a mule and bearing a weighty crucifix. His head was bare, his feet naked, his meager body was wrapped in a coarse garment. His stature was small, his appearance contemptible; but his eyes were keen and lively, and he possessed that vehemence of speech which seldom fails to impart the persuasion of the soul. This man, who had forsaken his wife, and abandoned his military standard under the Counts of Boulogne, had returned from the Holy Land with his heart on fire, not so much from the memory of the hardships which he had himself undergone, as for the cruelties and tortures which he had seen inflicted on his fellow-Christians.

“He halted me on the road and demanded to know my business.

“I endeavored to evade his glance, and pass his searching eye; but he was too much in earnest to lose one opportunity of impressing the importance of his mission upon the lowliest of his fellows. I yielded to his persuasions and followed in his wake.

“Peter the Hermit (for this was he) preached to innumerable crowds in the churches, the streets and the highways; he entered with equal confidence the palace and the cottage, and the people were impetuously moved by his call to repentance and arms. When he painted the sufferings of the natives and pilgrims of Palestine, every heart was melted to compassion; every breast glowed with indignation when he challenged the warriors of the age to defend their brethren and rescue their Saviour. His vehemence carried all before him, none the less, perhaps, because he bade them remember that no sins were too heinous to be washed away by the waters of the Jordan, no evil habits too deadly to be condoned for the one good work, which should make them champions of the cross. Pope Urban the Second received him as a prophet, applauded his glorious design, promised to support it in a general council, and encouraged him to

proclaim the deliverance of the Holy Land. Invigorated by the approbation of the pontiff, his zealous missionary traversed, with speed and success, the provinces of Italy and France. The most polished orator of Athens might have envied the success of his eloquence. This indefatigable teacher inspired the passions which he felt, and Christendom expected with impatience the counsels and decrees of the supreme pontiff.

"The Europe of that day was very different from the Europe of ours. It was in its Age of Faith.

"Recently converted, as all recent converts do, it made its belief a living rule of action. In our times there is not upon that continent a nation which, in its practical relations with others, carries out to their consequences its ostensible, its avowed articles of belief. Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, they of the Greek Communion, indiscriminately consort together under the expediences of the passing hour. Statesmanship has long since been dissevered from religion—a fact most portentous for future times. But it was not so in the Middle Ages. Men then believed their form of faith with the same clearness, the same intensity with which they believed their own existence or the actual presence of things upon which they cast their eyes. The doctrines of the Church were to them no mere inconsequential affair, but an absolute, an actual reality, a living and a fearful thing. It would have passed their comprehension if they could have been assured that a day would come when Christian Europe, by a breath, could remove from the holy places the scandal of an infidel intruder, but, upon the whole, would consider it not worth her while to do so. How differently they acted. When by the preaching of Peter the Hermit and his collaborators, who had received a signal from Rome, a knowledge had come to their ears of the reproach that had befallen Jerusalem and the sufferings of the pilgrims, their plain but straightforward common sense taught them at once what was the right remedy to apply, and forthwith they did apply it, and Christendom, precipitated headlong upon the Holy Land, was brought face to face with Mohammedanism.

"The crusades have been condemned, ridiculed, and held up as examples of fanaticism run mad. Historians, failing to comprehend the efficient causes, and painting the surface scenes

only, have left the Holy Wars under a ban. An impulse so powerful as to combine nations in arms for the accomplishment of one purpose may not be classed with causes which operate to produce individual actions. The individual is actuated by his own will, and may or may not do at his discretion, but national movements are inaugurated under the direction of causes over which the individual has little control. It is true that the Hermit, by his preaching, fanned the flame which was already aglow, and precipitated a half million of men, poorly prepared, upon a scheme which resulted in disaster to many individuals, but the final outcome of that scheme was to uphold and strengthen the Church of Christ.

"In these wars I engaged with a relish, a zeal second only to that of Peter. I put on the badge of the cross, and headed the van. Throughout the weary marches, the sufferings, and the privations of the nine Holy Wars, I was a brave soldier, a valiant knight of the Cross. I am the only living witness of those eventful times, and if the crusades disappointed the expectation of their promoters, they achieved some results, the benefits of which have been felt from that day to the present. They failed, indeed, to establish the permanent dominion of Latin Christendom, whether in New Rome or in Jerusalem; but they prolonged for nearly four centuries the life of the Eastern empire, and by so doing they arrested the tide of Mahometan conquests as effectually as it was arrested for Northern Europe by Charles Martel on the plain of Tours. They saved the Italian and perhaps even the Teutonic and the Scandinavian lands from a tyranny which has blasted the fairest regions of the earth; and if they added fuel to the flame of theological hatred between the Orthodox and the Latin churches, if they intensified the feelings of suspicion and dislike between the Eastern and the Western Christians, they yet opened the way for an interchange of thought and learning which had its result in the revival of letters, and in the religious reformation which followed that revival. The ulterior results of the crusades were the breaking up of the feudal system, the abolition of serfdom, the supremacy of a common law over the independent jurisdiction of chiefs who claimed the right of private wars; and if for the time they led to deeds of iniquity which it would be mon-

strous even to palliate, it must yet be admitted that in their influence on later ages the evil has been assuredly outweighed by the good.

"This brief allusion to the crusades will enable you the better to understand what I am about to relate in regard to the shoes.

"When the last soldier had been disbanded from the crusading armies, and the streets of Jerusalem had been washed, and order somewhat restored, I found myself standing one day in the market-place, close by the site of the ancient Temple. The day was cloudy and the scene dreary. The few coster-men whose stalls were occasionally visited by an ancient crone, or a ragged child, seemed to take no interest in their trade. The leaden hue of dejection sat upon their features, and it appeared to be an effort for them to tell the price of their wares. As I contemplated their forlorn appearance, and ruminated upon the changed complexion of this once busy mart, the old grating hum of 'go, go, go on, go on till I return,' which had been partially drowned in the busy scenes of the crusades, began a fresh and invigorated strain, which warned me that my days of pilgrimage were not yet ended."

CHAPTER V.

THE CRAZY SHOEMAKER.

"As I was about to obey the summons, and pay another installment upon the wages of my sin, a little old man, hump-backed and blind of one eye, mounted a box and began, with wild gesticulations and vociferous speech, to call attention to a pair of sandals he held in his hands. His speech was so incoherent, so disconnected, and withal so pathetic, that I stayed a moment to hear what he had to say. As no one paid him the slightest attention, and as he appeared none the less in earnest on that account, I ventured to ask a Mohammedan bystander who he was, and what he meant by disturbing the market-place in the manner he was doing. The reply was, 'He is a crazy shoemaker, living on Mount Calvary, and imagines he is in possession of the sandals worn by that deluded prophet, Jesus, the so-called Christ, who was crucified by order of Pilate for calling himself the Son of God, and in whose name the streets of this city have recently flowed knee-deep in human blood—blood of innocent babes and helpless women—in whose name more crime, more sin has been committed, more lives lost, more treasure wasted, more tears shed and more brains demented, than by the combined folly of man since superstition first erected an altar to ignorance and fear. He comes here every day at this hour, and goes through his present performance, after which he returns to his hut, and spends most of his time in repairing the footgear of the neighboring peasants. I am told that he is very ingenious at his trade, and that some of his work is a great puzzle to the shoemakers of the city. He is harmless, and the authorities, after exhausting their means to suppress him, have decided to interfere with him no more. No one pays the least attention to him. Even the boys have ceased to hoot him.'

"Notwithstanding the apparent insanity of the man, I could perceive that he was in real earnest, and believed with all his soul that the message he was delivering not only had merit, but came to him from authority which made it his imperative

duty to iterate, and reiterate, day by day, the monitions of his secret counsellor. He ceased his harangue, cast up his eyes, and with outstretched hands exclaimed in pathetic tones:

‘O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.’

“With this outburst of feeling, he descended from his perch and proceeded without another word to his hut. I followed closely, and by the time the old man had seated himself, I entered behind him.

“This little old cobbler’s den, situated on the very spot where the Crucifixion took place a thousand years before, was a veritable curiosity shop. The fixtures to the shoemaker’s trade, as I knew them in former days, were not to be seen. Instead of the last, he used a kind of plastic mould, by which he fitted the shoe to the exact shape of the foot. In place of thread, he used cement, and his leather was all in scraps, prepared by a ponderous machine with knives and rollers so constructed that, when gauged by the mould, every part of the shoe, ready cut, ready hammered, and ready polished, dropped out to fit the very foot for which the machine was gauged. The hammer was supplemented by a press, the exact construction of which I never understood. It was in the shape of a cross, with hollow shaft, and a sliding door at the juncture of the limbs. When a shoe was to be made or repaired, the parts all being placed in apposition in the mould and properly cemented, it was removed to this press and the sliding door sealed. The limbs acted as levers, being bent down and fastened to the shaft. After a length of time, according to the work done, either a shoe repaired or newly made, the levers were raised, the door opened and the shoe removed. It came out of the press ready for the foot. On the walls of the shop I noticed a great variety of curious figures, of various sizes, which I afterward found to be patch-patterns; and they all had significant meanings.

“The little man eyed me as I entered, and seemed to divine my business, for he began at once to talk about the shoes he had

exhibited in the market-place. He explained that, in digging the foundation for his shop, he had come upon the shoes, and the moment he touched them a thrill had pervaded his whole body, and he distinctly heard a voice whisper in his ear,

‘These are the shoes of the Son of God.’

“From being a bigoted Jew he immediately became an humble Christian, and since that time he had made daily efforts to bring his fellowman to a knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ. He preached a sermon too long to repeat, and at its close handed me the shoes for inspection. A more sudden transition from storm to calm never befell a tempest-tossed mariner on entering the vortex of a cyclone than came to me the very moment I took the shoes in my hands. The terrible roar ceased, and for the first time since that awful day, over a thousand years before, I was at peace with myself and all the world. My happiness was too great for expression; it was the joy of a serene calm, such as I have heard described by the devotees of that Nepenthe draught which removes all sorrow for the day. I had no desire to move or speak. Relief had come so suddenly and so unexpectedly that both mental and physical powers yielded to the intoxication of hope renewed, and for the time being I had no care and no want. At length the little man spoke, and his voice roused me from my lethargy. I told him my story and besought him to let me remain in his house, where I could have the rest I so much desired. He heartily sympathized with me in my distress, and while my story appeared incredible even to him, he allowed me to join him in his work, and earn my bread for a while by honest toil. His health becoming poor, he soon ceased his visits to the market-place, and after I had learned to make and repair shoes by his method, the business of the shop gradually fell into my hands. For many months I lived in comparative peace with this good man, and I can truly say that the time spent in his society, in doing his work and in serving him in his illness, were the happiest moments of my life. The shoes were a never-failing resource against my infirmity, and but for the needs of my friend, and the exactions of business, I never

would again have laid them down. I went to rest every night hugging them to my bosom, and kept them ever in reach by day. The mortal fear of losing them seized me at times, and deprived me of much happiness. I had learned to worship Jesus through these shoes truly and thankfully, but it was a selfish homage, and in the end I was repaid in gall and wormwood. My friend and benefactor became weaker and more feeble day by day, and as his bodily powers failed, his mind gradually waned, until he was little more than a child. At last he died, and the tears from a surcharged fountain welled to the brim, but refused to flow. I consigned his dust to the earth, his mother, and sat down in the ashes. My grief was genuine; I was cut off from mankind again, and I envied the state of my friend.

"After his death, the original bidding which had driven me forth for so many years came as a *fiat*, an *ultimatum*, to menace the mystic power of the shoes. It would loom up in the darkness like a giant specter, and mock the spirit of the talisman. It assumed the shape and manner of the unclean spirit and defied the power of the good. It became the Ahriman of Persian, the Devil of Christian theology. It hovered around the little shop by day, and haunted my dreams at night. It set up a war with the shoes, and chose my weary brain for its battleground. It cast me back into the 'Slough of Despond,' from which I had recently emerged, and blinded my faith with the dusky film of doubt. I became restless again; temptation seized upon my spirit, and I began once more to consult my own resources. The idea of a compromise at first whimsical and faint, at length rooted itself in my mind. I lost sight of the fact that, 'No man can serve two masters,' and in my desire for more, I lost what peace I had. I would obey the demon, but shield myself with the shoes. This decision cost me all the rest I had gained—sent me forth once more as a tramp.

"I had learned the mysteries of the new art of shoemaking, from my late friend and master, and to add insult to injury, with an act of blasphemous ingenuity, I determined to fit the sacred sandals to my own graceless feet. This proved a greater task than I anticipated. First, I had to take them in pieces,

then add such parts as were required to make them fit, without losing or altering any part of the original. Every effort, notwithstanding the aid of the mould and cutting machine, failed. I tried every conceivable combination, and would often succeed, save one little scrap. This scrap was invariably a portion of the sandal, and I dared not alter it, for fear of destroying its virtues. I labored faithfully, with a patience and skill worthy of a better cause. I was encouraged by the demon in this sacrilegious work, and promised exemption from my woes. I paid homage to the shade of Mephistopheles, that child of Darkness and emissary of the primeval Nothing, who stands in his spiritual deformity at once potent, dangerous and contemptible. To this cold, scoffing, relentless fiend, I paid my vows.

"I believed if I could get the combination I would be safe. The last mystery of the shoemaker's art was to be solved, and this fallen archangel—this Devil, not of superstition, but of knowledge, could solve it. To his natural, indelible deformity of wickedness, to his combination of perfect understanding with perfect selfishness, of logical life with Moral death I erected an altar, and here burned the incense of my intellectual offering.

"The sacrifice was acceptable.

"On the wall of the shop, among the curious figures mentioned before as patch-patterns, the problem was solved. My eyes were ravished even as the eyes of Holofernes were ravished by the sandals of Judith. Yea, the fauchion entered my neck—not of steel, as in Holofernes' case, but of remorse, as with Adam after eating the forbidden fruit. It was an easy matter now to finish the work. The mould, the cutting machine, the patch-patterns, the press all worked in unison, and in a few days the shoes came forth as you now behold them.

"It was a joyful day in Pandemonium when the work was finished. The fires of Gehenna broke out afresh and burned with a lurid, sulphury flame; the mountains quaked, and the heavens became dark, as on the day of the Crucifixion. The little shop trembled to its foundation, the press folded its arms, and the mould and cutting machine mouldered away to dust. The patch-patterns were scattered to the winds, and the demon danced a horrible jig to the music of 'go, go, go on till I return!'

I could stand it no longer. I put the shoes on my feet and walked away in the darkness and tumult. I have done no more work, I have had no other home. I am without a friend in the world."

The schoolmaster went to bed that night firmly convinced that he had a crazy man for his guest.

CHAPTER VI.

FREEDOM AND NECESSITY.

MR. ELIOT was an early riser; he was also in need of a bath. The story told by his guest the night before was of such absorbing interest and consumed so much time, that, at its close, both felt the necessity of immediate retirement.

After the schoolmaster made up his mind that he was entertaining a harmless lunatic, he gave thanks to the man who invented sleep, and quietly committed himself to the god of repose. His rest was unbroken and he arose with the lark completely refreshed. His first thought was the well, his bucket and sponge. If cranky on any subject, it was that of personal cleanliness. He often sponged his whole body over, three times a day in summer, and after these excesses, I have frequently heard him say his skin felt as if it was too short for him. On this particular morning he enjoyed to its full fruition the luxury of which he had been deprived so long. He felt better after it was over and concluded he was more "godly" if not more "Christian." After the first salutation of his guest, he remembered an expression in the narrative which forms the groundwork of this chapter, and while he regarded the man as being a little *tête-exaltée*, he was anxious to know if his reasoning powers were equal to his descriptive.

Referring to the graphic memoir of the night before, and quoting from the Book, he said to his companion:

"'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good,' and, 'Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you.'"

"Paul gave good advice to the Thessalonians when he told them to prove all things, and Peter was certainly inculcating good manners when he encouraged all to be ready with an answer. You state in your memoir that 'The individual is actuated by his own will, and may or may not do at his discretion,' and making a personal matter of it, you said: 'I felt that my sentence was just, that by an act of my own free will, I had for-

feited the inheritance of my Maker.' Certainly, you mean to be honest, and I admire the manly spirit of assuming the responsibility of one's own acts, but under the ruling of the Apostle, whose authority we will not question, it seems to me that you have arrived at conclusions upon which a full investigation of facts may throw more or less doubt."

"Do you mean to intimate," said the guest, "that a man is not free to do or not to do—to act according to the dictates of his own will; in other words, do you question man's freedom and doubt his responsibility?"

Host.—I only mean to follow the injunction of Paul to "prove all things."

Guest.—Some things neither require proof, nor are they susceptible of demonstration. The Apostle surely did not include self-evident truths when he said "prove all things."

Host.—It is a dangerous thing to deal with axioms; the seven wise men of Greece did not venture to produce more than one apiece.

Guest.—Moral freedom in man, though not a necessary truth, as an established principle is universally received, and in that sense becomes axiomatic.

Host.—If not a necessary truth there may be some doubt of its being a truth at all, and in that case it behooves us to follow the injunction of the Apostle.

Guest.—It is not a necessary truth that the sun will rise to-morrow, and according to your philosophy it would become us to prove that it will rise before accepting it as a truth.

Host.—We accept it as a truth that the sun will rise to-morrow, because in our experience it has always risen, and we have no cause to believe it will cease to rise, therefore, we are not justified in questioning the fact of its rising, and need no proof of that fact.

Guest.—For the same reason we accept it as a truth that man is free to act as he pleases. We have always seen him act as if he was free, and having no cause to believe he will cease to exercise his freedom, we are not justified in questioning it, and need no proof of its truth.

Host.—To pit a stubborn fact against an abstraction is hardly

a legitimate mode of reasoning by analogy. The rising or non-rising of the sun cannot be a question of interest to man, for its rising is taken for granted, and even to question it would be considered Quixotic, but this question of moral freedom is one open to much discussion, and the discussion is legitimate as bearing upon man's happiness here, and the exercise of a rational faith in regard to his hereafter.

Guest.—If facts and abstract ideas run counter to one another, there must be something weak in the abstraction, as all truths blend harmoniously, and where we fail to recognize them, it may be set down as our misfortune.

This last sally put the schoolmaster upon his mettle, for he prided himself upon the fortress of his noncommittal dialecticism; and, peering through the shade of lunacy which his imagination had cast upon his friend the night before, he addressed him as he would the most subtle and refined casuist.

In his daily lectures to his class he made elaborate arguments from the data given, but he never allowed himself to deliver a verdict; leaving that rather to the judgment of his students. In this manner he approached the vexed question of free will in man, and braced himself for the following exploitation:

“The careful student of Nature,” said he, “cannot have failed to observe that all creatures endowed with life are possessed of many attributes in common; in fact, the distinctive marks between man and the lower animals are much fewer than we might at first suppose; and, if brought to a crucial test, the dividing line would be so narrowed as to merge almost insensibly one into the other. Yet there is a difference so great, a chasm so broad, that the theory of man's descent has failed to bridge the gap, and the intellect of a Darwin, a Spencer, a Helmholtz and even the marvelously painstaking studies of a Haeckel, have all confessed to a ‘missing link’ in the chain of cause and effect, which shall attempt to bind man to a common origin with the brute.

“Whence this line so narrow, yet so impassable?

“To answer this question is the easiest of all easy matters, but to bring the minds of others in accord—to convince—requires proof, illustration, argument.

"In dealing with the Problem of Human Life, philosophers have uniformly followed a line of investigation calculated to baffle any inquiry where truth is the object to be gained.

"They have studied man only in his manhood.

"With his faculties fully developed and his body mature, the task of accounting for the varied phenomena presented in the course of one individual career is so Herculean in its inception, so fraught with perplexities and difficulties in its execution, that the keenest scrutiny of the most painstaking observer is eluded, and the protean forms of real and apparent traits mystify, and leave the investigator in doubt as to what kind of a subject he has to treat. To get a clear conception of what man really is would seem to be a priceless boon, as so large a share of human conduct is influenced by what we think of ourselves and our fellows. Efforts, from the earliest dawn of history, have been and are still being made in this direction, yet we seem to be as far from the solution as ever. Whence the trouble? How is it that the human mind of all creation is the least understood? Why do philosophers stand aghast at the results of their own investigations? Is reason unreliable here and reliable in all things else? Nay, unperverted and supported by facts, it can never lead to error. It may conflict with all the senses, desires, appetites and passions, yet it is the beacon light which illuminates the path of life, and dispels uncertainty and doubt. It is the image of God in which man was made, and when we lay aside our reason we deny God.

"To reason, then, we appeal, for this is an invocation to the God who made us. But let us make no mistake. While reason is our only reliable guide, there are circumstances in which it may be the direct means of leading to error; for instance, reasoning correctly from false premises must inevitably lead to false conclusions. How important then it is to set out with correct premises!

"With this view let us approach this moot-point, untrammelled by hope or fear. Facts, as they are known to most people and can be ascertained by all, shall be the groundwork. If the premises be correct and the reasoning logical, the conclusions must be true.

"We perceive the brute creation endowed with all the physical attributes of men. They hunger, thirst, tire, sleep, eat and drink; have like passions, as fear, love, hatred, revenge, filial and parental affection, and memory. The special senses are more acute, as seeing, hearing and smelling, but have they the power of abstract thought? Can we claim for the horse an intellect, or the elephant a moral sense? However closely some automatic actions of animals may simulate the actions of men, and appear to be incited by previously arranged design, ideas, or reflex perception of objects after the original perception or impression has been felt by the mind, cannot be reasonably claimed for the brute. In this sense we speak of intellect, and right here comes in the distinguishing characteristic of man; first, understanding, by which he thinks, reasons and profits by experience, and then all the aggregated qualities which make such an impassable gulf between him and the brute, such as Morality, Spirituality, Reverence, Worship, etc. Shall we look upon all these higher qualities as mere concomitants, or shall we view them in the relation of cause and effect? If concomitant merely in distinguishment of man, there can be no good reason why idiots should not be endowed with those other higher qualities which separate man from the brute. Is such the case? Can he perceive the beauties of love, charity or benevolence? Is he anywise more human than the brute, except in form? If this view be correct, should he be deprived of moral sense because he has not the power to think? As well might we say, because a man is deaf, he shall be blind also. Seeing and hearing are concomitant qualities, neither one depending on the other for existence, but we never see any evidence of moral sense without some power of abstract thought; then are we irresistibly led to conclude that the moral sense is dependent for its existence upon the intellect. And so with all the other higher qualities which distinguish man from the brute.

"These qualities not being manifest in proportion to the greatness of the intellect need not militate against the sequence of cause and effect, but, forever being accompanied by the power of abstract thought, it follows that the one is the cause of the other, as much as it follows that the substance is the cause of

the shadow. An object may make a large or small shadow, by virtue of its relation to light without in anywise increasing or diminishing its own size, but if the object be removed altogether, the shadow will disappear with it; so, when you deprive any creature of intellect, these attachments or dependencies—these intercurrent qualifications—so blindly relied upon for our guidance, will vanish, as the shadow vanishes upon the removal of the object.

“Taking these fundamental principles for the basis of this argument, it remains to be seen how, and by what means these distinguishing characteristics should be studied, in order to arrive at the truth. By comparison and illustration we often add force to argument, and bring minds in accord by citation of facts, which, left to ponder over dogmatic assertion, might forever remain at variance. In this connection, the historical facts of the Spanish invasion of Peru afford a striking illustration of the position taken.

“When Pizarro sailed for the New World in 1532, he took with him some cavalry soldiers. The Peruvians had never seen a horse, and judging from appearances, or reasoning from impressions received through the sense of vision, came to the erroneous conclusion that the mounted soldier and his horse constituted one individual—a sort of multiple centaur, or eolipilic dragon—a mistake so fatal that by availing themselves of it, the Spaniards, with less than 180 men, subjugated an empire, not of barbarians, but an empire of men far advanced in civilization. Peru was then the Sirius of native American splendor. Their monuments show what they were. One of their roads was 1,500 miles long and about forty feet broad, and of solid masonry over the marshes. Agriculture had attained to such perfection that the mountain sides were terraced, and irrigated by gigantic canals and aqueducts, on a grander scale than that of Egypt; and so great was their industry that the Peruvians had gardens and orchards above the clouds; and on ranges still higher flocks of llamas, in regions bordering on the limits of perpetual snow. In the center of this magnificent realm, their pontiff, or high priest, lived in a style of regal splendor unknown to the monarchies of Europe.

"There were enough more of the Peruvians to have walked up in a body, without arms, and choked each Spaniard to death on the spot. How, then, do we account for this wholesale slaughter and subjugation of a nation by a mere handful of an enemy in no wise their superiors physically?

"Another example, leading to the same disastrous result, occurring in our own time, in our own State, from totally different causes, involving the same psychological principles, and requiring the same reasoning for its solution. I quote from the *New York Herald* of January 3, 1883:

"WHAT FRIGHT CAN DO.

"Our special dispatch from Raleigh tells of an accident by which eighteen men lost their lives, all because of a groundless fright. They saw a little water in the bottom of a boat, imagined they were sinking, and then huddled together in such a manner as would have compelled the soundest boat of similar construction to go down. Fright is the greatest danger to which human nature ever is subjected."

"In both these examples, the action or conduct of men—in the one case, of a whole nation, in the other, of a party crossing a river—was the effect of causes operating through sense impressions conveyed to the nerve centers; and, in the case of the Peruvians, leading to a chain of reasoning, logical enough in itself, but in the boating party producing automatic or reflex actions in no way connected with the understanding. The reasoning faculties of the drowned men played no part in the tragedy. The reasoning powers of the Peruvians were active, vigorous and logical. Fright was not the danger to which they were subjected. They had not only never seen a horse, but they had never seen nor heard the discharge of a firearm. They imagined the Spaniards to be a superior race, closely allied to the gods. Their intuitive perceptions misleading, no amount of right reasoning could bridge the gap, and the fatal mistake of reasoning from false premises led to their destruction, the same as fright or any other influence acting independently of the intellect.

“Josephus tells a sad story of moral debasement in a wealthy and beautiful Roman lady from these same influences, as it were, reasoning from false facts. No man will be hardy enough to claim that the Peruvians purposely threw away their lives and their Country; no one will accuse the boating party of committing suicide deliberately, by sinking their boat; hardly any will say, after reading the story, that Paulina lost her virtue through moral turpitude. How, then, do we account for these occurrences? The pertinent question is, could they help it? Can men help what they do now? Follow the argument and decide for yourself.”

CHAPTER VII.

FREEDOM AND NECESSITY.—*Continued.*

"My dear friend," said the traveler, "I already perceive the drift of your discourse. I labored in that vineyard for many dreary, unhappy years. The fruit I raised was Dead Sea fruit. The wine press of intellectual pride can only yield a lifeless and insipid juice. It yields not the wine that maketh glad the heart of man."

"Our purpose," replied the teacher, "is to reason logically from known facts, and 'while the premises stand firm, it is impossible to shape the conclusion'; therefore, to him who would see the end without consulting the means, the problem will remain unsolved. No pet theory is arraigned here upon trial. No force of the advocate will be expended upon a false issue; no cross-examination of the witness to confuse the jury. This inquiry does not seek to discover the origin of man upon the earth. Opinionated conceptions and imaginary propositions, together with that mode of reasoning which deduces new or unknown propositions from previous propositions which are known or evident, will be rigidly excluded. Whether man is an evolution in a natural way from a speck of protoplasm, or whether he is a metamorphosed ape, or a product of direct manipulation from the hands of his Maker, will not be discussed. The analysis will be from facts, patent and demonstrable, and we shall endeavor to express our thoughts in intelligible language, and maintain that syllogistic form of reasoning which amounts to demonstration.

"First of all, then, man finds himself here, a substantial reality, confronted with himself. How he first got here no one knows, and what he really is has been a stumbling block from the remotest ages. How he gets here now is well known, and his real status in the world ought to be known. His beginning is very small; a speck of organic matter endowed with that mysterious principle—life. Chemical analysis has divided it into elements and found nothing but matter. Chemical analysis can find nothing more in man. Life is a free gift to every individual on earth, and what we know of it is absolutely noth-

ing, except that we find it in certain combinations of matter. Under circumstances favorable to man's reproduction, this vital force, in company with chemical combinations, keeps the world populated. Under adverse circumstances, myriads upon myriads perish every hour without any attempt to grow. Nurtured in his mother's womb, the preordained individual grows, like anything else grows, by natural laws; and, at the time of maturity, comes into the world and breathes, and is a live baby. This is all we know about it, and this is enough for us to know. Let us study this baby—this future man—and see what it is.

"Whoever has observed a new-born babe has seen a little bag of flesh and bones, acted upon by external influences and within itself absolutely helpless. Its heart beats and its lungs take in and throw out air. Its actions are all involuntary. Its countenance is a blank, and it is many weeks before it can even look at you. It comes into the world without its knowledge or consent, and is what it is from sheer necessity, so far as it is concerned. One comes in a hovel, another in a palace; one is born a king, another a slave; one black, another white; one male, another female; one blind, another deaf and dumb; one is born a genius, another an idiot; one is born a Mohammedan, another a Christian; one a pagan, another a Jew. And thus it is, discriminations are made before birth in which the individual has no choice, and which man in his maturity cannot circumvent. The baby is an effect of causes outside of and beyond itself, and as no effect has the power to change or modify the cause or causes which produced it, so the human infant is what it is, and has no power within itself to be anything else. The most uncompromising stickler for free will and responsibility in man will never so far abuse his reason as to assert that a new-born babe with its first breath is responsible for its own existence, or has the power to be otherwise than just what it is. The Hottentot, born under the scorching sun of Central Africa, or the Eskimo brat of the frozen North, can neither, within themselves, change their relative positions; the one becoming heir to the throne of China, or the other a pet of King Edward. Napoleon Bonaparte was virtually a cavalry soldier in the Corsican Revolution before his birth. His mother carried him about in the saddle, following the fortunes of her soldier hus-

band, and only went home when the inevitable decrees of Nature forced her to her bed. Bonaparte was born a soldier, as much so as a negro is born black; and he had no more to do with it than the African has to do with his birth. Milton, Shakespeare, Burns, and Byron came into the world with the seeds of poesy deeply implanted in their souls, and had no more to do with the quality of their brains than they had to do with the color of their skins. Color, sex, time and place of birth, quality of brain, vital force, mental and physical peculiarities, are free gifts to every individual, like life, and whether we are thankful, or feel as if we are slighted, does not alter the case. The born slave may have the seeds of freedom so deeply rooted in his nature that in after life he may rebel against his condition, but that does not alter his position as an infant. The illegitimate child may forever feel an inward twinge on account of his birth, but the fact is unalterable. These propositions seem to be intuitive, and while they are not susceptible of demonstration, it is to be doubted whether any sane person will gainsay them. Back, then, to the infant with its first inspiration of air. Let it be a Jew or Gentile, male or female, of whatever nationality, it starts in the world from causes of which it is the effect. These causes have operated to produce this particular babe and no other. It is endowed with qualities peculiar to itself, and surrounded by influences more or less different from that of any other child. These influences begin to operate from the moment of its birth, and act as causes to shape the destiny of the future man. Spreading with each day, and widening with every year of life, the branching out of these material and psychical influences operates in an unbroken chain of cause and effect to produce men as they now are; and, as the circle widens and the mazes become more puzzling, the human mind is lost in the entangled web, and having no clue to the windings of the labyrinth, we hastily and without reason affirm that man is free. To untangle this web is the task now before us. It may appear presumptuous in a country pedagogue to attack a fortress which has withstood the assaults of the most powerful intellectual batteries which the world has produced, but if you are bold enough to think for yourself, and your brain is healthy enough to digest a hearty

meal, you will find food here for reflection, and you will honor God and humanity by the exercise of those faculties which the All-Father has so freely bestowed.

"To place ourselves in the position of the infant being impossible, we can only judge of its feelings by the effect of its surrounding influences and the stimulus of the forces necessary to continue its life. The sudden transition from pre-natal to post-natal life is, perhaps, the greatest shock to which the human frame ever is subjected. With the first breath the heart assumes new duties, the circulation of the blood seeks new channels, and the sudden cry is an indication of the profound impression made upon the nerve centers by the great physiological change it has undergone. But this is Nature's method, and nature is always equal to her work. The new state of things works harmoniously, and perhaps the first urgent sensation the child ever feels is that of hunger. It is hungry because its stomach is empty, and its supply of nutrition must henceforth come from external sources. Up to now it had been nourished by the blood of its mother; after now it must eat and drink for itself, and make its own blood.

"Dip your hand into cold water and suddenly flit it on the child's face or body, and it will jump and gasp. This jump is entirely involuntary, and is caused by what is termed reflex action of the nervous system. It is common to all animals, and follows man through his whole life. All the actions of the child for weeks and months are reflex, and most of the actions of men come under the same head, as will be shown further on. At birth, it is doubtful whether any of the special senses are capable of receiving impressions save that of touch. Hearing, seeing, smelling and even taste are developed by degrees, for the infant will suck anything placed in its mouth, and swallow poison as readily as food. The development of these senses is a matter of growth, like other functions, and takes place earlier in some children than others.

"Along with physical development come those psychological changes, following each other in rapid succession—like life, like death—many of them evanescent, some longer lived, and all making up the sum total of human life. Here is the beginning of those complications which grow with the growth of the

child, and entangle themselves in such a network of cause and effect, that they blind the understanding, and invoke the aid of the passions to solve the great enigma of life. When we look upon man as a growth, an unfolding of a never-ending series of cause and effect, we shall see him as he is—a necessary consequence of inborn, gratuitous and fundamental elements, modified by his individual surroundings.

“The first awakening of the intellectual faculties is an indefinite point in the evolution of man, and cannot be stated by rule. No one knows when the first gleam of reason flits across the inexperienced brain of the child. Like the budding of a tree, or the unfolding of a flower, it comes in time, and is hastened or retarded by the conditions of life and surroundings of the individual. Up to five years of age the world is a panorama of ever-changing views, and this period is one continuous scene of bewilderment. Having no experience, it can have no knowledge, and being without instinct, it is more helpless than the brute. How? Why? What? is ever upon its lips, and the interminable questionings of a young child at once betoken its ignorance and its eagerness for knowledge. Incapable yet of performing those higher functions of thought, the young brain is beset with strange and weird fancies, grotesque and shapeless images, crowded pellmell into one chaotic mass of wonder—the legitimate effect of novelty upon ignorance.

“Who is it that does not remember the futile efforts of his own immature reason to arrange and bring into proper adjustment the multitude of impressions received through external sources? Who that is able now to harmonize and reconcile the workings of that least of all understood organs—the brain! Lifetime imprints are indelibly stamped upon the memory of every one during this period of mental growth, and, in after life, we look back with astonishment and wonder at our childish fancies.

“The wonder ceases if we look at the naked fact and remember that something cannot come from nothing—that we must have something to think with before we can think. Probably no greater error ever seized hold on the helpless ignorance of childhood than my own satisfaction when I discovered the cause of rumbling thunder. It would be ludicrous and incred-

ible, if my experience was not confirmed by hundreds of brighter minds than my own. From two outside impressions, one through sight and the other hearing, I decided that rumbling thunder was caused by rotten apples rolling over each other on a floor in the sky. From that day to this, I never hear low, muttering thunder in the rear of a summer shower, but I think of rotten apples. It occurred in this way, and is among my earliest recollections:

“On a sultry afternoon, in the latter part of summer, one of those typical thunderclouds loomed up in the west, and rolling and rumbling like a huge, misshapen monster, it soon enveloped the whole heavens in its mantle of darkness; and, after dallying with the fears of childish ignorance and creating a flutter in the domestic household, it rolled away in the distance, grumbling and growling like a disappointed fiend. Being naturally disposed toward the marvelous, such sportings of the elements had a powerful effect upon my imagination, and the most vulnerable point of attack had been fear. Dreading to see more than to hear the breaking in of the storm, I shrank away and hid in the garret. Some apples had been stored there, and my feeble efforts at reasoning, with my limited means to reason from, which, all told, amounted to the two impressions—sight of the half-decayed apples lying on the floor, and hearing the distant peals of thunder as the cloud went away—led to the conclusion above stated; false though it be, yet the logical sequence of the premises taken, and the power of the instrument or medium of thought. Could it have been otherwise? Can I get rid of that impression to-day by an effort of the will? Why does this phantom, this childish fancy, haunt the mind’s eye whenever I hear muttering thunder? I know now that there are no apples in the sky, no floor for them to roll upon. I may have no theory as to the cause of thunder. My reasoning faculties, having gained strength, may remain in abeyance and wait, may be open to conviction, tolerant, patient, and satisfied never to know the cause of thunder. Then it was different. Nothing would satisfy me but an explanation. Rotten apples would explain it, and now, even now in my maturity, this picture, which is a mere stain upon the mental index, defies time, defies reason; obtrudes itself on every occasion, and wick-

edly asserts that rotten apples is the cause of thunder. Another impression, no less enduring, came from sight alone. The old family Bible had a picture of Satan chained to a ring in the floor. Despite of reason, age and experience, whenever I think of this 'auld Hangie,' his forked tail, cloven hoof, and dragon's head invariably present themselves. This picture is another indelible stain that nothing can wash away. There is no mystery here. The intellect of man has solved the problem.

"When we remember that man, in the scale of creation, stands highest because of this intellect; and when we look into the sacred books and find that the whole Godhead was called into requisition when his creation was first contemplated, we need not marvel at his capabilities. And when we find him investigating himself with an eye single to the discovery of truth, and making sacrifices even of life to gain knowledge, we honor the Maker by giving honor to the image. And when we study this image with the power which God has given us, uninfluenced by the gaudy trappings by which it is surrounded, we approach the Throne, and see God through the intellect of man.

"This mystery is solved by the laws which place mind over matter. Fancy with her painted wings may flit before the steady gaze of reason, but she can neither dazzle nor mislead. The registering power of mind, with the spectral gleam of memory, fills the book of life and frees the imagination. Romanticism in religious speculations will pale in the glare of scientific investigation, and man will, at last, be freed from fear. The possibilities of intellectual achievements are scarcely dreamed of by the most advanced thinkers, yet in no department is more progress being made than in that of religious thought. The time will come, and is rapidly approaching, when the human image will recognize its original, when the true relationship between God and man will establish a divine symphony upon earth, when discord will cease and the millennium will become an established fact. But speculating on future possibilities not coming within the scope of this inquiry, we turn back to the young child and follow it, step by step and day by day, seeking to know what it is, stripping it of all mystery and analyzing the causes which operate to produce such

complicated effects. Having traced it from its starting point—a mere speck—through causes over which it can have no control, up to its power of receiving external impressions, and having found it a pliable, unresisting mass of matter, modeled and moulded by forces external to itself, and having found these causes to become more complicated with each day of its existence, we approach the period when, without the most steady vigilance and comprehensive grasp of our reasoning powers, we shall become bewildered and shrink back into the shadows, leaving the bright gleam of the intellect to waste its rays in the propagation of error.

“That period of growth in which the intellectual faculties begin to play a part in the economy of man is one of peculiar interest, and if the thread is broken here, we shall ever afterward grope in the dark.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUL.

"HOWEVER successful the attempt may have been to cast ridicule upon the modern theory of evolution, and however harsh it may sound to some ears, we know that the child is not *now made*, but *grows*. 'We see the mind, the affections, the soul (if you will) gradually arising, *forming*, as the body waxes, sympathizing in all the permanent changes and temporary variations of the body, diseased with its diseases, enfeebled by its weakness, disordered by dyspepsia or suppressed gout, utterly metamorphosed past recognition by cerebral affection, hopelessly deranged by a spicula of bone penetrating the brain, actually suppressed by a vascular effusion or a cranial depression, wearied as the body ages, and gradually sinking into imbecility as the body dies away in helplessness.' From birth to five years of age includes a period in which the void between a mass of helpless matter, and a sentient, rational creature is filled. Something by some means has entered the body that was not there before, or at least did not manifest itself. This something has been in dispute from time immemorial, and is as much an unsettled matter now as ever. It is spoken of as the Soul, and what is exactly meant, it is difficult to determine. We are accustomed to speak of the soul, its immortality, its pleasures and pains, its residence in the body during life and its departure at death. If we look at a stillborn child we have an indescribable sensation of work unperformed—of negative result—of something left out of the contract. The idea of a soul in any way connected with a child that has never breathed is not and cannot be entertained. How different when we look upon the corpse of a friend! 'The impression made is indefinable, and is not the result of any conscious process of thought that that body, quite unchanged to the eye, is not and never was your friend.' Something has departed which was intimately connected with it, and which came to it after birth. This, I apprehend, is the almost universal thought and feeling in regard to this vexed subject. Here, as in other matters, the shadows obscure the light, and the anthem of hope robs a cold and merci-

less philosophy of its truth. Indeed, the force of all appeals to sustain this view is directed, not to the understanding, but to the subordinate and untrustworthy offshoots of the reasoning faculty. So prominently is this set forth, even by good reasoners, that I may be pardoned for quoting at length from the great expounder of biblical lore—Adam Clark. ‘Let us figure to ourselves, for we may innocently do it, the state of the divine nature previous to the formation of the human being. Infinitely happy, because infinitely perfect and self-sufficient, the Supreme Being could feel no wants; to him nothing was wanting, nothing needful. As the “good man is satisfied from himself,” from the contemplation of his conscious rectitude; so, comparing infinitely great with small things, the divine mind was supremely satisfied with the possession and contemplation of its own unlimited excellencies. From unmixed, unsullied goodness sprang all the endlessly varied attributes, perfections, and excellencies of the divine nature; or, rather, in this principle all are founded, and of this each is an especial modification. Benevolence is, however, an affection inseparable from goodness. God, the all-sufficient, knew that he could, in a certain way, communicate influences from his own perfections; but the being must resemble himself to whom this communication could be made. His benevolence, therefore, to communicate and diffuse his own infinite happiness, we may naturally suppose, led him to form the purpose of creating intelligent beings to whom such communications could be made. He, therefore, in the exuberance of his eternal goodness, projected the creation of man, whom he formed in his own image, that he might be capable of those communications. Here, then, was a motive worthy of eternal goodness, the desire to communicate its own blessedness; and here was an object worthy of the divine wisdom and power, the making an intelligent creature a transcript of his own eternity, just less than God; and endowing him with powers and faculties of the most extraordinary and comprehensive nature. I do not found these observations on the supposition of certain excellencies possessed by man previous to his fall; I found them on what he is now. I found them on his vast and comprehensive understanding;

on his astonishing powers of ratiocination; on the extent and endless variety of his imagination or inventive faculty; and I see the proof and exercise of these in his invention of arts and sciences. Though fallen from God, naturally degraded and depraved, he has not lost his natural powers; he is yet capable of the most exalted degrees of knowledge in all natural things; and his "knowledge is power." Let us take a cursory view of what he has done and of what he is capable: He has numbered the stars of heaven; he has demonstrated the planetary revolutions and the laws by which they are governed; he has accounted for every apparent anomaly in the various affections of the heavenly bodies; he has measured their distances, determined their solid contents, and weighed the sun! His researches in the three kingdoms of nature, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral, are, for their variety, correctness, and importance of the highest consideration. The laws of matter, of organized and unorganized beings, and those chemical principles by which all the operations of nature are conducted, have been investigated by him with the utmost success. He has shown the father of the rain, and who has begotten the drops of dew; he has accounted for the formation of the snow, the hailstones, and the ice; and demonstrated the laws by which the tempest and tornado are governed; he has taken the thunder from the clouds; and he plays with the lightnings of heaven! He has invented those grand subsidiaries of life, the lever, the screw, the wedge, the inclined plane and the pulley: and by these means multiplied his power beyond conception; he has invented the telescope, and by this instrument has brought the hosts of heaven almost into contact with the earth. By his engines he has acquired a sort of omnipotency over inert matter, and produced effects which, to the un instructed mind, present all the appearances of supernatural agency. By his mental energy he has sprung up into illimitable space and has seen and described those worlds which an infinite skill has planned, and an infinite benevolence sustains. He has proceeded to all describable and assignable limits, and has conceived the most astonishing relations and affections of space, place, and vacuity; and yet, at all these limits, he has felt himself unlimited; and still can imagine the possibility of

worlds and beings, natural and intellectual, in endless variety beyond the whole. Here is a most extraordinary power; describe all known or conjectured beings, and he can imagine more; point out all the good that even God has promised, and he can desire still greater enjoyments. Of no creature but man is it said that it was made in the image and likeness of God. Now, as the divine Being is infinite, he is neither limited by parts nor definable by passions; therefore he can have no corporeal image after which he made the body of man. The image and likeness must be intellectual; his mind, his soul, must have been formed after the nature and perfections of his God. The human mind is still endowed with most extraordinary capacities; it was more so when issuing out of the hands of its creator. The text tells us he was the work of *Elohim*, the divine plurality, marked here more distinctly by the plural nouns *Us* and *Our*; and, to show that he was the masterpiece of God's creation, all the persons in the Godhead are represented as united in council and effort to produce this astonishing creature.'

"This beautiful tribute to the greatness of the human understanding, by a profound thinker and honest seeker after truth, only illustrates the mazes into which the reasoning faculties become entangled by studying man in his maturity, and deducing conclusions from assumed postulates. The language of the text itself is faulty, and, 'well is it for us if we always remember the difference between what is said and what is meant, and if, while we pity the heathen for worshiping stocks and stones, we are not ourselves kneeling down before the frail images of human fancy.'*

"God, in fact, in its true sense, is a word which admits of no plural, and changes its meaning as soon as it assumes the termination of that number.†

"The *Elohim*, under the ruling of this Christian philologist, would revert to the mythical. If language is thus misleading, how are we to know what the sacred volume really teaches? Is it not better to trust to our own rational conclusions than to gorge ourselves with the helpless jargon of unknown tongues?

*Müller. *Science of Language*, Vol. II, page 465.

†*Ibid.*, page 438.

“Now, of any soul that is a distinct and separate entity, apart from the conscious mental and spiritual life; a soul that a man *has*, and that can be *saved*, apart from his mental and moral condition, according to the teachings of the popular revivalists; a soul that is in a man and yet not simply and wholly himself—of such a soul I must confess that I know nothing whatever. And if any one is disposed to be troubled on this point in connection with evolution, perhaps it is well to remind him that he will find no relief in Genesis. Moses knows nothing of any such soul. The Hebrew word for the soul of Adam, and for the souls, or life, of the animals is precisely the same. When it is written ‘The Elohim breathed into his nostrils and he became a living soul,’ it would be just as correct to say, ‘He became alive, or a living being or animal.’ There is no hint that his soul was any different from that of any other creature’s soul. This does not touch the question of the nature of the soul or of immortality; it only shows that there is no more light in Genesis than there is in evolution. Now, if the soul is an entity, and capable of independent life after death—in other words, if it be immortal—it either had a beginning or it existed always. If it is a creation, if there ever was a time when it did not exist, then it must eventually come to an end. That which has a beginning must have an ending. It is impossible for the human mind to conceive of an eternity in the future that is not an eternity in the past. And all Scripture bears witness to the human intellect that the whole creation will eventually come to an end. Philosophy and the Scriptures both teach that the creation is finished, and the multitudinous forms in which matter is seen is only a manifestation of the endless variety of change that indestructible material is forever assuming. We know that in the birth of a human being there is no creation of a new body; it is only old matter in a new dress, and if the soul is a *separate entity*, created especially for each birth, there must be a period in life when the soul enters the body; and if each body has a new soul created especially for its habitation, then, when the body dies the soul is homeless. But if the soul has existed from all eternity, its residence in the body gives us no remembrance of the fact, and logically speaking we can have no knowledge of its future

existence. If it be an emanation from God, it must go back to God at the dissolution of the body, and personal identity is lost again. To separate mind from matter and still recognize its existence is an impossible task, a thing of which there is no satisfactory evidence. Pope Leo the Tenth caused this question to be discussed *pro* and *con* before him, and concluded at last with that verse of Cornelius Gallus, '*Et redit in nihilum, quod fuit ante nihil.*' "

The pious itinerant listened to the long discourse of his host with mingled feelings of sadness and impatience. He could see the workings of an honest mind in the throes of an abortive labor and he felt a pang of melancholy as he contemplated the recusancy of intellectual pride. He saw in the person before him one, not wilfully blind, but with eyes, and seeing not; and having ears, hearing not. The emotions, the passions, sentiment; the affections, both moral and sympathetic; love, hope, despair, and all the endless branches, leaves and blossoms of the stately, time-honored, majestic tree of life had been crushed and buried under the iron heel of reason. Here was an intellectual machine pure and simple. The manhood had been squeezed out of the man, and all that remained was a mummified burlesque of the original. To contend with such a man was like working a sum in quadratic equations; but the traveler invoked the aid of St. Peter, and girded up the loins of his mind for the contest.

"To such an one as yourself," he replied, "the reasoning faculty is the sum total of value in the complicated fittings of that multifarious organ—the mind. You utterly ignore the value of those others which you call 'dependents,' 'subordinate and untrustworthy offshoots of the reasoning faculty'; 'gaudy trappings by which it is surrounded,' etc. This, of course, includes the emotions, the moral and religious faculties, personal and sympathetic affections, and love. You would strip the tree of branches, leaves, blossoms and fruit. You would destroy that which God has made and substitute an intellectual monster—a cold, heartless, calculating machine, devoid of soul, and call it a man. Be fair. Go back and acknowledge the premises. Build your argument upon all the facts. Take love, for instance, and analyze and explain its workings.

The German mind, with all its infidel tendencies, has paused here and asked for more light. It is unable to make a mechanical solution of the wonders of this passion. Haeckel, even, who denies the existence of God, is at a loss to account for love. His theory of the universe fails to satisfy him of its origin and scope. He says: 'All other passions that agitate the human breast are in their combined effects far less powerful than love, which inflames the senses and fools the understanding. On the one hand, we gratefully glorify love as the source of the most splendid creations of art; of the noblest productions of poetry, of plastic art and of music; we reverence in it the most powerful factor in human civilization, the basis of family life, and, consequently, of the development of the state. On the other hand, we fear in it the devouring flame which drives the unfortunate to ruin, and which has caused more misery, vice, and crime than all the other evils of the human race together.'

"He says that here, 'supernatural causation seems to mock every natural explanation.' And you, in your blind zeal, would expunge this power from the human breast. Subject it to the frozen midnight of reason, and ask it whence, and whither? Is there any reason in protecting the aged and the infirm? Are the hopelessly insane fed, clothed, and nursed from any deductions of the reasoning faculty? Why should we shelter and cherish the imbecile, the deaf, dumb, and the blind? Why give to the poor? Are the great public charities of every civilized country the outcome of logic? Is reason the image of God in man, or is it love? The Bible says, 'God is love,' but it nowhere says, He is reason. Of course, your not recognizing the Bible as authority, this statement will count for little, but you cannot doubt that this passion has as great an influence over human conduct as reason; and, were it left to a vote of the whole human race, I question very much whether love or reason would be voted out. As to the importance of the two in regard to the continuance of the human race, there can be but one answer. Man might continue upon the earth without reason, but, without love, the present generation would be the last. As an affection of the soul, this passion is one of the most, if not the most important factor in that manifold creation; and instead of being subsidiary to reason, as you would place it, reason is more often the servitor of love.

"Your criticism of Dr. Clark in the quotation you make is more unjust than unkind. While you ignore every faculty of the soul except the thinking principle, Dr. Clark, in his beautiful thoughts on God and man, combines in the happiest manner the three most essential qualities of an intellectual being; and, allowing each to play its legitimate part, brings the finite into view with the infinite, and truly honors God by giving honor to the image. Reason, Imagination, and Love combined are the faculties which place man so far above the brute. As the hub, spokes, and rim make the wheel, so these three faculties form the soul; all being equally essential to its completion. Dr. Clark's tribute to the greatness of the human understanding is simply a recognition of the soul in its entirety, and any attempt to grasp its substance is as futile as it is absurd. To deny its existence because of our inability to bottle it up, or hold it in the hand, is on a par with the denial of electricity, the sun's rays, or the flame from a gas jet. Imponderable, immaterial substances exist with as much certainty as iron or stone.

"The phenomenology of mind is the only mental science we may study. Its essence, its substance is too ethereal for our senses, yet its phenomena prove its substance, as phenomena can no more proceed from phenomena than hybrids can proceed from hybrids. There is no conflict here between science and religion, and rightly understood, philosophy and the word of God must go hand in hand; the first being only an understanding and interpretation of the laws of the universe, the latter an averment of those laws. The existence of ideas alone, taught in the philosophy of dogmatic skepticism, proves that a spiritual universe does exist, and in this universe the soul of man has a place.

"If Dr. Clark's elaboration of biblical theology is a mere jargon of words; if evolution be true and the fall of man a myth; if mind, spirit, soul, be stricken from the language of thought, or rather be defined as a John Doe or Richard Roe, then 'we are of all men the most miserable.'

"Man is not what God made him. Were the Scriptures silent on the subject, all reason and common sense would at once declare that it is impossible that the infinitely perfect God could

make a morally imperfect, much less a corrupt and sinful being. Yet God is the maker of man, and he tells us that he made him in his own image and in his own likeness; it follows, then, that man has fallen from that state of holiness and perfection in which he was created."

CHAPTER IX.

PHENOMENA.

THE old schoolmaster was not only astonished at the ready wit and logical argument of his guest, but he was pleased to observe the enthusiasm with which he entered into and maintained the defense of his position. With the view of drawing him out still further, and also to maintain his own ground, he replied as follows:

"The same difficulties present themselves and lead to subterfuges incompatible with philosophical inquiry, whenever conclusions are attempted to be drawn from assumed postulates.

"A recapitulation here may be of service in elucidating the untenable position you have taken. In the first place, you assume that God, by an act of creation, brought the world into existence, with all the trees and plants and animals, and saw that his work was good; and in the plenitude of his power, and the infinite benevolence of his own eternal goodness, he formed the purpose of creating intelligent beings to whom he might communicate his own happiness. Notwithstanding his attributes of infinity as regards power and wisdom, he is represented, alone, as hardly able to accomplish his self-appointed task; but in a council of the 'Divine Plurality,' whatever that may be, this masterpiece of his work—this astonishing creature, man—was made, and made in his own image and likeness, a transcript of his own eternity. If man is not what God made him, and not what God intended him to be, it argues incompetency on the part of God, and notwithstanding the deliberations of the Triune Council, in which the entire Godhead is represented as exhausted, the work became one of surprise and chagrin, more than was anticipated; in a certain sense on an equality with its Maker and capable of thwarting and nullifying his designs. In Mrs. Shelley's uncanny romance, the horrible monster of her imagination crops out as an exaggerated parody on the first and second chapters of Genesis."

No words of scoffing, no speech of blasphemy could have excited a keener pang in the breast of our unhappy traveler than a comparison of all that is loathsome—the horrid remnants of the

churchyard and dissecting-room, the Frankenstein monster of a morbid and diseased imagination—to the perfect work of God, the creation of man. While this man of thought, of worldly wisdom, of intellectual pride; this octogenarian with one foot in the grave, who had studied every page of the great book of nature, and arrived at conclusions at variance with the religious world, thought nothing of his inelegant adumbration, his companion was mortified, shocked; stunned as with the blow of a cudgel. His spiritual nature revolted at the coarseness of the simile, but remembering that every faculty of the soul, save reason, was excluded from this conversation, he checked his emotions and proceeded with his reply in the following manner:

“It appears that the difficulties in your way of comprehending immaterial forces are as real and as blinding to a knowledge of the truth as it is for you to understand the difference between the vacillating opinions of men and the written word of God. A phenomenon can only exist or become manifest as the result of substance. A shadow is a phenomenon caused by light and an opaque object. Growth, in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, is a phenomenon of material substances. Physical pain is also a phenomenon of matter; but mental pain! what is that? Material substance is the cause of toothache, but can material substance cause remorse of conscience? One is as much a phenomenon as the other, and may be equally as grievous. If substance and phenomena stand in the relation of cause and effect, how are we to account for phenomena in no way connected with matter? Good, evil, right, wrong, love, hate, revenge, forgiveness, affection, gratitude, etc., being mere abstractions, can only be classed with phenomena, and, having no relation with matter, must necessarily be the phenomena of something besides matter. Electricity is, perhaps, no more an entity than the soul of man, but the phenomena of electricity attest its substance. We have the same right to believe that an immaterial principle or soul exists in the human body as we have to believe in the law of gravitation or the forces of chemical affinity. The evidences in favor of all are precisely the same—effects produced. There is this difference, however, between these forces of nature and the force that operates on the human

organism: the first operates always in the same way, under the same circumstances, while the last acts of its own accord, being influenced only by its own will. This is what made it possible for man to take a step backwards and swerve from the line of duty marked out by his Creator. This by no means invalidates the power of God, but rather exalts his omnipotency, showing that he had the power to create something like unto himself. In order to show to man that this delegated power of free agency was a free gift to himself, the Creator placed him in the world under certain restrictions. No command was given him but what he was perfectly able to keep. Yet God gave him the power to break the law, which he did to the ruin of himself and all his posterity. The fall was no disappointment to God, but so utterly confused was man at his own folly that he attempted to hide, and excused himself by saying he was tempted. For this act of disobedience the whole human race was cursed, the ground was cursed, and every living thing on earth was cursed, and the curse stands to this day a living witness to the truth of the Word. 'In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children' was said to the woman, and if there was no other evidence to prove the truth of the fall and the curse, this is sufficient; for science is utterly inadequate to explain the pains of childbirth. For a healthy female in a perfectly normal process to be tortured with the excruciating miseries of the damned is inexplicable, except upon the theory of the fall. No other physiological process is attended with pain, and this pain can be of no possible advantage to the parturient female.

"The most ultra skeptic cannot doubt that God (or the forces of Nature, if he prefers it) could have made the act of parturition painless, like digestion or the beating of the heart. For all other pains to which the animal economy is subject there is an adequate cause, a justifiable and pathological reason; for this pain science is a sealed book; physiology is dumb and pathology has no answer. There is no other reason under heaven given, save that in Genesis, and that man must be blind, indeed, who refuses the only answer to a known fact. That this curse extends to the lower animals is evident for the same reason. No one who ever witnessed the throes of labor in the brute can doubt that it is accompanied with pain. The pun-

ishment of infants is another inexplicable fact upon scientific grounds alone. That much of the pain, sickness and misery attached to the nursery is the result of carelessness and ignorance no rational observer can doubt; but no known law, or violation of a known law of nature, can account for idiots, monsters, and the maimed. Accident cannot come into the count; chance is outside the pale of both science and theology. The law of hereditary transmission does not account for all the anomalies in nature, and, as you base your philosophy and theology upon facts, it behooves you to account for these and many other inexplicable things before you attach the stigma of falsehood to what a large part of the religious world believes to be the written word of God."

Mr. Eliot was never more in his element than when teaching, and the more learned his pupil, the more interest he felt in the lesson. On this occasion he began to perceive a gleam of light way in the background of Dogmatic Theology, which he had long looked upon as a land of Cimmerian darkness. The boom of a signal in the depths, faint, yet distinct, fell upon his ear, as this mysterious stranger presented his facts and asked for explanations. A spiritual universe, shadowy and tenuous, began to flit in his mental atmosphere, and but for the alienation incident to the teachings of men who make religion a trade, this filament of spiritual truth might have developed into a cable of hope, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." Instead, however, of pursuing this signal, and following the luminous ray, he cast about for a "bushel" that he might hide what he termed a "candle of marsh gas."

"Your reasoning," said he, "is too much in a circle, and paying rather a domiciliary visit to the material philosophy, it savors more of quiddities than dialectics. I am a great believer in the material universe. *I am a part of it.* There may be a spiritual universe; I do not deny it, but I know nothing of it! There is electricity, but I know it not except in some way connected with matter. There is thought, there is truth, love, hate, revenge, affection, memory, even dreams; but these must be matter in the shape of an organized entity, or they do not exist.

“The theologian harasses himself and all the world by his empty, unprovable theories—his vaporizings; sets up his dogmas to-day and changes them or knocks them down to-morrow; yet *whilst* he holds them, he is ready to burn or ostracize any and all men who do not assent to them. The student of the Big Bible, the universe, with its pages spread open for the study and research of all, can demonstrate as he goes, and that which he cannot yet understand and prove, he refuses to promulgate and demand of others to take for granted because he might simply think, hope, and believe so and so. The invisible and incorporeal forces, light, sound, electricity, attraction, repulsion, etc., manifest themselves only in connection with material substance, and it is not susceptible of proof that these names indicate anything material or immaterial separate and distinct from the substances with which they are connected. Without an eye there is no light, without the ear no sound, without matter no attraction, and without the conditions for its generation and accumulation, no manifestation of electricity. If mind, spirit, soul is to be compared with these forces, the logical sequence is irresistible—without a body, no spirit, no soul. Every attempt at reasoning carries you irresistibly to the Pantheistic view, which supposes the human soul to be a part of the Deity, and I am not certain but that the Christian Bible teaches the same thing where it says:

“Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”

“’Twas despair and disgust which prompted Pope Leo the Tenth to dismiss his prelates with such biting sarcasm, after hearing their discussion on this overwrought and ill-treated subject. ’Tis with kindred feelings of emptiness that the intellectual world, at this day, seeks a new philosophy. The human mind is so constituted as not to be satisfied with hopes alone, nor to be hopelessly crushed by fear. The popular teachings are little else than appeals to these two passions. Much is said in the pulpit and at religious meetings about the soul—of its pleasures, its pains, and its destiny. Ask one of the popular revivalists what the soul is, and his answer will be as unsatisfactory as his own conception of it.

“If we take a juicy peach and ask where it got its flavor, or a full-blown rose and ask whence its odor, or, if we look upon the fragrance of the rose as something which has come from afar off and gotten into the rose, or upon the flavor of the peach as an *entity* which by some unaccountable means has come to the peach and incorporated itself in its substance, we shall reason about as satisfactorily as when we attempt to separate the soul from the body. If a green peach has any flavor it is like the latent heat of a lump of ice, and while the judgment of all men will agree that the ripening of the peach is the cause of its flavor, the proof can never be else than negative. The flavor may be something independent of the peach, and merely seeking the peach for its temporary home, to manifest itself for the benefit of whatever animal that chances to smell or eat it. When the peach decays or is eaten the flavor is gone, but we cannot by any process of ratiocination prove that it is annihilated. Immaterial things can only be studied from their manifestations, and anything beyond is purely imaginary and gratuitous. If the stillborn child ever had a soul, the human mind is too dull to conceive of it; if the new-born babe, an hour or a day old, has a soul, we cannot perceive it unless we call its breath soul, and in that case reason would resort to ridicule, and shame the faith of a believer in witches. The vague conceptions in regard to this all-important matter may be traced to the same causes which we find operating to delude the senses in studying man’s physical nature. We study the soul in its maturity and hardly admit its existence until its environment becomes so inextricably entangled in the meshes of cause and effect that we lose the substance in the twilight of the shadows. When the peach begins to ripen it begins to have a flavor, when the child begins to grow it begins to have a soul, *i. e.*, we begin to see a manifestation of it. Now, as the soul waxes with the body, we will go back to the infant at its mother’s breast and watch its development from babyhood to boyhood. As was previously stated, this period is one continuous scene of bewilderment. It is a new life in a new world, surrounded by new objects, and without capacity to form any ideas of what it sees, feels, or hears. It is as much a thing of necessity so far as it is concerned as a sprouted seed in a rich or poor soil. Its mother’s

breast, a warm cradle, soap and water, colic and paregoric are about the principal things it comes in contact with for the first year of its existence.

"It is influenced solely by its surroundings, and its first ideas are formed from materials which are so imperfect and untrue that it has to unlearn nearly all it ever learns in the first years of life. Nursery tales and ghost stories form the principal food upon which its brain is fed, and the imagination is cultivated out of all proportion to any other faculty of the mind. These baleful influences operating upon a sensitive and plastic nature leave their imprints, and enter the list of causes to make men and women what they are. The young child being without experience, and its tender and immature brain being too feeble to form ideas, except of the simplest kind, it must needs be the sport of its surroundings and the projectile, as it were, of its own vitality and inborn essence. This *vis vitæ* of each one impels it forward in a different track from that of its neighbor, though the external conditions of life be the same; and thus it is we see such a difference in children of the same parentage. One will be neat and tidy from the beginning, another slovenly. One will be all life and vivacity, another morose or taciturn. One will be the soul of honor and truth, another will not hesitate to prevaricate or speak an untruth. One will be prodigal, another penurious, one tender-hearted, another brutish, and so on. These inborn qualities are the result of causes which, if we undertake to trace them to their source, we shall never be able to stop this side of eternity. Every child born into the world is the offspring of some other child that has lived before it, and it would be a matter of impossibility for it to be here now if it had not descended by an unbroken chain of life through all the generations of the earth since the first pair was created. Before we conclude that any child can be other than just what it is, we shall have to give it power to undo the mighty workings of this universe, blot out the past, and supplant God."

CHAPTER X.

RESPONSIBILITY.

THE impression made on the schoolmaster's guest by this last sally in defense of the material philosophy was not only unpleasant, but exceedingly troublous. He disliked to think the issue was unfairly met, and was unwilling to admit that his friend had purposely evaded what he considered a very knotty point for the skeptical philosopher; still he felt disposed to remind him again of those phenomena incident to life on the earth, which it is impossible to associate with any form of matter in the relation of cause and effect. And with the view of bringing him back to the point which he considered most difficult of solution, he declared that:

"We are so constituted that we rely on the uniformity of nature's laws, and, therefore, believe that they will operate in the future as they have operated in the past. This constitutional propensity is wisely given, fitting us to shape our course in the world; and, for all the purposes for which it was given, it does not deceive us, but there are limits within which the propensity must be restrained. A child asks the cause of something which he notices, and when we have answered, he asks, 'What is the cause of that?' and when, in answering his successive inquiries, we have led his mind up to God as a First Cause, he asks, 'Who made God?' we may very wisely tell him that God is self-existent; but this means nothing more than that his inquisitive philosophy must stop here, having reached its utmost bounds. Now, whether we can metaphysically account for it or not, there is a propensity in the human mind to regard each moral agent as a sort of original source of action, somewhat as we conceive of God. This propensity, perhaps as universal as the propensity to rely on the uniformity of nature's laws, may have been given us for the very purpose of checking our philosophy when it would presume to explain the origin of evil in the heart of a moral agent. Accustomed, as it is, to contemplate the relation of cause and effect, operating in an established order of sequence, it does not submit to consider

man an original source of action, but labors to account for the moral evil in him by causes operating from without, and ultimately traces it to God.

"It may be well to inquire whether philosophy, when it pushes the doctrine of necessity into the inmost Arcana of this subject, does not assume in the premises from which it reasons that there is a natural inertia in mind, as in matter; or, rather, a sort of natural immutability. A chemical experiment operates now precisely as it would have done before the flood, because every atom of matter has precisely the same properties now that it had then. Matter has a natural immutability; but can this be predicated of mind? And does not philosophy assume it when it applies the doctrine of necessity to mental phenomena without any limitation, and boldly carries back the authorship of sin to God as the First Cause? There is a tendency in the human mind to a fixed state of virtue or vice, by the power of habit; but a natural immutability of the mind, anterior to the formation of habits, philosophy ought not to assume. Matter, in each atom, is immutable; and it is mutable only in its combinations. The mind of man, though an uncompounded essence, is not immutable. God has made matter immutable, or operates immutably in matter. But if he has not chosen to operate in the same manner in mind, but has made each mind, in some sort, an original source of action, philosophy must submit to push her orders of sequence with confidence only where she has firm ground to stand on.

"Your explanation, or, rather, your evasion of an explanation of phenomena which are patent to all men does you an injustice. You say, 'There may be a spiritual universe; I do not deny it, but I know nothing of it.' At the same time you are a great believer in the material universe, and assert that you are a part of it. Now, do you really know anything of matter? Do you know that you yourself exist? Dogmatic skepticism asserts that nothing exists but ideas. All else, it says, may be delusion. It knows nothing of any material universe; it knows nothing of matter, spirit, or phenomena. It is the only real agnostic. Do you know that an atom of oxygen exists? No, you only believe it, and your belief is well founded

because it is based upon logical induction. You see results of chemical combinations that force you to believe in the existence of an atom of oxygen. You believe that the different combinations of these atoms form the different oxides.

"Your reason forces you to this belief. Very well! You see, also, combinations in the operations of men which we may term, for the sake of illustration, spiritual oxides. Matter never combines itself in a way to produce artificial results. These artificial results—man's works—are the spiritual oxides of this world. We see them in all the operations of men, and we see them in the operations of animals, of birds, and of insects. Something is behind matter that is not matter, when matter combines itself in the form of railroads, steamboats, houses to live in, clothes to wear, and food prepared to eat. Something is behind matter, also, that is not matter, when it combines itself in the shape of the honeycomb, the bird's nest, and the ant-hill. Now, here are the results of a spiritual chemistry, as patent and as demonstrable as that oxide of iron is the result of a material chemistry. The atom of oxygen is in this iron rust, and the atom of spirit is in those houses, these railroads, and these ant-hills. You have seen the one just as much as you have seen the other. The evidence for the one is precisely the same as the evidence for the other. You believe in the one, and while you don't deny the other, you say that you know nothing of it. Strange, incongruous inconsistency! Where is your boasted power of induction and deduction? Is philosophy unworthy of her rank when she comes in contact with religion? Be fair, as I said to you once before. Take all the facts, all the combinations, and go back with your credulity and your skepticism. Find the atom of spirit as you find the atom of matter. Believe from evidence, and let your faith be directed by reason."

"My dear friend," replied the teacher, "you run ahead of the argument. You would clothe the man while I wash the baby. You go up by the elevator and deny that the house has stairs. Philosophical truth must be sought as we find the result in mathematics. Deducing unknown truths from principles already known amounts to demonstration. We started at the very beginning of life, and we have followed the child through its

purely animal life, to where it has become a sentient, intelligent being. It has passed from childhood; and before entering into the details of boyhood, it may be as well to make some observations in respect to knowledge or truth, and the different means of obtaining it.

“The greatest bulk of our knowledge is acquired through the perceptive faculties. Until the understanding begins to ripen and the reasoning powers begin to mature, our knowledge is simply an accumulation or storing away of impressions received through the organs of sense. The ultimate truth of many of these impressions is never doubted. They seem to be axiomatic or self-evident; thus, two and two are equal to four; anything round is not square; yellowness is not sweetness; fire and water are not alike, and so on, in a thousand instances. This kind of knowledge is obtained mostly by experience and the instruction of others; and while it is subject to the imperfection of our bodily organs, and only partially reliable, it is the foundation on which the reasoning powers build and erect those monuments of truth which hold through all time. If the senses were never deceived, the judgment would never go astray; but in accumulating this storehouse of primary knowledge, error creeps in with truth, and the mixing is so intimate that, however logically reason may set forth her claims, the end is oftentimes false. Indeed, the stricter the logic, the greater the deviation from truth when the premises are not well founded. Right here is the point of deflection between minds of equal capacity in search of truth which is out of reach of the senses. Earnest men contend over questions of abstract truth, without considering the real point of difference, which more often lies in their primary conceptions, or the error which deludes their imperfect organs of sense.

“The subject of free will in man is one of those mystical delusions which, like the mirage of the desert, leads its votaries on, blinding with desire and tempting with hope, until the weary traveler, despairing and exhausted, lies down in the sand to die. Solomon, with all his wisdom, aided by the power of inspiration, could never wholly divest himself of the blinding influence of emotion; could never calmly review the past, nor contemplate the future without a wail; could not be content

with the ordinances of inexorable necessity and sip nectar from the rich storehouse of his knowledge; but as the veil of natural infirmities began to darken and blur the brilliant hues of a glory resplendent in its zenith, we hear him complaining that,

“‘In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.’

“Knowledge of the truth ought never to increase sorrow, for God is knowledge and truth; and Solomon in the bitterness of his anguish must have reasoned illogically from cause to effect, or have attempted to arrive at truth from a foundation of falsehood. The end in view which this discussion is intended to illustrate can no more come within the range of the bodily organs than that the perceptive faculties can make manifest the spherical shape of the earth. Premises which no man will deny, and from which reason will make her deductions, are the means to an end which, cavil as you may, can never be other than truth.

“If the assertion that, ‘Living matter cannot come from not living matter’ be true, how is it possible for responsibility to proceed from that which is not responsible? Babyhood being father to boyhood, and babyhood, by common consent and by demonstration, being a state of irresponsibility, at what particular time and by what mode does responsibility attach itself to boyhood? Responsibility implies will power, and something more; it implies power to do, or not to do, at the discretion of the individual. Power to do or not to do implies freedom of the will, but it by no means implies responsibility. God has power to do or not to do and perfect freedom of will, yet he is not responsible. Infants and brutes have will power, but the common sense of mankind, as well as the law of the land, attaches responsibility to neither. Now, if the boy has a free will and is responsible, and the baby has not a free will and is not responsible, this emancipation of the will must have taken place at some particular moment between infancy and youth. Acting upon this mistaken idea, legislators, in the poverty of their resources, have made it arbitrary. The law of some States makes seven years the age of responsibility. Blackstone quotes the ancient Saxon law as establishing twelve years as

the age of possible discretion, and by the present English law as it now stands, and has stood at least ever since the time of Edward the Third, the capacity of doing ill, or contracting guilt, is not so much measured by years and days as by the strength of the delinquent's understanding and judgment; and yet he says:

"Under seven years of age, indeed, an infant cannot be guilty of felony, for a felonious discretion is almost an impossibility in nature; but at eight years old he may be guilty of felony."

"With this arbitrary ruling the abstract truth involved will resolve itself into the following termination: A bright boy is seven years old to-day at noon. This morning he was irresponsible; this afternoon he is responsible. This morning his will was under the dominion of the causes which produced it; this evening the fetters of cause and effect have been loosed, and the will, untrammelled and free, is no longer an effect, no longer subject to the laws of universal dominion, but in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it becomes an independent entity, subject to no law and responsible to no power.*

"This is logic. Man may be better than logic, but nevertheless this is logic. It is man, principle and end of truth, as it is man, principle and end of creation.

"The complications which invest legal procedure, and the judicial paradoxes involved in the settlement of causes attest the unsoundness of the structure upon which the system is based. Salient truths cropping out in the evolution of every judicial investigation of importance rebound with such force upon the arbitrary *dicta* of the lawmakers, that, to maintain the appearance of consistency, jurors are granted the same arbitrary power; and it is left to the vacillating and capricious judgment of man to punish or condone crime.

"If the criminal be young—if he is not past the age of possible discretion as laid down by the law—his crime is not recognized; and oftentimes when his guilt appears clear, the influence of perverted feeling prevents the execution of a sentence which is just, and the law is a dead letter.

*A gradual evolution of responsibility cannot be admitted, for that would imply an evolution of punishment—a manifest impossibility. The boy is either responsible or he is not responsible, and punishment is based upon this hypothesis, and not upon any idea of growth or gradual assumption of responsibility.

"If the unfortunate criminal should happen to be forty years old, we often see a chain of active forces in operation to punish without regard to law or justice. His prosecutors, urged by revenge or cupidity, exert themselves to their utmost, and the law, to maintain its dignity and to let the poor criminal know that he might have acted differently—to let him know that his will was free to do or not do—pronounces a sentence which involves life, and a crime is committed—judicial, it is true, but nevertheless a crime. The law assumes a right which it withholds from its subjects. It assumes the prerogative of a self-constituted power whose code of ethics is *might*. It would arrogate to itself the peculiar privilege of infinite power, directed by the finite wisdom of man. It violates the golden rule in its every-day workings, and is capricious and uncertain to that extent that men are ever busy in efforts to circumvent and evade its action.

"These observations are neither made to censure nor uphold the wisdom of legislation, for the exigencies of civil life require many factitious ordinances which men in their moral and intellectual feebleness are constrained to tolerate. The question at issue being one of fact, they serve to illustrate the contradictions.

"If evolution of responsibility be an untenable doctrine, nothing is left but to admit a sudden, momentary change from necessity to freedom—from irresponsibility to responsibility. If this be a fact, the time is definite, instantaneous, and ought to be determined. If evolution be admitted, then it necessitates a germ from which to evolve the responsibility, and this germ would entail the same upon the infant and even the fœtus. Now, the facts and arguments in our analysis of Infancy would seem to clear the little fellow's skirts of all this rubbish, and we are only left the pitiful subterfuge of claiming an effect without a cause—of creating something out of nothing—of working a diabolical miracle at some moment in the life of every boy to make it possible to damn the future man. Nothing else can be made of it. Human reason will not admit of so vile a prostitution as annihilation before God, and a cringing servility at the shrine of Mockery and Chance."

CHAPTER XI.

SECONDARY CAUSES.

THE impression of sorrow and compassion already made upon our friend was augmented into anguish by this last outburst of blind homage to the powers of human reason. He had a thousand arguments ready, a dowry of facts at command; he had words of truth and soberness—a vocabulary as varied as his own experience wherewithal to meet the issue, but he felt cramped. The hatches of this iron-clad were closed; appeals were useless, prayers insulting. A bold front on the same line being his only resource, he answered with a tinge of asperity: “Sir, the evolving germ is there. The little fellow’s skirts are not cleared by a rift of rhetoric nor a bold assertion. Your argument is *ad hominem*. Evolution is true to the extent of transmitting from parent to offspring. The sin of Adam is upon us now. Responsibility in man is the developed seed, the evolved germ of Infancy.

“‘Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.’

“You are sowing to the wind, and I fear the harvest. Fain would I give you a helping hand, but what does it avail? You are bound to your idols, and you will not listen to their reproaches. I have several times called your attention to facts as indisputable as any from which you draw your inferences. You seem to think that a cause once set in motion never ceases to act. Your argument would tend to ignore secondary causes, and make man’s pursuit of happiness a chase after a phantom. Let me illustrate: A horse kicks you on the leg and breaks it. A long train of symptoms follow: pain, lameness, loss of time, loss of money, *et cetera*. The first cause of all these effects lasted but one second of time, a momentary contact of the horse’s hoof with the bone of your leg. You summon a surgeon. He finds you in pain, and asks for a history. You tell him that a horse kicked you. Does that inform him of the nature of the lesion? You know very well that your leg is broken, but what does the surgeon know? Nothing yet, that

is of any consequence for him to know. The first cause has ceased to act, and it is of no consequence even that it should be remembered. *The case now stands as independent of the kick as if it had never been inflicted.*

“What the surgeon needs to know is the fact that the bone is broken. The break, which is the effect of the kick, becomes at once the cause of the pain. We cannot deal with the kick, and if we could, it would not mend the broken bone. Responsibility in man is the broken leg we have to deal with, and it doesn’t matter whether it is evolved from a germ or whether it comes at a leap. Secondary causes are the only causes we need to inquire into—the only causes we have any dealings with. Man’s will may be a secondary cause, but so far as the inhabitants of this earth are concerned, it is primary, and may be considered as the first cause of human actions. As I said to you once before, ‘whether we can metaphysically account for it or not, there is a propensity in the human mind to regard each moral agent as a sort of *original source of action*, somewhat as we conceive of God.’ The parallel is immanent in this idea, with the utility of the surgeon’s knowledge concerning the broken leg. All legislation is based upon this theory, and whatever is of practical import must contain the germ of truth. To ignore human responsibility would be to abolish civilization. Your strictures on the doctrine of free will, and your caricatures on courts of justice and legislation as being based upon human responsibility, are shorn of their strength by your apology for making them. The absurdity of your position is admitted when you say, ‘These observations are neither made to censure nor to uphold the wisdom of legislation, for the exigencies of civil life require many factitious ordinances, which men in their moral and intellectual feebleness are constrained to tolerate.’ The exigencies of civil life include medical and surgical practice, in which the application of remedies for the relief of suffering is limited to secondary causes. No theory which reduces its practical application to an absurdity can be true, and as your labored argument has ended in confusion and chaos, it follows that, notwithstanding the validity of your reasoning, and the regularity of your syllogisms, the fallacy of your conclusions proves the unsoundness of your premises. Man’s will

is, therefore, free, and human responsibility is a fact. Take this upon faith as the highest act of reason, and 'beware, lest any man spoil you through philosophy.'"

"Faith," replied the teacher, "assumes control when man passes the boundary of his own knowledge. Within the 'circle of the finite,' man is governed by his senses, his passions, emotions, appetites, and his reason. In the realm of darkness beyond the circle, where every physical and mental trait calls a halt; where passion is dead, and appetite sated; where emotion ceases and reason herself lays down her burthen—here, in the great unknown—in the precincts of Eternity, faith becomes our guide. It is a star of light or a nebulous halo, a lantern of hope or blank despair; the beacon of the wise or the veil of the weak, as it starts from the understanding or is the product of hope and fear.

"Webster says, 'Faith is belief: the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting on his authority and veracity, without other evidence.' Paul says, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' These two authorities make no distinction between faith in truth and faith in error. The definitions clearly mean an act of the mind without regard to the ultimate consequences of that act. Can a man have faith in error? Can you honestly believe another to be pure when he is impure? Did Paulina (mentioned in our discussion on freedom and necessity) exercise faith, when she assented to the declaration of her priest, that her god Anubis desired to sup and lie with her? Did Columbus exercise faith when he resolutely persisted in his Western course to discover America?

"The faith of Paulina was the 'highest' act of reason; the faith of Columbus the *last* act of reason. The faith of Paulina was so high above reason that she lost her virtue and her happiness in reaching after the divine afflatus. The faith of Columbus being subsidiary to reason, enabled him to immortalize his name, and work untold benefits to his race. Paulina accepted the dogmatic assertion of a priest; Columbus relied solely upon the deductions of his own logical mind. These are typical examples.

"When a man like Beecher says he lays aside his reason and accepts blindly the doctrines of the Trinity, or any other ecclesiastical dogma, he is in the same category with Paulina, and it is a mere chance if he is right. Cases of poison in food illustrate faith without investigation.

"We take the food, poison and all, with the belief that we shall be nourished. An act of faith *per se* is as liable to be false as true, and to believe contrary to evidence is simply to stultify one's self. The image in which God made man is the image of intelligence. It is the sheerest nonsense to talk about laying aside the reasoning powers in any matter whatever. Without reason we should be brutes, and that man who is guided solely by the intelligence of others is not far removed from the lower animals. I admit that it is the highest wisdom to be able to cull from the reasoning and intelligence of others the pith and essence of true philosophy, but to blindly follow the *dicta* of any man or any set of men, is merely to imitate, which any respectable ape can do. If we accept responsibility, then, we have to do it like Beecher does the Trinity; like Paulina did the machinations of her priest. Reason is against it; the last resource of logic is against it. All the baser passions favor it. Malice, revenge, hatred, all say, 'You could have acted differently. You knew better. You deserve your punishment.' The prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' is logic, love, religion. This came from the Master, and does not sound like responsibility."

"My dear friend," said the traveler, "none are so blind as those who refuse to see. I have been disposed to think that you were in honest error, and that your rejection of spiritual truth was a species of psychical lethargy, or rather a one-sided view of the existing mental cosmos; but since you ignore facts and skim the surface, I desire to call your attention to some illustrations of the vast utility and paramount necessity of exercising faith *contrary* to evidence. Your position would be tenable if the word ignorance, and all it involves, could be stricken from human affairs; but until knowledge becomes universal and infallibility the patrimony of all, you are bound to concede that evidence is often misleading, and blind faith becomes the *last* as well as the 'highest' act of reason. Your

'typical examples' can be offset with thousands of others which have occurred in the experience of every one who has arrived at the age of maturity; and in no department can this be made plainer than in the art of healing.

"An actual occurrence will serve better than any hypothetical cue, to show that you have missed some facts upon which your theory is built; and, according to your own evidence, 'If it can be found that one of the least factors of existence shows violence to any theory, that theory in the nature of things must be false.'

"Mrs. A. consults Dr. B. for an opinion as to her condition. She is forty years old, in perfect health apparently, is the mother of several children, the youngest of which is five years of age. For several months she has been enlarging as in a normal pregnancy. She believes that to be the case, but on account of her age and the age of her youngest child, as well as some vague forebodings, she wishes the matter set at rest by a medical consultation. The doctor finds that she is not pregnant; that the enlargement is due to a rapidly growing ovarian tumor, and tells her plainly that her life depends upon an early operation. He insists that without the operation death is inevitable, and encourages her that with the operation the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of a permanent cure. The evidence to the woman's mind is altogether against the assertion of the doctor. She has every reason to believe she is pregnant. She is not too old; she is perfectly well; she has been pregnant several times before, and the symptoms are very similar to her former conditions. Her friends insist that the doctor is mistaken—they often are—and that her condition is due to pregnancy. Her senses, her experience, her reason, every fact connected with her condition, together with the dread of the operation and the insistence of her friends, strengthens a faith—based, not upon hope or fear, but a faith based upon reason and experience. Paulina's faith was blind. This woman's faith was the product of all that you insist upon as necessary to a true faith. Paulina's faith was strictly after Webster's definition; this woman's proved the truth of Paul's. Paulina lost her happiness; this woman lost her life.* Your

*This case occurred in the practice of the author.

assertion is true that, 'an act of faith *per se* is as liable to be false as true'; but as the converse is equally true, before you condemn any act of faith, you must place human nature upon a basis of infallibility, and make man an omniscient being.

"If this woman's faith had been modeled after Paulina's; if she had blindly believed her physician as Paulina did the priest, her life might have been saved by the same unthinking credence which caused Paulina's mortification."

At this point, the schoolmaster, perceiving that many rational observations could be made on either side, and that the discussion might be carried on indefinitely in a circle, trenched on the *argumentum ad judicium* by suddenly asking, "Do you believe in the foreknowledge of God?"

His guest, after a little thought, said: "Bringing in the ideality of time, or the insight that time is only a relation in self-consciousness, and is, therefore, nothing in itself, or is relative to the person's range or limitations, leaves the problem of foreknowledge empty as a speculative question."

"You may be right," replied the teacher, "so far as God is concerned, but we poor mortals who are so limited will always have to separate yesterday from to-morrow by to-day. To the self-consciousness of God time may be only a relation, and, therefore, nothing in itself, but that view establishes his prescience as a fact to our limitations. We cannot conceive of an eternal present; and as man's range of limitations is infinitely small compared with God's, time becomes a fact in our self-consciousness; therefore, the past and future of man is no more than an eternal present with God. The conclusion, then, forces itself that God's knowledge extends to man's future."

"It is argued by some," replied the traveler, "that God's prescience does not extend to or include contingencies; and it would puzzle the greatest philosopher that ever was to give any tolerable account how any knowledge whatsoever can certainly and infallibly foresee an event through uncertain and contingent causes."

Teacher.—Your argument, my dear sir, continues to revolve. Your first answer to my query as to God's foreknowledge eliminates time, and, therefore, destroys contingent causes. An

eternal present can never tolerate contingencies; as whatever is casual with man is immediate with God. Now, as it is impossible to eliminate time from man's self-consciousness, I would ask if you think man knows anything of the future.

Guest.—I should answer, no.

Teacher.—Then, when you got out of bed this morning you did not know as much as you know at the present moment?

Guest.—No, I lacked just what I have learned to-day. I might have correctly guessed at some things that I now know, but as to absolute knowledge, I had none of that which I have acquired since rising this morning.

Teacher.—Whatever you have thought and done to-day is a past fixed fact, indelibly mapped in the mind of Omniscience, and stamped upon your own mind so far as your memory retains it?

Guest.—I admit this, also.

Teacher.—Now, to make a hypothetical case, suppose it possible to place you back to the time of rising this morning, with all your surroundings the same; with the whole universe and all it contains precisely as it was at the time you got up; with the same mental and physical state as regards your personality; with the same will to actuate your motives to carry out your actions; with the same knowledge and experience you had then—no more, and no less—and with every occurrence disconnected from yourself reënacted, would you do the same things you have done to-day, or would you do something else?

Guest.—I should say, according to the teachings of philosophy, that conditions being the same, man will act precisely as before—*i. e.*, conditions precisely the same, results will be the same. *The mind cannot realize the fact that existence or change can take place without a cause. This is at least true with respect to my own mind. I have very often made the attempt, and with no small painstaking; but have never been able to succeed at all. Supposing other minds to have the same general nature with my own, I conclude that all others will find the same want of success. If nothing had originally existed, I cannot possibly realize that anything could ever have existed. Causes absolutely the same, must in the same circumstances produce absolutely the same effects. This is, I think, certainly*

*self-evident, and admitted as such. An absolute want of cause involves an absolute sameness of an opposite kind; and must, with nearly the same evidence, continue forever. The necessity of causes to all the changes of being is, so far as I know, universally admitted.**

"Now, let me ask you if you think it would be in the range of *possibility* for you to think and act differently?"

Here the traveler saw the pit covered with chaff—the trap set by this wily philosopher for his undoing; so, instead of answering directly, he made this reply: "If we are to regard man as an original source of action, somewhat as we conceive of God, then all metaphysical necessity becomes a shadow of the mind's own throwing, and in dealing with it we are chasing our own shadow and mistake it for substance."

"Very true," replied the teacher, "but when you assume that man is an original source of action, you break out a link in the chain of cause and effect, and put him to some extent on an equality with God. If thought can start in the brain independent of cause, it would lead to the absurd proposition that man himself is a self-existent being independent of cause and responsible to no power."

"Well! suppose," retorted the traveler, "that pure logic would *compel* me to act as before; what then?"

"I would then put this *quodlibet*:

"Are you not in the same relative position upon rising each morning to the day following that you were this morning as regards to-day, *i. e.*, are you not as ignorant of what will take place to-morrow, and every succeeding day of your life upon rising, as you were this morning of what was to take place to-day; and your will to control your motives; and your motives to direct your actions: are they not in the same category as to circumstance, environment, hopes, fears, desires and all the complicated and varied energies of life as they were this morning, in regard to what was to take place to-day?"

"I grant your proposition; now, what?"

"If you will be in the same relative position in regard to the day upon rising to-morrow morning that you were this morning in regard to the present day, and the opportunity of

*The italicised lines are taken from Dwight's Theology, page 2.

going over this day, under the same circumstances, would *necessitate* your following the same track you have already traveled, how is it possible for you to avoid the track which is indelibly mapped in the mind of God for your steps to-morrow and every succeeding day of your life? Would you not have to spoil out the map which is fixed in the mind of Omniscience before you could select another route?"

"I will now," said the traveler, a little impatiently, "give you what I conceive to be the best solution to this crotchety and unaccommodating subject.

"I consider that the application of dynamic terms and relations to the volitional life is purely fictitious and misleading. The illusion arises very naturally, but it is none the less illusory, and the objections brought are illusory. The mind understands other things, *but accepts itself*: and it understands other things because they are not in mind.

"All the existential categories find their concrete illustrations and meaning only in the self-conscious life of active intelligence. Taken abstractly, they are illusory and the parent of illusions, or they cancel themselves and vanish.

"In the concrete region, the only test of possibility apart from the purely negative and formal one of noncontradiction is experience. The categories of thought get all their meaning from experience, which is the only proof of their possibility. Hence, we have no way of telling what can or cannot be in the concrete, except by appeal to life; and all flourishing of rational principles, laws of causation and the like, is a purely verbal affair without the slightest ground in rationality. This applies equally to our thought of our relation to God. Formal thought floats in the air with no foothold. We cannot tell what can or cannot be; we can only inquire what is, or, at least, what seems to be. Any other method breeds chimeras. If, then, we find we cannot interpret our life without admitting a measure of self-hood and self-direction, and, also, without rooting our life in the divine, we are perfectly free to do so, so far as speculation goes.

"This general view I call Transcendental Empiricism. It is essentially the Kantian doctrine made consistent.

"I admit that to harmonize the Sovereignty of God and Man's freedom is a difficult matter, but somehow the two pillars do somewhere unite to form a beautiful arch."

Teacher.—We will now go to bed.

CHAPTER XII.

BOYHOOD.

THE schoolmaster went to bed, but it was a long time before he went to sleep. The old specter—Doubt—his familiar spirit or demon, which had so persistently haunted his manhood, loomed up in the darkness and cast uncanny shadows before his mental vision; obscuring the light of his philosophy, and shading the lamp of his reason. His fitful sleep was interrupted by foggy dreams of hesitation and perplexity. He was being tried in a court where the evidence was neither positive nor rationalistic. His condemnation depended upon the definition of a term. Transcendental Empiricism was beyond his comprehension. He neither admitted nor denied his guilt. He made no defense; he left the verdict to the jury; that jury is the readers of this book.

Rising with the lark, he went out for a walk and met his guest, whose ancient woe had refused him rest, and driven him forth for a new instalment.

“Good morning, friend,” quoth the teacher; “you rise early: how about the night?”

“As usual with me; my peace is short, my rest is *nil*.”

“I, also, was troubled last night; I slept badly, and was annoyed with unwholesome dreams; you took me into deep water, and I am not refreshed. Suppose we come down to a more familiar use of language and talk of the boy.”

“As you like,” was the reply; “I remember well my boyhood days, though so long since past.”

“If we look at the boy as he is,” continued the teacher, “we shall find him a savage, both by instinct and habit; up to the fourteenth year the human being lives for itself; its instincts are for the gratification of its present wants, and those wants are, for the most part, connected with its vegetative development. If the boy is healthy, his appetite for eating is almost insatiable, and his power for mischief is in proportion to his strength. He is cruel, thoughtless and venal. He delights in punishing the helpless and torturing the weak. He will strip

a bird of its feathers and chop its legs off. He will stick a cork on its beak and turn it loose. He will pull off the legs of flies and gloat over their helplessness. He will put a live coal of fire on a turtle's back to see him run, and he will feed shot to a frog till it can't hop. He will annoy domestic animals from pure 'cussedness,' and if by chance a little just retribution befalls him, he will scream at the top of his voice and run to his mother. He is essentially a coward. While he revels in tyranny, he is careful never to attack the strong. One boy alone never was known to storm a hornet's nest. He will band together, and with the tactics of a veteran, make sallies and retreats. His greatest delight in this warfare is that the other boy may get stung. He will take the risk himself with the hope of hearing the other boy howl. This is the savage in him. It shows itself in his treatment of his playmates, on whom he is more or less dependent for his selfish pleasures. To them he is rarely kind, never just. This spirit hangs on through life, and is only softened by experience, education and religion. It is nothing more than the spirit of resistance which makes it possible to live in a world like this. All the teaching and all the preaching have not eradicated it from the human heart, and probably never will. Christianity has been preaching against it for two thousand years; Buddhism as strenuously opposes it, and Confucius laid down a golden rule for human conduct:

"'What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others.' But the boy has no use for catholic or ethical rules. He lives for self, and is on the defensive when not the aggressor. Teachers and humanitarians would probably do better work by directing, rather than attempting to suppress this inborn principle.

"Anywhere from five to twelve years of age, the boy is a brute. He is not only brutish; he is absolutely bestial. He will do things the remembrance of which will make him shudder after maturity. If vigorous and healthy, his curiosity will drive him into measures which bring tears to his mother's eyes and sadness to her heart. Work he will not, except under compulsion, and why? Because he is unfit for work and cannot see the need for it. His business is to eat and to grow and to

get into mischief. Compel him to work and you dwarf his intellect and stunt his body. Send him to school, and but for the chance to play pranks on his deskmate, to hollo and run when playtime comes, to cheat the teacher and domineer it over some smaller boy, he had as soon be in limbo. He will not study, simply because he can't. He is too full of blood, too full of mischief, too full of fun, too full of the boy. There is nothing of the saint in him; nothing of the man, but this is the boy out of which the real man comes. The good boy makes a sorry man, and oftentimes a bad one. The studious boy seldom gets an education, and when he does his body is dwarfed and his spirit broken. The real boy, that is father to the true man, has no time for study, no time to be good, no time to keep clean even, no time to obey his parents or teachers. His whole time is occupied in growing and cultivating the accessories to growth. His mind is as active as it ever will be, but it is not on the great problems of life. His mental scope is limited to his experience, stimulated by his rapid strides from ignorance to knowledge, and carried forward by the panoramic view of life as it is presented to his consciousness day in and day out. His imagination leads him into the most weird and fallacious conceptions of life and the universe. He forms the most fantastic theories of the causes of every observed effect, and he will ask questions that will puzzle the greatest philosopher. These reminiscences occupy but little of his time, but they obtrude in his leisure moments and especially after listening to the conversation of his elders. If his bump of acquisitiveness is largely developed, he will work for money, but he always wants a big price. If his mechanical bent is in the ascendancy, he will work with tools and build mills, flying-jennies and hand-carts, or railroads down the slopes of hills. It is astonishing how faithfully and persistently the mechanical mind will drive the boy to these exercises. If interrupted in these pursuits by ill-advised parents, he will swear by all that is good or bad that when he gets grown he will build as many mills, carts and flying-jennies as he wants. The determination fades away as he grows older, and he never knows how nor when it left him. If he is a sort of milksop with no strong proclivities, he will be easily led, and will work for another boy, but never for

himself. If naturally sympathetic and kind-hearted, with weak thinking powers, under the stimulus of praise he will wait on his mother, build fires and help her cook. But when a man, the same boy will let her starve and—be sorry for her. The mother always loves this boy. He is the prodigal son, and the fatted calf is always ready for a feast. He is so good and so helpless and so worthless that the mother's heart yearns toward him to her last breath. The bad (but not mean) boy, when a man, will feed and clothe his mother and make her comfortable, but she never loves him. Her heart will always go out to the prodigal. She will fear and respect her manly son, but way down, deep, in the bottom of her soul, is a warm nest, and hovering wings for the unlicked cub. This, possibly, is a type of the great enigma of Christian eclecticism. These types are not intended to represent the whole of humanity. There are remarkable exceptions—geniuses, following no law, and coming under no class. There are a few men and women who have lived to maturity, and even old age, whose infancy and childhood were as remarkable as their manhood and womanhood; whose brains and bodies seem to have been cast in superior moulds. But, as a rule, intellectual prodigies die young. The most remarkable instance on record is a child born at Lubeck, February 6, 1721, and died there, June 27, 1725, after having displayed the most amazing proofs of intellectual powers. He could talk at ten months old, and had scarcely completed his first year when he already knew and recited the principal facts contained in the five books of Moses, with a number of verses on the creation: at thirteen months he knew the history of the Old Testament; and the New, at fourteen; in his thirtieth month, the history of the nations of antiquity, geography, anatomy, the use of maps, and nearly 5,000 Latin words. Before the end of his third year he was well acquainted with the history of Denmark, and the genealogy of the crowned heads of Europe; in his fourth year he had learned the doctrines of divinity, with their proofs from the Bible; ecclesiastical history; the institutes; 200 hymns, with their tunes; 80 psalms; entire chapters of the Old and New Testaments; 1,500 verses and sentences from ancient Latin classics; almost the whole *Orbis Pictus* of Comenius, whence he had derived all his knowledge of the Latin language; arithmetic; his-

tory of the European empires and kingdoms; could point out, in the maps, whatever place he was asked for or passed by in his journeys; and recited all the ancient and modern historical anecdotes relating to it. His stupendous memory caught and retained every word he was told; his ever active imagination used whatever he heard or saw instantly to apply some example or sentence from the Bible, geography, profane or ecclesiastical history, the *Orbis Pictus*, or from ancient classics. At the court of Denmark he delivered twelve speeches without once faltering, and underwent public examination on a variety of subjects, especially the history of Denmark. He spoke German, Latin, French, and low Dutch, and was exceedingly good-natured, and well-behaved, but of a most tender and delicate bodily constitution; never ate any solid food, but chiefly subsisted on nurse's milk, not being weaned till within a very few months of his death, at which time he was not quite four years old. There is a dissertation on this, published by M. Martini, at Lubeck, 1730, where the author attempts to assign natural causes for the astonishing capacity of this great man in embryo, who was just shown to the world and snatched away.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"To THE philosopher, who would pry into the secrets of nature, and endeavor to learn something of himself and his fellow-man, the first issue that presents itself is an interrogatory:

"Why is the boy just what he is?

"A satisfactory answer to this question would solve the enigma of life, and settle at once and forever the wrangles and disputes of ages. Whoever has studied critically the philosophy of cause and effect, or whoever believes that there are causes for what is, what has been, and what is to be—in other words, whoever denies that things happen by chance, and admits that the universe is governed by law, must form in his own mind a chain, the last link of which corresponds to the last observed effect. Start with the last link and count back, link by link, through the division made by Aristotle, of material, formal, efficient and final causes, and you can never stop until you get to the first cause of everything. This chain starting with the Great First Cause reaches down to the last link, and branches out in directions illimitable to the last outgrowth of cause, and through the haphazard, chance-medley revolutions of the great wheel of Fortune. It includes the material and the immaterial, the spiritual and the corporeal. Thought itself is fettered by this chain, and motive and act are embraced in its coil. Break out a link and that would sever the consequent from God—and that is inconceivable. Somewhere along this chain of links the boy's existence begins. Go back, and you can never stop short of the first cause, which is God. Go forward, and the chain is broken only at death, if then. The backward links may be appropriately named life, heredity, intellect, physique, circumstance of birth, sex and nationality. The forward links include environment, association, riches and poverty, education, health and disease, will, motive and action. The links alternately represent cause and effect; the first link being the cause of the second; the second is now only an effect, but it immediately becomes the cause of the third, and so on to the end of the chain. One of the simplest and most familiar

examples of cause and effect is a shadow cast on a wall. The shadow is the effect of two causes which are at once apparent, viz., the opaque object and the light. This shadow is a type, so far as its backward movement is concerned, of every effect that has ever existed since cause first began to operate. It has within itself no power to remove, modify or change the cause or causes which produced it, and, therefore, it is a shadow from necessity. It does not matter about its being a phenomenon. The chain frequently ends with phenomena, but phenomena never break out a link. Substance, so far as retroactive power is concerned, is in the same helpless position as phenomena. A piece of furniture which is the effect of all the causes laid down by Aristotle, is as helpless toward any or all of the causes that aided in its construction as the shadow on the wall. A railroad, a steamboat, a house, a suit of clothes is in the same position in regard to the causes which produced it. Argument seems to be perfect with all minds, so long as cause and effect are applied to the brute, the vegetable, and the material creation; but the moment you touch man and get to a certain point in his make-up, a halt is called and a danger-signal is raised. Right here is the commencement of strife, war, and bloodshed. Right here most of the miseries of life begin, and right here man lays aside his reason. This is the point where Egotheism usurps the power of God. This is where man begins to love himself and hate his neighbor. This is the altar at which the Pharisee offers his sacrifice, and thanks *himself* that he is not as other men. This is what makes the Catholic hate the Protestant, and this is what split protestantism into a thousand sects. *Right here is the origin of evil.* Man clothes himself with the 'foolishness of God' and says, 'Look at me; behold, I am without cause; I am free!'

"Abrogate the law of cause and effect as applied to motive, will, thought, and act, and Egotheism becomes the true philosophy of life—the Natural and Revealed religion of man. If thought originates *de novo* in the brain of man, if motive and will have no cause back of mind itself, then the acts of man form the second link in the chain, and give us a polytheism which rationally accounts for the disordered state of human society. Upon this idea men act while professing to believe in

God, 'but they change the truth of God into a lie, and worship and serve the creature rather than the Creator.' Upon this idea man has made a hell for his neighbor, and a heaven for himself. Upon this idea war is declared and blood is shed. This false and sinful notion takes all the responsibility from me and places it upon you. It makes us blame the boy for being rude and thoughtless, and makes us hate the man for thinking and acting differently from ourselves. It makes hypocrites of us all, both in life and religion. The mission of Christ was to correct this error, and save us from our sins; but his teachings were repudiated then, and are perverted now. His last prayer was a lamentation for our ignorance:

"'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

"'The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel hath not known me, and my people hath not understood.'

"Now, why is this? The answer is plain. Reason has abdicated her throne, and passion reigns. Man has voted out logic, and fallen in love with himself. Self-deification is at the root and bottom of his philosophy, and being self-made, he worships his Maker. How easy it would be to cultivate and practice the Christian virtues if men would reason correctly. Charity would flow from one to another, and hatred would forsake the human heart. The golden rule would be the guide for all, and strife would cease. If we could recognize that motive is the effect of anterior causes over which it has no control, that will is not a self-existent entity, and that action is only a link in the chain of cause and effect, we would cease to blame men for what they do, and a rational legislation would take the place of our present statutes. Arbitration would take the place of war, compromise would shut up the courts of law, and mild coercion would be the means of reforming the thoughtless. The boy would be seen as he is, and not as the older one thinks he ought to be; the rod would be laid aside and the precepts of Jesus substituted for the savagery of Solomon. If the boy was not just what he is, there would be no place on earth for him. If God had only wanted men, He would have made them of dust as He did the first man, and there would have been no use for women; but God wanted boys, and He wanted

them just as they are, or He would have had them different. The boy is all right if he could be let alone and have good examples set by his elders. But so long as he is ill-treated, and looked upon as an encumbrance, his evil propensities will remain in the ascendancy. Cause and effect operate here, the same as they do in the various departments of industry. Cultivate the boy as you would a crop, and if the seed is good, and the soil productive, you will harvest a man. But the seed is of more importance than the cultivation, for it is not by virtue of education so much as by virtue of inheritance that he is brave or timid, generous or selfish, prudent or reckless, boastful or modest, quick or placid of temper. Common observation has always recognized, and has expressed in various popular sayings in all languages, the vital influence of breed upon character, and the impossibility of eradicating nature. It is of more importance to know what a man's father or mother was than what his schoolmaster was. Many an experience in life teaches the individual who has had the blessing of a good parentage how incalculable is his debt. When compelled to act at critical moments, or under difficult and trying circumstances to which he was not consciously equal, or under great temptation to wrong or in any other case in which his art has failed him, he shall have had cause to bless the nature which he has inherited, to give thanks for the reserve force of a sound and vigorous character which his parents have endowed him with, and which has stood him in good stead and inspired him, as his leisurely consideration proves, to do rightly when he knew not what he was doing. The individual's nature is beneath his art; if sound, it will come to his rescue when culture fails him; if unsound, it will overthrow him in the hour of trial in spite of culture. Better than all that has been taught him by his pastors and masters, it will enable him to meet his last fate with becoming dignity in the hour of death and in the day of judgment."

This discourse had so absorbed the attention of the two men that their long walk had unconsciously terminated just as the old philosopher spoke the last sentence. They were back at the house and breakfast was ready. The traveler, notwithstanding his long and varied experience in life, and for all his asso-

ciations with the philosophers and theologians of the different schools, had caught an idea from this old man which even to him was new. The old question of moral evil had perplexed him as it had perplexed others. He was unwilling to place the authorship of sin upon God, and the devil was only a shifty substitute. He admitted that the image in which God had made man was the image of intelligence, but he had been taught that, "the foolishness of God is wiser than men," and he doubted the good of human reason. But here was an explanation of the origin of evil that would take it off from God, and shift it even from the shoulders of the devil. The twisting of a link in the chain of cause and effect had given it a sort of antithetical origin, and left it uncertain as to whose door the blame should be laid. The abdication of Reason left the entry unguarded, and as Passion donned the purple gown, she shook from her skirts the elements of discord, which came together by Cosmical affinity, and formed the hydra-headed Cabinet, whose voice is so often heard in the councils of men. He felt a good deal like the schoolmaster felt at the end of the discussion on Responsibility. He was willing to leave the verdict to the jury without further comment.

After breakfast the schoolmaster proposed a walk to the depot, for the mail. This suited the itinerant, as he had begun to feel very painfully the old ringing noise which was becoming intolerable from too much idleness. What was talked about on this trip is recorded in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD.

"BOYHOOD," began the teacher, after they had well gotten on the road, "had run its cycle of age ere youth is born. Old age here is more painful, more regrettable than the old age of manhood, for the death of boyhood comes when all the faculties of our being are in the ascendancy, and the pain is in proportion to the capacity to feel. Youth is born upon the funeral pyre of boyhood, and as the embers die and the ashes are scattered, the callow graft is left to the merciless storms of inexperience. Youth regrets boyhood the more on account of its solitariness. He can no longer enjoy the society of boys, and men don't want him. It is the transition stage of life where every faculty revolts at the tyranny of fate. The schoolroom and the workshop are the only two places that give him a welcome. Now is the time for him to lay the foundation of a solid education; but he still has to grow, and the warfare between inclination and duty is something fearful. The seeds of passion sprout, and the rank growth threatens the crop with destruction. Ambition flatters and despondency paralyzes; hope dazzles the eye with a beautiful mirage and fear dispels it; languor fights a terrific battle with industry, and inexperience lays snares in his every-day path.

"Youth is the least satisfactory period of human life—the period when the human being is of no use to the world, no use to his friends, and of little use to himself. He is in the way of everybody, an expense to his parents and a menace to society. He is on top of the fence with himself, and whether he falls to the good or bad side depends both upon inheritance and surroundings. Vanity makes him confident, but ignorance makes him inefficient. He would do the work of a man, but he can find no employer. What he is fitted to do he does not relish, and what he desires to do needs an older head. Constant chiding makes him morbid and suicide grows into a vision of relief. Indiscriminate praise is no more to be commended than too much fault-finding. It is here that proper direction is of incalculable value to the future man. By con-

stantly blaming some actions and praising others in their children, parents are able to so form their characters that, apart from any reflection, these shall in after life be attended with a certain pleasure; those, on the other hand, with a certain pain. Names are associated with certain characteristics from impressions made on the minds of the young by their parents speaking of Mr. A. as a drunkard, or Mr. B. as a rogue, or Mr. C. as a common man, or Mr. D. as a fine gentleman. These impressions cling to the individual in after years, so that whenever he hears the name the character is vividly reproduced in his mind. The Romish Church thoroughly understood this impressionable period of life when she said, 'Give me the child until it is seven years old, and you may have it ever afterward.'

"Youth being the transition stage between a purely vegetative existence and that of maturity, is beset with more dangers, possibly, than any other period of life. With every faculty of the mind and every bodily organ, as it were, in a race for the supremacy of growth; with no power to curb the one or direct the other; without knowledge, without experience; with no implements to prune the over-luxuriant, and no fertilizer to stimulate the backward; with bodily passions and mental traits, growing from seeds unsifted and unselected, sown upon soil unprepared, and sterile or fertile by haps, the youth is at the mercy of heaven over which he has no control; and unless he can be directed by wiser and more experienced heads, he will be swerved in the direction of the strongest and most vigorous elements of his nature. Many a youth is so evenly balanced that he may be turned to the good or bad by advice and admonitions from parents, teachers, and friends, according to their insight into his stronger or weaker mental and physical endowments. Others are so aslant from inherited tendencies that precept and example make no impression. Sidewise they go, and ajeer they run their race. For these people there is no remedy. They make up the tramps, the vagabonds and jailbirds of every country. Dungeons, penitentiaries, and workhouses are for their use alone. Half the statutes of every civilized land are in force because of this class, and despite of penalties, the crop grows and the harvest becomes more plentiful. These form the *classes dangereuses* of large towns, who

are born and bred in squalor and iniquity, and never have a chance afforded them to rise out of it. Their intellect and moral sense are seldom sufficiently developed to afford them the compensation these bring to others. The apparently hopeless, objectless, noxious existence of these beings, and their fearful power of mischief and of multiplication, have always been and still remain to me, 'God's most disturbing mystery.'

"About the time of puberty, one particular organic element begins to develop, whose influence may be traced into the last ramification of human motive. Sex, which in infancy and childhood is only a germ, now begins to play a rôle, that, for influence over mankind, both for good and evil, has no counterpart in nature. All other passions that agitate the human breast are in their combined effects far less powerful than love, which inflames the senses and fools the understanding. On the one hand, we gratefully glorify love as the source of the most splendid creations of art; of the noblest productions of poetry, of plastic art and of music; we reverence in it the most powerful factor of human civilization, the basis of family life, and, consequently, of the development of the State. On the other hand, we fear in it the devouring flame which drives the unfortunate to ruin, and which has caused more misery, vice, and crime than all the other evils of the human race taken together.

"The overmastering passion of love has surrounding it a strange and mystic glamour; it is the juggling instinct of universal nature thrilling through man's nature, and is truly an enchantment; the individual is possessed by it, being transformed out of the prosaic region of facts into a sort of ecstasy. It is nature's way of inveigling man into the propagation of his kind, and so strives by propagating itself through time to cheat death.

"If bent on getting an education or learning a useful trade, the youth cannot be swerved from the duty line by the temptations of the flesh, or the siren songs of imagination; yet the most determined and strong-minded young man will be modified in his views and influenced in his actions by the growth of those passions which nature implanted and time is developing. Greed can no more be eradicated from the naturally covetous than care-taking can be imbued into the naturally wasteful.

“Josephus tells us that the first man born upon the earth was ‘wholly intent upon getting.’ His brother, being less ambitious and more inclined to take life easy, preferred the shade to sunshine and sweat. The difference between the two, even now, is said to be only sixpence, and the lazy one oftener gets it. This travesty upon industry is the sorry outcome of that philosophy which ignores Cause and panders to the baser passions of human nature. The story of the Prodigal Son is a remonstrant against effort, as the doctrine of Repentance is an encouragement to sin.

“When St. Patrick preached the Gospel on Tarah Hill to Leoghaire, the Irish King, the Druids and wise men of Ireland shook their heads. ‘Why,’ asked the King, ‘does what the cleric preaches seem so dangerous to you?’

“‘Because,’ was the answer, ‘he preaches repentance, and the law of repentance is such that a man shall say, “I may commit a thousand crimes, and if I repent I shall be forgiven, and it will be no worse with me; therefore, I will continue to sin.”’

“The Druids argued logically, and the same reasoning infests the church at the present day. An old reprobate, of good standing in the church, being reprimanded for his flagrant immorality, hooted at the idea, and said, ‘That’s nothing; I have the faith.’ And, so it is, when a religious sentiment panders to the baser passions of men, we have an additional cause, or a stronger link forged into the chain for the propagation of crime.”

At this point the traveler raised an objection. He interrupted the schoolmaster in his discourse by saying:

“When Judas saw that Christ was condemned, it is said of him that he repented of what he had done. He was mightily afflicted in his mind about it, and wished it had not been done. But his repentance arises from a fear of the punishment denounced against sin, and is not accompanied with hatred of sin; as when a malefactor suffers for his crimes, he reflects upon his actions with sorrow, but this not being a sacred act, but proceeding from a violent principle, is consistent with as great a love to sin as he had before, and may be entirely terminated on

himself; he may be sorry for his crimes, as they have exposed him to punishment, and yet not be grieved that thereby he has offended God.

"This is legal repentance.

"For that saving grace wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God, whereby a sinner is made to see and be sensible of his sin, is grieved and humbled before God on account of it, not so much for the punishment to which sin has made him liable, as that thereby God is dishonored and offended, his laws violated, and his own soul polluted and defiled; and this grief arises from love to God, and is accompanied with a hatred to sin, a love of holiness, and a fixed resolution to forsake sin, and an expectation of favor and forgiveness through the merits of Christ. This is evangelical or gospel repentance. And this is the repentance preached by St. Patrick on Tarah Hill—repentance to reformation."

"Ah!" exclaimed the teacher, "repentance to reformation! If reformation is the essential outcome of true, or gospel repentance, then the word repentance might well be stricken from the text, and reformation put in its place; but does the sacred writer really mean reformation, when he exhorts to repentance? If so, then, the thief on the Cross must have made an exception, as he had no opportunity to reform."

"No doubt," replied the traveler, "but the thief, had he had the opportunity, would have reformed, as the Savior recognized his as evangelical repentance; but when Jeremiah was pleading the cause of his people, God said to him:

"Thou hast forsaken me, thou art gone backward; therefore will I stretch out my hand against thee, and destroy thee; I am weary with repenting."

"That kind of repentance is wearisome now, and God has no more patience with it than he had in the days of Jeremiah. Whoever relies upon that will be left, whether he stands well in the church or not. Gospel repentance is accompanied by regeneration, and where a man loved sin before, he now loathes and hates it! 'for godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.'"

Teacher.—"Your argument is logical and your illustrations apt, but when you presume to say the thief would have reformed had the chance been given him, you pass from rational argument to casuistry. The conscience of the thief was only known to himself, and the promise made by the Savior simply shows his extreme benevolence and pity for a fellow-sufferer. The case of Judas, to a court of inquiry, would seem much nearer gospel repentance than that of the thief. Judas was not only sorry for his crime, but made what restitution he was able to, by returning the silver pieces; and still, not having his conscience satisfied, brooded over his sin until remorse drove him to suicide. You may call this a cowardly act; you may reprobate the sinner, and withdraw from him all sympathy; you may loathe and despise, execrate and condemn; you may call to mind all the horrors of Dante's *Inferno*, and implore the destroying Angel for additions to this maelstrom of sin, and you may consign the soul of Judas to this pit, but you must remember that his act was by the 'DETERMINATE COUNSEL AND FOREKNOWLEDGE OF GOD.'"

"My dear friend," replied the traveler, "I am not here to pass sentence upon a fellow-sinner. Judas, like the rest of us, is in the hands of God, and whatever He does is right. In one sense I have the spirit of Job: 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,' but I have not the consciousness of being upright like Job; I cannot maintain mine own ways before him; rather, like the publican, I continually cry, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' I was only trying to make plain the difference between gospel and legal repentance—the saving power of the one and the inefficiency of the other. Christ knew the heart of the thief, or he never would have made him the promise."

They had now reached the post-office, and after securing the mail and taking a short rest, they retraced their steps toward home. The schoolmaster's mind was still on the philosophy of human nature, and as they leisurely walked back, the conversation was confined to man in his maturity. This being the time when the human being, if ever, is free and responsible, will be minutely considered in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

MANHOOD.

THE stroll toward home was commenced in silence. The schoolmaster was thinking, and his companion was enjoying the relief ever attendant upon motion. The discussion of metaphysical subtilties was of less consequence to the wayfarer than procuring relief from his infirmity. Years ago he had waded through the philosophies of all creeds; had steeped his mind with every thought, from savage to sage; had studied the "hoodoo" of Africa, and the metaphysics of Calvin; had dwelt in the *penetralia mentis* of Kant, and slept on the couch of Transcendentalism. He was surfeited with thought, and had rejected all human philosophies. His experience outweighed his reason. The little "white stone" and the new name written therein was the *summum bonum* of all things to him; yet he was patient, tolerant, and ever ready to accommodate, either in word or deed. He pitied the schoolmaster from the bottom of his soul, and continually prayed that the Spirit might give him the "name which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

At last the silence was broken; the teacher spoke as if to himself, and with a loud voice, exclaimed, "Manhood! the flower, the fruit, the culmination of human life! The output of the Triune Godhead in council! What a grand theme is man! What a mystery to himself, what a puzzle to his Maker! The image of God himself; no wonder he is incomprehensible! Let us analyze, if we can, this masterpiece of Creation.

"The child, the boy, the youth are the rungs of the ladder to manhood—to manhood, the enigma, the riddle, the puzzle—the Hyrcanian wood of human philosophy. We observe the form, we see the body, we come in contact with the material—the flesh; but we *think* the man—the Ego. We look at the hand, we handle the foot, we observe the eye, the ear, the nose, the features; we dissect and analyze the arteries, the veins, the nerves, and the organs of digestion; we look at the heart and note its wonderful work, its power, its never ceasing pulsation;

we understand how, and why, the lungs take in and throw out air; we note the reproductive organs, and we are amazed and bewildered at their function. We then go into the inner Arcanum of life, the throne-room of the Ego—the Holy of Holies, where the spirit dwells, and we find it vacant.

“The veil of the temple has been torn and the Sheechinah is no longer there. The man is gone back to his Father’s house, and there we can behold him only with the eye of faith.

“But, first, let us endeavor to find out in what part of this house of flesh the Ego made its special abode.

“On another occasion you said, ‘The mind understands other things, *but accepts itself*’—as good as to say, the mind cannot investigate itself. I am not ready to agree to such an assertion, and rather think that, by excluding certain portions of the body, and by a proper introspection, we may, at least, locate the particular organ with which the Ego is most intimately connected. We look at the foot, and at once recognize its particular function. We examine the hand, and we find it a tool, an implement for executing the commands of the mind. We view the heart, and find it a double-acting compound pump for the blood; the arteries and veins are the irrigating canals of the body, and the intestinal tract is the great river of commerce, as it were, to bring in supplies, and rid the body of waste material. The liver is an immense chemical and physiological laboratory, where antiseptics are prepared and poisonous germs are destroyed. The whole body below the head is a material organization, and governed entirely in its various functions by physical laws. Let the mind of any man think of its habitation, and see if it will locate it in the foot, hand, heart, liver, or intestinal canal. Think of your own Ego, and ask yourself where it is. Interrogate any functioning organ above the Adam’s apple, and see if you can analyze the product. The product of the liver is bile; that of the kidneys, urine; that of the stomach, digestive juices. All these products can be seen, handled, and reduced to their component elements; but what of sight, sound, smelling, and tasting? Can they be put in a crucible and analyzed, or into a retort and distilled into something else? Can you find an element of matter in sound, or a ponderable molecule in sight? Is it possible to convert one

odor into another by chemical reaction? Can salt be made to taste like sugar by manipulation? It *is* a fact that a pleasant odor can be changed into a vile one by imagination, and *vice versa*: but what is imagination?

"In the head we come in contact with something besides matter. Matter alone cannot produce sight, sound, taste, or smell. Sensation is not an attribute of matter; neither is thought. It is believed that the ultimate particles, the atoms of matter, are eternally in motion; but is motion an attribute of matter? There is no evidence of that fact. Then, what shall we do? Give up and stop investigation? No, we should seek for truth, and seek it rationally from the evidence we have. Socrates taught us exclusion; Bacon, induction. The human mind is not limited in its power of inquiry. Start with what we know, and reason logically, and if we do not find truth, it is nowhere to be found.

"In brain matter we have a substance differing from all other combinations of matter. The chemist has almost been baffled in his attempts to analyze this substance. Its constituents are of a very complex character, easily undergoing decomposition, and, being compounded largely of carbon and hydrogen, have a high oxidation value. That waste and repair, from functional activity, go on in the brain, as in other organs, is a demonstrable fact. That mind and brain are intimately connected is no longer questioned; but as cause and effect, is a very doubtful proposition. We cannot affirm that the mind is a secretion of the brain, as bile is a secretion of the liver, neither can we say that brain is the efficient cause of mind. Bile and liver are both material substances, and both may be reduced to their component elements. Brain-substance is matter in combination, extremely complex and obscure, but nothing more than matter. Is mind matter? If so, life is matter, and there is no God. The mind of man will not agree to this. That there are at least two different substances composing this universe is a self-evident proposition—matter and spirit, intimately associated, but never forming a combination. We recognize matter in its infinite combinations, but spirit is held to be an uncompounded essence; and while it cannot be disintegrated into elementary forms, it manifests itself in

ways as innumerable as that of matter. What is life, but spirit operating through matter? The myriad forms of life alone would compare numerically with the different combinations of matter; and then the infinite number of manifestations resulting from life would swell the aggregate to all the chemical unions in the universe. Natural philosophers have held that it is not improbable that all the infinitely varied forms of matter may be, and probably are, nothing more than the infinite variations of one primordial element. This idea is not so ill-founded as might appear from our present knowledge of chemistry. The high temperatures developed by the electrical furnace and the intense cold made manifest by liquefying air are working revolutions in chemistry not dreamed of a few years ago; and the alchemist's dream of the transmutation of metals may yet be more than a dream.

"If there is a point in natural philosophy which may be regarded as finally settled, it is the imperishability of the chemical elements and the everlasting duration of force. This means that with all the changes going on in the universe there is no destruction—no annihilation. Matter cannot be stricken from existence, neither can force. The mind of man, the life of animals and plants, the movements of the *amœbæ*, the oscillations of the ultimate atoms of matter, are all forces which never cease to exist, and which it is impossible to destroy. The innumerable combinations and manifestations of matter are the output of the one primordial element; and so the infinite variations of force proceed from the One Great Force, or Spirit, which is God. It is held that matter itself is an emanation from God, or that God created matter out of nothing; but this idea seems to me to be out of sympathy with what we know of the universe, and the Power that rules it. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' This first sentence of the sacred writer conveys no intelligent conception to the reader, but rather opens the way for unanswerable questioning. If there was a beginning, there was a time before the beginning. It is impossible that time could have had a beginning. Now, if God and matter had a beginning, before this beginning there was nothing but time. Time, in an abstract sense, is nothing; therefore, if God and matter had a

beginning, before they began to be there was nothing. Out of nothing, nothing can come; therefore, there never was a time when God, at least, did not exist. If there ever was a time when matter did not exist, during that time God was idle, for he works only through matter; in fact, there is nothing else through which he can work. To say God ever spent his time in idleness is an assumption of man's ignorance; therefore, the only rational conclusion is that God and matter are both self-existent, coexistent, and eternal. Now, if God and matter have both existed from all eternity, there clearly was a time when God began to create the universe—not out of nothing, but out of matter coexisting with himself: and that time may reasonably be spoken of as the 'beginning' in Genesis. To ask when the time of that 'beginning' was is an idle question, but it is self-evident that the workman and the material must exist before the mechanism can commence. The conclusion, then, is that God and matter have both existed from all eternity, and that God, by his infinite power and knowledge, has fashioned the universe and all it contains just as he wanted it, and to suit himself.

"Amongst the various combinations of matter he has seen fit to arrange, we find the especial combination known as brain-substance. This substance is found in the skulls of all animals, birds, fishes, and many insects. It is only in the lowest forms of the animated creation where traces of this substance cannot be found. The substance itself, no matter whether in man, beast, or bird, has nearly the same composition, is arranged in much the same manner, and is only different in quality, quantity, and function. Now, the difference in the ego of every animated creature, from man down to the lowest, is the difference in brain-substance. If God has seen fit to so arrange atoms and molecules into a substance that will reflect certain attributes of his substance, in the conscious life of the creatures of his own handiwork, thereby projecting himself, or certain attributes of himself, into the lives of his own creatures, who shall reply against God? What objection to the thought that he has so arranged the brain of the St. Bernard dog that that brain can appropriate, collect, and make manifest one of the noblest traits of the Deity, and send this humble servitor

upon a mission from the high Court of Heaven to save from cold and hunger and death the wayfarer who has lost his path in the Alpine snow? Is the thought heretical or sacrilegious, to suppose the song of the nightingale or the mocking-bird to be a discordant note of the Celestial Choir, tinkling through the brains of these musicians of the woods? Who shall say nay to the suggestion that the brain matter of the elephant, the horse, the camel, the ostrich, and the carnivora are machines for the collection of fragmentary attributes of the Deity himself, and making so much of him manifest in the conscious lives of these animals? Is God a material being, to be dismembered by such a thought? Away with your anthropomorphism! God is a spirit; God is light; God is love; so says the inspired writer. Can spirit suffer disintegration or dismemberment? Does the light of the sun become less by striking a match, or lighting a candle? Can love be diminished by division? Another thing: the instinct of the hive-bee, which enables the little insect to construct with mathematical nicety the cells of its comb, thereby utilizing space with as much economy as the finest and most accomplished engineer, is only a manifestation of God in the brain of the little worker. And so it is, wherever God has implanted life: in the towering oak and the trailing vine; in the flower and the fruit; in the microbe and the amœbæ—life and all attributes of life can be nothing more than Deity manifesting himself. It may be objected to this view that, thereby, God would become the author of evil—that the birds of prey, the carnivorous animals, the fishes, reptiles and the poisonous serpent would be manifestations of his Spirit. Why not? If God's attributes are limited to power and knowledge, goodness, mercy, justice, and love, how is man to reflect his image? Is he any more just than the wild beast of the forest? Is he merciful to the weak? Does he love his fellow-man? Read his history in his wars of conquest. See the tortures he has inflicted upon innocence and helplessness. Behold the implements of destruction he has invented, by means of which God's guiltless creatures are slaughtered and his own kind murdered. If man is the complete image of God—then, who can find fault with the savage beast being a part of his image? Man has made the mistake of believing he is

the only image of God—the personification of his Maker upon earth. The truth is, God, in making the brain of man, gave it the right of usufruct to one attribute of the divine essence, denied to the lower animals; and this right makes the difference between him and the brute. God is too great, and too powerful, and too perfect for man to be his sole representative. If the whole universe of matter was converted into one mass of brain-substance, it might represent all the attributes of Deity; but the brain of man falls as far short of this representation as it falls short of the size and weight of the universe. It is no sacrilege to assert that God is manifested in the voracious shark, the venomous serpent, and the loathsome reptile. If these creatures are representatives of evil, why should man assume that a perfect God is too pure for such emanations to proceed from his essence when his word is directly to the contrary? ‘I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things.’ Man’s brain being out of all proportion the largest, compared with the size of the body, of all God’s creatures, we would naturally expect him to be endowed with more of the attributes of his Maker, and represent a more perfect image of the Divine essence. In addition to size, we have range of capacity, incomparably greater than the lower animals. The brain of man is so constituted as to enable it to collect or to make manifest that particular divine attribute which enables him to think on abstract subjects, and which adds immeasurably to the scope of his mental attainments. Reason and its dependencies form an impassable gulf between man and the lower animals. The brute brain, by the arrangement of its molecules, or by the fiat of its Maker, has the power to develop instinct, a faculty as incomprehensible to man as reason is to the brute. That instinct is an attribute of God is as patent as any other fact in the psychology of animated nature. If God had seen fit to make the brain of man as perfect for the development of reason as he made the brute brain for the development of instinct, moral evil would have been an impossibility and mechanical failures never have existed. Man would have been a perfect being, and he would have needed no teacher. The Creator showed his wisdom here, as in all his other works; for in mak-

ing man he clearly wanted a creature who, by his own exertions, could make endless progress, and by his failures gain wisdom.

"The mythical Garden of Eden is only the spectral image of that imperfect brain cell, endeavoring to parallel its own weakness with the perfect wisdom of God. And so with the attributes of Deity as enumerated by the orthodox theologian. He is curtailed and limited to that extent that they found it necessary to invent the devil to account for the irregularities of the Universe. 'The foolishness of God is wiser than men,' and to limit him in any conceivable attribute is to detract from his perfection, and to think of him as a mere man.

"This theory of the functional activity of brain-substance has its parallel in the workings of the various machines for the development of the electrical force, and if faulty, it is at least as plausible as any heretofore set forth. It explains, not how, but why, and through what particular organ the Deity manifests himself to his rational creatures, and simplifies that psychological indagation so earnestly pursued by students of nature. It also rids the mind of all anthropomorphic ideas, and places God on a plane so far above man that such expressions as 'Thou shalt see my back parts; but my face shall not be seen,' will be relegated to the Apocrypha, and the Sacred Volume purged of the embarrassing phraseology which leans toward ridicule and contempt."

Here the traveler entered his protest against this continuation of the material philosophy, and the endeavor of his rationalistic friend to push reason into the inner arcanum of a subject which nothing but Revelation can bring to light.

In the next chapter a review of the schoolmaster's position will be entered into, and the true Christian philosophy set forth by the man whose experience outweighs his reason.

CHAPTER XVI.

MATTER AND SPIRIT.

THE walk toward home was about half finished, and the traveler had become so interested in the schoolmaster's discourse that he had forgotten his grievance, and, notwithstanding his settled conviction that human philosophy was a delusion, he could see some points in the old man's theory that appeared neither to antagonize Revelation nor to outrage common sense. He felt that the schoolmaster was leaning a little to the side of Orthodoxy, and he desired to encourage that spiritual growth, the germ of which lay fallow in the mind of the teacher. To this end he spoke as follows:

"My friend, you are more of a metaphysician than a theologian. You contend for mere abstractions, and blind yourself with illusions flowing from the self-conscious life of active intelligence; and in your attempt to harmonize our thought of our relation to God, you conjure up a phantasm of the imagination, and flourish it about as a rational principle of the laws of causation. Your theory of the functional activity of brain-substance is a mere shadow of the mind groping in darkness, and the metaphysical necessity following that shadow is a chimerical abstraction leading to the great primeval Nothing. You would blot out the personality of God and plot a Pantheistic Syncretism. You would annul his creative acts and make man a phenomenon of Evolution. This would destroy individuality and place the human soul in the category of insect and plant life. You preach Dualism, with a mixture of Pantheism. You labor under the capital vice of attempting to bring within the forms of the understanding what transcends the capacity of thought.

"For ages, philosophers, instead of interpreting aright the fact of consciousness in external perception, laid it down as a first principle that the object known was different from the object perceived. This crotchet, accepted without examination and transmitted in different forms, was never questioned until it brought forth the fruit of universal skepticism. In the same way, the principle that out of nothing, nothing can

be made, has been universally applied to nothing as material cause, and has not only excluded the possibility of creation, but contains in its bosom the seeds of absolute atheism.

"Subject and object, mind and matter, as revealed in consciousness, though real substances, are limited, conditioned, dependent. They reciprocally condition each other. They are bound by time and space. The world presents an aspect of mutability, a successive influence of cause and effect, a constant interchange of action and reaction. Its history is a history of vicissitudes. The world is finite. This is as clearly the testimony of consciousness as that the world exists. It has no principle in it that resists succession and change. On the contrary, it is bound to time, which necessarily implies both. These two facts, that the world exists and that the world is finite, imply another, that the world must have begun. A succession without a beginning is a contradiction in terms. It is equivalent to eternal time. A being of whose existence time is the law cannot be eternal. A chain without a first link is impossible, but a first link annihilates the notion of eternal being. The world, therefore, had a beginning.

"Having reached this point, we are led to an inevitable disjunction. If it had a beginning, it began spontaneously, or it sprang from a cause. An absolute commencement is not only inconceivable, but contradictory to that great law of intelligence which demands for every new appearance a cause. The world, therefore, must have been caused, but a cause which begins existence, creates; therefore, the world must have been created.

"There is still another step which we are authorized to take. As the finite is limited to time, and as time begins with the finite, the being who creates must be independent of time. That the first creature should have been made by a finite being, is equivalent to saying that time was before it began. It is, therefore, a contradiction in terms, to attribute all beginning to the begun. The Creator, therefore, must be eternal and necessary. Creation makes the transition from nothing to something; hence, creation as an unconditioned exercise of power; as requiring neither material, instrument, nor laws; as transcending change, modifications, or adjustments of existing things, is the

sole prerogative of God. It is His to create, as it is His to destroy. The principle is vital in theology."

The two men had now reached a shady place in the road close to a stream of water; and the day being sultry, they decided to rest a bit before concluding their walk. After bathing face and hands in the stream, they seated themselves under a spreading beech tree to enjoy the refreshing breeze. The schoolmaster was a great admirer of Socrates, and endeavored in many ways to follow the example of the illustrious Greek. Like him, he never harangued or grew eloquent, but analyzed, disputed, and discussed. He asserted that all truth is kindred, and so clear thinking is consistent with holiness and leads to it, while inaccurate thinking on any subject is morally dangerous, and an uncertainty or falsehood in the intellect might at last be found to be the "apex of hell." The orthodox view of the creation of the universe and the beginning of time presented so many difficulties to a mind like his that he rejected the tenet as derogatory to God and inconsistent with the nature of matter and spirit.

"If," said he, to his companion, "God created matter out of nothing, he created freely or he acted under compulsion or necessity. If he created under necessity, he is not free, but the subject of some other power, and is, therefore, neither Sovereign nor Almighty. But God is free, almighty, sovereign, absolute; therefore, his acts of creation were voluntary—unconditioned save by his own will. The nature of matter is such as to be incompatible with infinite goodness, infinite benevolence and omnipotence. The vile combinations it assumes, the poisonous germs it evolves, and its offensiveness under putrefactive processes, make it impossible that it should be the creative act of God without making God the author of evil. The creation of matter out of nothing involves another difficulty at variance with reason. If God is eternal and matter is not eternal, there clearly was a period when nothing existed but God, and if time only began with creation, that period prior to creation, let it be long or short, is unnamable and unthinkable. We get no relief by calling it eternity. A period prior to time, called eternity, in which nothing existed but God, would bring up such questions as, What was God doing in

this eternity? Was he working out the problem of creation? Was he formulating laws by which matter, after its creation, should be governed? Was he thinking out plants and animals and men, or was he idly contemplating his own grandeur? The very thought of a period before time and before creation is repugnant to the common sense of man. Webster defines time as absolute or unmeasured duration. Time, it seems to me, is as independent of God as God is of time, and to speak of existence before time is simply nonsense. Time has existed from all eternity and will exist to all eternity, but time is neither a material substance nor a spiritual essence. It is only an abstraction—a mental concept—and, therefore, can neither be created nor destroyed.

“If God is not a separate existence from matter, Pantheism is the true philosophy and the divine religion; for, if matter is an emanation from God, it is a part of him, and if he created it out of nothing, he is the father of it. There is no process of reasoning that can separate God from matter, and at the same time make him the author of it. The postulate, that God and matter are coexistent and eternal, makes an easy explanation to the phenomena of the universe. The chaos of Genesis is the state in which matter existed before God set to work in his acts of creation. It is neither irreverent nor sacrilegious to suppose that God saw the ‘chaos,’ the confusion, the want of law, the *omnium gatherum* in which the particles of matter lay inert, lifeless, powerless—‘without form and void’—and that by his omnipotent and omniscient energy he fashioned and created the universe and all it contains. That he made the best universe possible out of the materials at his command is to admit his infinite goodness. That he made it all to suit himself is to admit his sovereignty.

“If, in the plenitude of his infinite benevolence, he saw fit to provide means of communication between himself and his rational creatures, thereby making himself partially known to the highest type of his creations—man—he was compelled, necessitated, to so arrange the ultimate particles of matter into a combination, peculiarly different from all other combinations, that would have the particular quickening power of collecting, absorbing, or making manifest so much and no more of

the divine attributes. When I say, God was under the necessity of utilizing matter for the purpose of revealing himself, I only mean that he is limited to the possible; for by and through matter are all things accomplished. That combination of matter known as brain-substance is the medium through which he has chosen to communicate with man, and by means of this substance alone has he made it possible for us to partially understand his nature and his works. A creature that could understand and comprehend the Godhead in its entirety would have required all the matter in the universe to be made into one gigantic man, and then, instead of a man, there would have been another God; so you see the utter impossibility of human knowledge ever extending to a full acquaintance with the Deity. But through brain-substance certain attributes of the Divine Being are communicated to every creature that breathes the breath of life; and the quantity, quality, and shape of this brain-mass make the difference between the different creatures possessing it. If this theory of brain function be true, then the psychical life of every creature is determined solely by the size, shape, and quality of its brain; and to say that any creature—man not excepted—can be other than just what it is, is to say that its brain-matter can be changed by the creature itself.

“That character is determined by brain is proved in so many ways that argument would seem superfluous, were it not that men refuse to abide by reason and experience. Hundreds of instances are recalled where the whole character of the man has been permanently changed by injuries to the brain; the honest man has been changed into a thief; the truthful man into a liar; the moral man into a libertine; the industrious man into a vagabond, and *vice versa*. Insanity is now recognized by physicians as the effect of brain lesion, and idiocy we all know to be a defect in brain-substance. Horsemen well know that the vicious habit of balking is often cured by a smart blow over the head, causing slight concussion of the brain.

“Now, admitting the validity of your reasoning, that ‘an absolute commencement is not only inconceivable, but contrary to that great law of intelligence which demands for every

new appearance a cause,' I submit that character is caused; that the efficient cause of character is material, and that material is brain. All admit that the dynamo is the efficient cause of the power developed from the intangible, imponderable, incorporeal and tenuous electric fluid; but the dynamo no more creates the electric fluid than the brain creates mind. The dynamo simply collects into an individual charge, from the great source of supply, and makes manifest the spark or the current, just as brain collects from the Great and Universal Spirit that which we call the Ego, the person, the individual, the man, the beast, bird, or fish."

"My friend," broke in the traveler, "I am getting impatient with you. At times you speak as if you comprehended some of the great truths of Revelation, and admitted their authenticity; at others, you get entirely off the track and chase a phantasm of the imagination under the guise of reason. You persist in the attempt to trace the vital and spiritual intrinsicities of both animal and vegetable activity, through matter as efficient cause, to God as final cause, thereby destroying man's personality and human responsibility—placing man on the same footing with the beast and vegetable, and making God the author of evil. Go to! your philosophy is not only infidelity, but absolute atheism. If brain-substance is the medium through which God reveals Himself to man, and by your theory it would require all the matter in the universe to be formed into a gigantic man before the Deity could be clearly comprehended, what, according to this theory, would become of the divinity of Jesus Christ, and that fundamental dogma of the Christian religion—the Holy Trinity? We have no account of the brain of Christ being any different from that of the men of His day, and to make His Sonship depend upon the size and shape of His brain would be to place Him on an equality with the balance of mankind. It would make Him different from the ordinary man only as Goldsmith was different from the miser Elwes, or as St. Paul was different from Rabelais.

"In me is a perpetual miracle, and a living witness to the supernatural power of Christ; and if He be not risen from the dead, then 'are we of all men the most miserable.'"

At this last touch of evangelical monomania, the schoolmaster's heart began to thump, and his excitable brain began to conjure up scenes of Corybantic extravagance, little in accord with the calm, philosophical deportment of his guest. For a moment he was unable to speak. The conversations had been so foreign to anything Quixotic, that he had almost forgotten the crotchet which first introduced him to his friend. After a little reflection, he decided to pass by this ethereal fancy, and draw him out on the great subject of Christ's divinity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

"I WOULD fain," began the teacher, "have avoided this part of the subject, as we can have no foothold in a philosophical discussion, where the beginning and end, necessarily, rest on testimony which is valid to one man and invalid to another. But the statements in the testimony we have so conflict with one another that it is well enough to balance accounts and see which side is the heavier.

"You claim that Christ is a Divine person, who rose from the dead after being crucified; that while on earth he wrought miracles in divers ways and brought the dead to life; the Church claims that he is God—very God.

"The testimony of a person on trial is sometimes of more importance than that of outside witnesses. We will let him testify in his own behalf on this most vital point.

"It is very clear that Jesus claimed to be the Son of God, but that he made this claim in any other sense than is allowable to all men, has never been satisfactorily proven. His enemies drew inferences that were not justifiable by his words, and his friends as often mistook his meaning. The Jews set many traps to convict him of blasphemy, and as they had a law against his claim, as they understood it, finally succeeded in passing a legal sentence which insured his death. At his trial the high priest asked him this question: 'Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?' And Jesus said, 'I am.' This was enough. The vote was unanimous for his conviction of blasphemy, and the statute against blasphemy was death. Every believer, therefore, who holds to the divinity of Christ must agree with M. Salvador, that 'a Jew had no logical alternative to belief in the Godhead of Jesus Christ except the imperative duty of putting him to death.'*

"After this, in a prayer he said:

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"Would a sane man pray to himself?

*Bampton Lectures.

"And if Christ is God, was he not praying to himself? In this prayer he clearly makes a distinction between his and the Father's will. In another place he says:

" 'I seek not my own, but the will of my Father.'

"Referring to his second coming, he said:

" 'But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.'

"Here he admits that the Father's knowledge is greater than his own. In a talk to his disciples concerning himself and the Father, he said:

" 'I go unto the Father; for my Father is greater than I.'

" 'If a man love me he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come to him, and make our abode with him.'

"Was he not there clearly making a distinction between persons, viz., himself, his Father, and his disciple? Teaching in the temple one day Jesus declared himself to be the light of the world, when the Pharisees accused him of bearing record of himself, saying: 'Thy record is not true.' Jesus answered by saying:

" 'It is written in your law that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me.'

"Here is an entire separation of his own personality and that of the Father. And I would like to know how it is possible to make two witnesses out of one person."

"O my soul!" exclaimed his companion, in anguish. "You step on holy ground with unwashed feet. You approach the mystery of mysteries as you would a problem in arithmetic; you would explain or destroy the Trinity.

" 'I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' "

The schoolmaster was checkmated. As a reasoner he could not contend with prayer; as a philosopher he was disarmed

before the altar. "Perhaps," said he, "to discuss the mission of Jesus, and the doctrines he taught, would come more legitimately under the head of a philosophical discourse than to discuss the nature of his being, or the divinity of his person; and as his tenets are understood differently by different sects, a disagreement as to his true mission in life must be less offensive than to question his nature.

"If he came here as a man only, no matter how exalted his nature, he was subject to the contingencies of life just as other men are; but if he was very God, as claimed by the Church, his plans were all worked out, and he knew from the beginning every incident of his life, from birth to the day of his death. This you are bound to admit or you must deny his divinity. Granting him this foreknowledge, no contingency can alter the fact; no suppositions, no hypothecations, have the power to forestall the knowledge. He knew from all eternity that he would be ushered into the world through the Virgin Mary; that one of his apostles would betray him; that the Jewish Sanhedrim would condemn him to death; that Pilate would wash his hands of the so-called crime; that he would be crucified between two malefactors; that Joseph would deposit his dead body in his own new tomb; that he would rise from the dead on the third day, and that he would be 'received up into heaven and sit on the right hand of God.' These things, if he was God, he knew would be certain to take place. He furthermore knew *which one of his disciples* would betray him, for he predicted it in these words:

"'Now, I tell you before it come, that when it is come to pass, ye may believe that I am he.'

"Upon being asked, 'Which one?' he answered:

"'He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it. And when he had dipped the sop he gave it to Judas Iscariot.' 'And after the sop, Satan entered into him. Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

“JUDAS has been accused of being a thief prior to this supper, but if Christ was God, and Judas was a thief before he received the sop, Christ knew it when he chose him for his disciple; but it is expressly said in the text that Satan entered into him *after* he had taken the sop.

“To an unprejudiced mind this would look much like cause and effect. If Christ was God, knowing Judas to be a thief before taking him as one of his apostles, and delegating him with authority and ‘power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease’; and bidding him to go forth and ‘preach, saying, the Kingdom of heaven is at hand’; and to ‘heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, and cast out devils’; and advising him, ‘When you come into a house, salute it, and if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it: but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you; and whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when you depart out of that house shake off the dust of your feet for a testimony against them’; and telling him furthermore that ‘Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven’; and worse than all, saying to this man whom he knew to be a devil: ‘Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law’—I submit that such counsel and such a lecture to a wicked man, after delegating him with such fearful power, could produce nothing but evil consequences, even in the ordinary contingencies of life; but spoken by an all-wise and omnipotent Being to a frail mortal, of weak intellect and cursed with the basest of human passions, it would, indeed, have been better for that man had he never been born.

"A purely intellectual view, stripped of the glamour of religious sentiment, of this whole transaction, as related in the gospels, makes Judas the most helpless, the most pitiable, the most tragical wretch who ever lived upon this earth. Chosen by an Omnipotent Being to perpetrate a predetermined crime; tempted by a deadly insult of this same being without provocation; called a devil, and the 'Son of perdition'; selected of all men for the delivery of his master into the hands of his enemies, and this 'by the determinate council and foreknowledge of God,' Judas deserves commiseration even in hell.

"In reporting this blood-curdling tragedy to the Father, Jesus Christ says:

"Those whom thou gavest me have I kept; and none of them is lost, but the Son of perdition.'

"And why was this Son of perdition lost? Was it because he was a thief? No. Was it because he was a devil? No. Was it because he betrayed his master? No. Then why was he lost? Let Christ himself answer: '*That the Scripture may be fulfilled.*'

"Now, let me ask you in the name of justice and mercy, what Judas had to do with this *dénouement*. In anticipation I would say there are but two possible answers: the one scriptural and the other philosophical—or rather unphilosophical. The scriptural answer is *ad hominem*—the reply of the tyrant to the victim—the answer the wolf gave to the lamb. St. Paul expressed it in these words:

"Who art thou, man, that repliest against God; hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor?"

"Plu-ri-bus-tah expressed it more vulgarly when he gave 'Cuffee' his reason for enslaving him:

"I am white and I am stronger;
You are black and you are weaker,
And, besides, you have no business
And no right to be a nigger.'

"The philosophical answer takes you back to that egotistical principle in man which dominates the religious world, and

blinds the creature with the image of the Creator, until he is ready to assert, 'I am that I am.' That self-love and self-deification which overpowers man in his search for truth, places his will on an equality with the will of his Maker, and looks upon reason as an intruder, whose presence is contaminating, and whose company is only fit for the denizens of the lower regions.

"If Judas, by his own will power, could have abstained from this treachery, would not his will have been more powerful than the will of God? Leaving out the moral and religious aspect of this tragedy, tell me if the causes operating upon Judas, over which he had no control, were not sufficient to *compel* him to the act. And, being compelled, irresistibly driven by a will infinitely above his own, the cruelty and malignancy of Mephistopheles himself must quail at the horrible injustice of his sentence.

"You accuse me of infidelity. Is it strange that a book, claiming to be the word of God, bearing such records as this; detailing in horror the trial, sentence, and execution of a violator of the statute law of the country he was born in; calling a man who was honored by God himself to the dignity of treasurer of finance, a thief, a devil, the son of perdition; used as henchman to execute an order made 'by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God,' and consigning this man to endless torture for no reason under heaven save 'that the Scripture might be fulfilled'—I ask in the name of all that is just and holy, if such a book, read and studied with a view to what it really means, is not calculated to make infidels of all honest men?"

CHAPTER XIX.

JOB.

“TAKE the case of Job, ‘a perfect and upright man,’ a man in whom there was no frailty; smitten as no other man ever was, both in person and effects; by whom and for what cause? By God, with the exception of the boils (for it seems the devil was allowed that pleasure), for no cause under heaven unless it was to gratify Satan. In a conversation with this fiend about Job, the narrative makes God say to Satan:

“‘Thou movedst me against him, to destroy him without cause.’

“And the same makes Job say of God, that he ‘multiplieth my wounds without cause’; and has God to commend Job for speaking of him *‘the thing that is right.’*

“Now, to afflict anybody or anything, *without cause*, is the act of a tyrant, and savors more of demonology than theology. While this story of Job is one of the most beautiful romances that ever was conceived in the brain of man, it is incorporated in a book which the Christian world claims to be the word of God; and, as such, they are bound to believe it to be the statement of an historical fact; and whoever doubts its truth as set forth in the narrative is an infidel, and perjures himself when he joins a Christian church.

“If this story had been found in the writings of Confucius, in the Vedas, the Koran, or the book of Mormon, the Christian world would have rejected it as a heathen slander of the Almighty. From any other than a Christian standpoint, the gist of it would be as follows: God being very proud of having performed a piece of flawless work, he calls Satan’s attention in a sort of boastful manner to the beauty of his handiwork, and invites his criticism.

“Satan being a devotee of imperfection, advises a test, cruel, heartless, and destructive, which nothing but a masterpiece could withstand. Failing in this, he calls for another, when God, doubting his own ability to devise any torture cruel enough to shake the integrity of Job, places him in the hands of Satan with the sole condition of sparing his life. Now, it is well

enough to know who this Satan is, whose good opinion and whose admiration God appears to be soliciting. Palgrave says:

“The legendary *Satan* is a being wholly distinct from the theological Lucifer. He is never ennobled by the sullen dignity of the fallen angel. No traces of celestial origin are to be discovered on his brow. He is not a rebellious æon who was once clothed in radiance, but he is the fiend, the enemy, evil from all time past in his very essence, foul and degraded, cowardly and impure; his rage is oftenest impotent, unless his cunning can assist his power.”

“Into the hands of this fiend God places the only perfect man who ever lived on this earth. Satan, believing no man’s integrity can withstand physical torture, covers him with a solid sore from head to foot. Job sits down on a dung-heap and scrapes off the filth with a broken pot lid. Here he bewails his calamities, and curses the day of his birth.

“‘Let the day perish,’ he says, ‘wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, a man-child is conceived. Why did I not die in the womb, why did I not perish at once when I came out of the belly? Why is light given to him that is in misery, and life to them that are in bitterness of soul?’

“Like all good men, Job not only believed in moral excellence, but he was profoundly religious. He had been reared and educated in that school which, to-day, in another form, teaches the doctrine of rewards and punishments. His moral rectitude and his experience had combined to give a staggering blow to this belief, when his three best friends came preaching the doctrine in its most offensive form. Feeling from the bottom of his heart that he, in his own case, was a sure contradiction of what he had learned to believe, he himself finds his very faith in God shaken from its foundation. The creed in which he had believed had been tried and found wanting. He is vehement, desperate, reckless. His language is the wild, natural outpouring of suffering. The friends, true to the eternal nature of man, are grave, solemn, and indignant, preaching their half truth, and mistaken only in supposing that it is the whole; speaking, as all such persons would speak, and still do speak, in defending what they consider sacred truth against the as-

saults of folly and skepticism. Hearing of their friend's misfortune and sickness, they resolve to visit and comfort him.

"'And when they had lifted up their eyes afar off they knew him not, and crying out they wept, and rending their garments they sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven.'

"So changed was Job, so altered in appearance, that at first sight they did not recognize him. From the dignified, high-toned, cultured gentleman of wealth and leisure, they found a dirty, miserable wretch sprawling in the dirt, crying out in the bitterness of his anguish:

"'Before I eat I sigh; and as overflowing waters, so is my roaring.'

"Now, the object of this visit was that of pure sympathy, 'for they had made an appointment to come together and visit him, and comfort him. And they sat with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and no man spoke to him a word: for they saw that his grief was very great.' During these seven days the friends had ample opportunity to study Job's case, and to philosophize over his misfortune. It seems that Eliphaz, the Temanite, being a strong believer in the philosophy of cause and effect, and being superstitious as to dreams, for he says 'in the horror of a vision by night a spirit passed before me, and I heard the voice as it were of a gentle wind,' and being desirous to lead Job back into the path of moral rectitude, and to convince him that his own conduct had brought his misfortunes upon him, gently insinuated his unwelcome advice by pleading excuse for his presumption, said to Job:

"'If we begin to speak to thee, perhaps thou wilt take it ill, but who can withhold the words he hath conceived?'

"And then to let Job know that man is a free moral agent, whose will determines his actions, and, let the consequences be what they may, the responsibility should rest upon his own shoulder, said to him:

"'Nothing upon the earth is done without a cause, and sorrow doth not spring out of the ground. Remember, I pray thee, whoever perished being innocent? or when were the just destroyed? On the contrary, I have seen those who work iniquity, perishing by the blast of God, and consumed by the spirit of his wrath.'

"The immense distance between Job and his friend is seen in the scornful reply of the sick man:

"*'You dress up speeches,'* said he, *'only to rebuke, and you utter words to the wind. You rush in upon the fatherless, and you endeavor to overthrow your friend.'*

"Whether or not this taunt put a momentary blush upon the brow of Eliphaz, it is certain that Bildad, his Shuhite friend, immediately came to his assistance, and in the lofty tones of outraged decency upbraided Job in language more fitted to a criminal than to one suffering at the hands of inexorable fate.

"*'How long,'* said he, *'wilt thou speak these things, and how long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind? Doth God pervert judgment, or doth the Almighty overthrow that which is just?'*

"Job seems to have had little patience with Bildad, and in a few words demolished his theory by asserting a fact. He must have pitied these men in their narrow view of God's providence, and rather than reason from insufficient data, he preferred to quash a false theory by showing that it could not be built upon the facts of existence. Addressing Bildad, he said, in very emphatic language:

"*'One thing there is that I have spoken, both the innocent and the wicked he consumeth. If he scourge, let him kill at once, and not laugh at the pains of the innocent.'*

"Job's short reply to Bildad seems to have given umbrage to Zophar, his third friend, who now offered his consolation in these words:

"*'Shall not he that speaketh much hear also? or shall a man full of talk be justified? Shall men hold their peace to thee only? and when thou hast mocked others, shall no man confute thee? For thou hast said: my word is pure, and I am clean in thy sight.'*

"Job now began to feel a little resentful toward these men, who no doubt came with the best of motives, and really intended Job a service, but whose way of looking at things was so different from that of the sick man that to them he is a blasphemer whom they gaze at with awe and terror. Into the high faith of Job they could not rise, and the sublime thought

of this devout sufferer appeared to them gross impiety. The irritation he felt was shown in his answer to Zophar:

“He that is mocked by his friend as I, shall call upon God and he will hear him: for the simplicity of the just man is laughed to scorn.’

“How like, these friends, to the rigidly righteous of the present day! Ready at all times to interpret the mind of Omniscience, they set a seal upon their neighbor’s conduct, and rest assured that God will confirm their verdict, and punish or condone as they decide. But the everlasting fate of man is not in the hands of his fellows.

“Notwithstanding Job’s protest, notwithstanding his displeasure at their unjust accusations, the friends continue their polemics on the same line, through a long chapter of repetitions; and when, at last, the vocabulary is exhausted, and Job is not yet confounded, it seems that another—one Elihu—a self-important, pretentious young man who, without invitation, had obtruded himself into this company, became very angry, not only with Job, but his three friends, because they had failed to convince him of sin, and get his acknowledgment.

“Where Elihu came from, and what business he had at this man’s house, the account does not state; but we may well imagine him to be a youth of decent parentage, having the advantage of wealth and culture; for he showed evidence of good breeding by holding his tongue while the others spoke; in fact, he apologized for putting in at all, but he was so full, and had such an overweening opinion of his own abilities, that he felt like bursting if he did not give vent to his knowledge. Addressing the three friends, he said:

“‘I am younger in days, and you are more ancient, therefore, hanging down my head, I was afraid to show you my opinion; for I hoped that greater age would speak, and that multitude of years would teach wisdom. But as I see, they that are aged are not the wise men, neither do the ancients understand judgment; therefore, I will speak: Hearken to me; I also will show you my wisdom. As long as I thought you said something, I considered; but as I see there is none of you that can convince Job, and answer his words, I also will answer my part, and will show my knowledge; for I am full of matter to speak of, and the spirit of my bowels straighteneth me.

Behold, my belly is as new wine which wanteth vent; I will speak and take breath a little; I will open my lips, and will answer.'

"Elihu then delivered a sermon on the *Theodice*, but it fell upon deaf ears, for neither Job nor his friends took the slightest notice of what he said. The story ends by the interference of God, who not only upholds Job, but condemns the friends for not speaking of him 'the thing that is right,' as Job did. The final restoration of Job to wealth and happiness has a measure of compensation, in strong contrast to the utter abandonment of Judas—both being helpless in the hands of Supernatural Power."

"Now, my Christian friend," continued the teacher, "if you can show that either Judas or Job was a free moral agent, *i. e.*, had it in their power, surrounded and overpowered as they were by the spirit of Omnipotence, to work out their own salvation, I am ready and willing to receive the lesson."

CHAPTER XX.

THE LESSON.

THE time passed unconsciously in the cool shade of the beech tree, while the schoolmaster discoursed and his companion listened. The sun had tilted his rays, and the oppressive heat began to abate. It was time to walk. The impression made upon the traveler by the teacher's criticism was that of weariness and pain. He had a longing desire to help the old gentleman, and for once he wished for the power of the Christ, that he might remove the scales from the eyes of his friend. The two men walked a goodly distance, both in deep meditation. The mind of the traveler was beset with many temptations, but fearing the consequences, he took his steps in silence. If he could only get the schoolmaster out of the rut of materialism, if he could once reconcile him to the supernatural, the way might open to a recognition of God's ways with fallen man.

The traveler acknowledged the unvarying law of cause and effect, but he would not permit the *Parcæ* to decide what he would eat for breakfast, or whether he would go to bed at 9 or 10 o'clock at night. He could not divest his mind of the determining power of will as a *jus divinum*, or admit that will followed the inevitable law of sequence to anterior cause. He said to himself, "I crook my finger or hold it straight, shake my head or hold it still, talk to this schoolmaster or remain silent, walk this road or stop, just as I choose. I am the primal law over my own actions." He made up his mind from appearances. What he saw he was sure of, and what he heard was, to him, a fact. His feelings and his perceptions overruled his reason. He gave faith the highest seat in the galaxy of mental traits, and fed it with the grist from his own experience. An abstract idea was invariably rejected, when it appeared to conflict with a concrete reality. The earth, to him, was flat, because it looked flat. He believed the sun, moon, and stars were placed in the heavens to give light and warmth to earth, and for that only. He was not a bigot, for he was "sovereign o'er transmuted ill"; he would not persecute, be-

cause he was a good man. He believed in the God of Moses, in Jesus Christ, and in Revelation. He believed every word in the Book, and he believed it to be the word of God. He was a Christian in the true sense of the word, for he had the testimony of his own senses, or thought he had, that the Crucified was, veritably, the Son of God. He had seen him with his own eyes, and witnessed his death. He was suffering from his benign resentment now, as he had been for twenty centuries past. He believed the sentence to be just, and had ceased to complain. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and his acceptance of this truth had given him great comfort in his affliction. He loved his fellow-man, and would have loved his enemies—but he had none.

With these reflections passing rapidly through his mind, he was endeavoring to formulate an argument, or a statement which he hoped might divert his friend's attention from the material to the spiritual aspect of the religious problem; and, without dogmatism or bigotry, but rather in a spirit of humility and sorrow, he spoke as follows:

"To bring men together on a disputed point is a difficult matter, unless the premises from which they draw their conclusions can be agreed upon, or, at least, until the categories of thought are traced to their origin. As I said to you on another occasion, formal thought floats in the air with no foothold. We cannot tell what can or cannot be; we can only inquire what is, or, at least, what seems to be. In the concrete region the only test of possibility apart from the purely negative and formal one of noncontradiction is experience. Hence, we have no way of forming judgments of things past except by appeal to life. Life as it has been throughout the ages is not the same to all men. If testimony is to be regarded only as it conforms to formal thought, then all history is a romance, and faith should no longer control the actions of men.

"When you tell me that you went to college in your early manhood, that you have spent most of your life in teaching, and that you have never assumed the responsibilities of married life, I have not the slightest right, either in reason or my own experience, to doubt your statements; and so, when I relate

some incidents of my boyhood, youth, and early manhood, it is strictly within the limits of reason and probability that you accept my story as a statement of facts.

"Replying to your criticism of the Gospel story of Judas Iscariot, and the justness of his sentence, I will state that Judas was about my own age, and of the same class of society as myself. We were boys together, and I knew him well. He lived in the country, but often came to town. I played with him on the streets, and sometimes went with him to his father's house. It was a poor family, and Judas hated poverty. He was ever on the *qui vive* to get a penny. He hated work, and even as a boy he was constantly devising plans by which to get advantage. He was not cruel, nor was he considered dishonest, but sharp, shrewd, a good trader, and quite a financier for his age. Like the character given by our historian Josephus to Cain, he was 'wholly intent upon getting.'

"Our paths separated as we grew up, and for a time we lost sight of each other. When Jesus began to be talked about, I heard of Judas as one of his followers. They told me he had been made treasurer, and carried the 'bag,' and I said, 'Well! Judas is now fixed—he will gain an heritage.'

"The Savior foresaw that he would be betrayed, and that a horrible death awaited him; and while I admit that this was done by the 'determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God,' I do not admit and cannot agree that any particular individual was selected by this council, and forced, *nolens volens*, to execute the sentence. The law of cause and effect is, to a great extent, abrogated when the human will links itself into that endless chain which you so artistically forged in a previous conversation. The 'twisted link,' so graphically put, as the inverse or antithetical agent, is man's freedom. It is the image of God in man, and it gives him power to do or not to do, and rejects that atheistical fatalism toward which your short-sighted philosophy tends. It is a self-evident truth that you and I are now engaged in this conversation of our own free wills and accord; that we can close our mouths, if we so choose, and not speak another word; that we have it in our power to stop, and stand still for an hour, or walk on, and this independently of outside influences or extraneous causes. Our present inclina-

tions prompt us to walk and to talk, but the moment our wills should say, 'Stop and hush,' the inclinations would be effectually banished before the power of will. Man's will is the only free cause in the universe outside of God, and, being a free cause, it has the virtue of a first cause. Iscariot's will was free to betray his Master or not, as Adam's will was free to eat the forbidden fruit, as your will is free to listen to my speech, as my will is free to talk or to close my lips. Fine-spun theories, quiddities, and disparagement of self-evident truths lead the mind into Cimmerian darkness. Your philosophy would destroy volition, and make the mind of man a blind force, like gravitation or the law of chemical affinity. It would destroy human law and overthrow society and civilization. It would do worse: it would extend to the Source of all Light, and make God a machine with no attribute save that of Power.

"In working out conclusions every fact subservient to a theory must be taken into consideration. In your theory of the functional activity of brain-substance you admit what you deny here. The emotions, the passions, even brute instinct, are given a place there, while here all is excluded except the barbed shafts of pitiless reason. The human will has ever been the *odium theologicum* of religious controversy, and until it is recognized as a free cause, and the only free cause except the uncaused will of God, there will be wranglings and disagreements. Logic is the passing bell of religion, the *Golgotha* of worship. It has no place in love, affection, nor in the humanities. It is cold and lifeless; it is the gospel of dirt. Infidelity limits the mind of man to one faculty. It ignores the senses, the affections and the feelings. It would make of reason a god, and degrade the other faculties into a fetich. Religion, on the contrary, embraces every faculty of mind. It tempers reason by the sweet influences of the affections, and controls the affections by the iron grip of reason. Working in discord, they give us Paganism; in harmony, they give us Christianity.

"The case of Job is the old question: 'Why does God allow the good to suffer?' The presence or absence of Satan in the case adds nothing to the problem and subtracts nothing from it. The great answer of the Scriptures and of Christianity is found in the suffering Savior. If he would not ex-

empt himself from pain, it is no impeachment of his love that He exempts not his children. It is by suffering that men come into Divine fellowship, nor does it appear that they can come otherwise. If there was no way that the cup might pass from the Savior, in revealing His infinite love, may it not be equally true that this love can only be measured through the same kind of experience? Wherefore, St. Paul prays that he may 'enter into the fellowship of His sufferings,' and be made 'conformable unto His death.'

"If the suffering of the good be a mystery, even when we see the God incarnate, author of pain and peace, enter the list of sufferers, how much deeper is the darkness when the problem of pain is viewed from an unchristian or antichristian standpoint! How shall the deist who denies the revelation of a suffering Savior explain the great cataclysmic disasters which, at times, overwhelm men? But if the best—the only perfect—being who ever trod this planet was the Man of Sorrows, we may be sure pain is not evil, nor exemption from it the chiefest good. If the end of being is exemption from pain, the best means of attaining to it are, as Froude says, 'a hard heart and a good digestion.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

AN INTERLUDE.

Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes
When Monarch Reason sleeps.

—DRYDEN.

THEY had reached home and it was almost dark. They were tired and hungry, and after eating a frugal supper they soon went to bed. They slept well—both of them, but the school-master awoke about day, with the recollection of having had a most extraordinary dream. Had he been tinctured with the least bit of superstition he would have regarded this as a warning, but his philosophy and his utter repudiation of the supernatural enabled him to look upon it as one of the vagaries of unconscious cerebration. So profoundly realistic was the impression made upon his mind by this dream that, immediately upon bidding his guest good morning, he said: “I have something to tell you. I am not a believer in dreams, in omens, nor in visions; but when I woke up this morning a most realistic picture was stamped upon my memory, and the impression was so vivid that, for several minutes, I felt as if it was a real substance, and not a hieroglyph of the drowsy god of sleep.

“I was in an immense plain, a desert of wild, weary waste—of lifeless solitude. From the center of this plain radiated in all directions well-beaten roads, and I could see, from what appeared immeasurable distance, that all the roads converged toward a common center; and in this center, upon a slight elevation of the ground, stood an immense structure or building which glittered in the dazzling radiance of the plain. Astonished at my situation, and wondering where I could be, I gazed around and saw the roads go into illimitable space from the central convergence. I knew not what to do, nor where to go. I could see that if I went toward the center I would get to a resting place, but in the other direction I saw no end. To the center I directed my steps, and on the way I saw signboards on which was written: ‘To the Temple of Wisdom.’ On the other side of the road were signboards pointing in the

opposite direction: 'To the end of strife.' I couldn't understand what these backward directions meant, until I met a pilgrim who had been on a mission that thousands of others had preceded him in, and many thousands would yet follow in his footsteps. He had been up to the temple in search of wisdom, and the contrary winds had blown out his lamp. He told me that Minerva was no longer there; that long ago she had abdicated her throne, and that from the highest pinnacle of the edifice floated the red flag of religious controversy; that philosophers, theologians, metaphysicians, scientists, and agnostics crowded in and around the temple, seeking their own cult, and gazing, with dazzled eyes and wistful care, at the flaunting banner of controversy; that on the flag was written in all characters and all languages, Volition, Choice, Liberty, Scope, Latitude, Freedom, Discretion, Fate, Necessity, Foreordination, Election, Doom; and, that every one who visited the place became dissatisfied at the little consolation he received; for at every nook and every corner stood a sentinel and a guide, each blind in his own conceit, and carrying in his hand a little red flag with which he pointed to the flaming banner at the top of the temple.

"The Methodist was there, and on his flag was painted in letters of gold, Choice, Liberty, Freedom. He waved it over my head, and told me that 'Now is the accepted time.'

"A little further on, and the Baptist held up his flag. On it was written, in subdued tints, Freedom, Necessity. He told me, almost in a whisper, that he had 'Compassed sea and land to make one pro'—when a little beyond him a rough-looking, plainly dressed man, with a charity-begins-at-home air, motioned me to look: and his little flag had printed in bold black letters, Election, Foreordination, Doom. As I passed by, he whispered in my ear, 'We are the chosen of the Lord.' This was a 'Hardshell.'

"Then the Episcopalian held up his flag, and it was painted in particolors, and had for its motto, 'THE CHURCH.'

"A few steps further, I struck up with a Jew and a Mohammedan. They were in a controversy over the 'scapegoat' and the *Parcæ*.

"Leaving them to their wranglings, I turned a corner, and almost ran into the arms of an Old School Presbyterian. He was a dignified, calm-looking old gentleman, and when I made excuse for my precipitancy, instead of a benediction, he gave me a severe look, and held out his flag, upon which was written in most somber hues:

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

"I bowed, said 'Yes, sir,' and went on. Passing through the center of the building, I came to a sort of anteroom or mezzanine floor, in which was collected a most heterogeneous company. Some of them were washing one another's feet, others anointing with oil, and two or three jumping up and down slapping their hands together and crying, 'Glory!' In one corner of the room sat, bolt upright, stiff as statues, a half dozen others, with their hats on, saying nothing. One of them had a flag, and on it was written:

'WAITING FOR THE SPIRIT.'

"I let him wait, and went on. Following down a long corridor, I came to a large hall where a lecture was going on. The speaker was a pale, cadaverous-looking young man, who was just graduated from a famous university, and his subject was 'Transcendental Empiricism.' I listened a while, and, failing to catch the thread of his discourse, I went on my way, and presently stumbled into a hall of revelry. Here was a jollification—eating, drinking, and making merry. Toasts were being called for, and ribald jests added to the cheer. Just as I entered the door, a sleek, red-faced, good-natured fellow, dressed in the height of fashion, held up a glass of sparkling wine and called out:

"To the God of mirth, the only Deity in the universe deserving the homage of a rational mind."

"Cheer upon cheer followed this priggism, and I passed on to the end of the corridor.

"On the outside, a few steps from the main court of the temple, in a little summer-house, surrounded by evergreens and overrun with trailing vines, I found a man who is worthy of a description. He was sitting in an easy chair, looking upward at the temple and its throng, the last rays of sunlight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered costume. Patent-leather pumps, a red cassock, a short purple mantle, and a red hat with small crown and broad brim, with cords and tassels hanging from it, served to mark him a conspicuous object. His face, lividly pale, but for the energy of his action and strength of his lungs, would mark him the victim of consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of Mephistopheles.

"Our conversation naturally turned on the temple and its votaries. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. He talked like a race horse approaching the winning post, every muscle in action. His egotism stands unrivaled. It is admirable in its sublimity. Before it I took off my hat. The Protestant elect thinks he is chosen, the Jew believes, but this man *knows*. His commission is from Heaven, and the scorn with which he views the heresy of other sects is shown in the curl of his lip and the depth of his dark, burning eyes. With all this, he can be mild as the zephyr wind. Now and again he smiles that wondrous, contagious smile, showing his white teeth, and carrying with it the persuasion of the soul.

"After this, he said:

"My son, thou art disheartened. Thou hast done well to come to me. The light of the world is represented in our cult, and on the broad bosom of our mother—the Church militant—you will find rest for your weary feet, and peace to your troubled mind. Take either road from this place; they all lead to the one goal, where Protestant errors are corrected and forgiven, infidel tendencies up-

rooted, and the soul is purified and made fit for its celestial habitation. Our mother surrounds this plain, and her hovering wings would brood the whole world. Go, and delay not: may the blessings of the Church descend upon you.'

"I bade the good man adieu, and I am on my way. Come, go with me; you will get no help at the temple. The Oracle has ceased to give answers, and the pedantic horde swarming around the ancient shrine can give you no light. The truth is, that no powers of mind constitute a security against errors in belief. Touching God and His ways with man, the highest human faculties can discover little more than the meanest. In theology, the interval is small indeed between Aristotle and a child, between Archimedes and a naked savage. It is not strange, therefore, that wise men, weary of investigation, tormented by uncertainty, longing to believe something and yet seeing objections to everything, should submit themselves absolutely to teachers who, with firm and undoubting faith, lay claim to a supernatural commission. It is better to submit ourselves to the guidance of those who claim help from on High, than to wrangle with the Jew and the Mohammedan, the Protestant and Schismatic, the Scientist and Agnostic.

"Here, I woke up, and before I could get rid of this mental obfuscation, I came near calling out to the man—but he was gone, and I realized that it was only a dream. Our conversation yesterday evidently predisposed to this drowsy conceit, and as it points directly to our discussion of human volition, I will add, or rather reply to your seeming philosophical argument, by pointing out the hidden sophism which obscures the perception.

"The last asylum of the hard-pressed advocate of the doctrine of uncaused volition is usually that, argue as you like, he has a profound and ineradicable consciousness of what he calls the freedom of his will. You avail yourself of this solecism in your illustration of crooking your finger, shaking your head, etc. We cannot surely mean that actions have so little connection with motive, inclinations, and circumstances, that one does not follow with a certain degree of uniformity from the other, and that one affords no inference by which we can con-

clude the existence of the other, for these are plain and acknowledged matters of fact. By liberty, then, we can only mean *a power of acting or not acting according to the determinations of the will*: that is, if we choose to remain at rest, we may; if we choose to move, we also may. Now, this hypothetical liberty is universally allowed to belong to every one who is not a prisoner and in chains. Here, then, is no dispute. Half the controversies about freedom of the will would have had no existence if this truthful observation had been well pondered by those who oppose the doctrine of necessity. For they rest upon the absurd presumption that the proposition, 'I can do as I like,' is contradictory to the doctrine of necessity. The answer is, nobody doubts that, at any rate within certain limits, you can do as you like. But what determines your likings and dislikings? Did you make your own constitution? Is it your contrivance that one thing is pleasant and another is painful? And even if it were, why did you prefer to make it after one fashion rather than the other? The passionate assertion of the consciousness of their freedom, which is the favorite refuge of the opponents of the doctrine of necessity, is mere futility, for nobody denies it. What they really have to do, if they would upset the necessarian argument, is to prove that they are free to associate any emotion whatever with any idea whatever; to like pain as much as pleasure; vice as much as virtue; in short, to prove that, whatever may be the fixity of order of the universe of things, that of thought is given over to chance. If you would see the workings of uncaused volition and perfect freedom of will, visit the wards of a lunatic asylum and converse with its inmates. Here, cause is given over to chance, volition is without motive, and action represents confusion. The orderly sequence of cause and effect is interrupted and the result is chaos."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

BREAKFAST over, the two men continued their conversation. The schoolmaster had studied for many years the New Testament, and studied it as he would any other book—to get the true sense of its teaching. Whenever he opened the Sacred Volume he did it reverently, without any thought to a dogma, a creed, or a church. He was willing for it to be the word of God, and he didn't care if it was simply the thoughts of men. He analyzed, sifted, dissected the book as he would any pet theory of a secular philosopher. He didn't care what it taught, so he understood its teaching. Calling his friend's attention to the old family Bible, he said to him: "That book is little read and less studied by a majority of those who make the greatest pretensions to a belief in its teachings. They seem to be afraid of it, and to discuss it is thought to be a sin. Like the unprofitable servant, they seem to think the best plan is to wrap their talent in a napkin and hide it.

"Believing it our duty to find out the truth so far as we are able, I would call your attention, first, to the sermon on the Mount, which is claimed by the Christian world to be beyond all praise. Outside of the moral precepts it contains (and they belong to all religions), the most prominent features of the whole sermon are the inculcation of selfishness and a disregard of the duties of the present life. It foists egotism in the human heart, and would flatter man that he is on an equality with his Maker. It makes God haggle and barter with man, and offer him a bribe. In that short sermon, which can be delivered in ten minutes, there are eighteen premiums offered, and twelve threats made.

"The 14th and 15th verses of the 6th chapter of Matthew are fair illustrations of the coax and drive style of the whole sermon.

"'For if you will forgive men their offenses, your heavenly Father will forgive you also your offenses. But if you will not forgive men, neither will your Father forgive you.'

"Here is a clear case of God's sovereignty being given over to his creature—man. If any act of God can be determined by any act of man, then God is not sovereign and man holds the precedent. That Almighty God's will can be made subservient to a feeling engendered in the heart of sinful man is a travesty upon Omniscience. If you will forgive, God will forgive you; but if you will not forgive, God will not forgive you. Here the order of cause and effect is reversed, and God's will is made dependent upon a human sentiment.

"A trade, a bargain, between God and man!

"I once heard a good preacher say that man was the only being in the universe who would stand up before God, shake his fist in his face, and defy him. How could such a rabid passion ever enter into a man except upon the idea of equality, and where could that idea come from except from the Sacred Volume? The Sermon on the Mount is an exalted egotism. It is a placing of the finite above the Infinite—making God subservient to man. It does more: it promises rewards for doing one's duty, and offers bribes for the impossible.

"'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'

"Why not simply, 'Blessed are the peacemakers'? Why the reward? Is not the self-consciousness of having made peace between enemies sufficient?

"Rewards and punishments are the basic elements of the New Testament teaching.

"'Love your enemies.'

"This is a hard command, and there is much doubt as to the possibility of its *uti possidetis*, or attainment.

"A man may cease to hate, may forgive and let his enemies go their way; but to love them is beyond human nature. The Scriptures represent God, even, as continually working against his enemies, and devising means for their destruction. Jesus himself, who gave the command, never loved his, and never asked a blessing on them until he was helpless on the Cross. In his prime he hurled anathemas against them, and on one occasion said:

"'As for those my enemies, who would not have me reign over them, bring hither, and kill them before me.'

"Should a lawmaker give a command to others which he will not obey himself? Does God violate his own laws? Then, indeed, is he on a level with man.

"Another objection to the teachings of Jesus is, his ignoring this world, and his utter repudiation of everything that is useful in this life.

"'But I say unto you, not to resist evil.'

"Suppose men were to even attempt to follow this injunction, could they live in this world? It is useless to make comment on the absurdity of such a proposition. Life is a conflict, an everlasting war with evil. When evil preponderates in anything, destruction follows. To resist evil is the very essence of life. If this world, and life in this world, is unworthy of man's serious thought and attention, then God, in his creative acts, made a most lamentable blunder.

"The whole tenor of the Sacred Volume, from the first planting of the Garden of Eden down to the crucifixion of Jesus, is a detailed account of an ignorant, repentant deity who, in order to maintain himself, and support his throne, is compelled to exercise that arbitrary power which none can take from him. The banishing of the first family from the Garden; the flood; the destruction of the cities of the plain, and the sacrifice of his only begotten son, serve to show the makeshifts of an ignorant god. The Jehovah of the Bible is only the blurred image from that materio-psychic organism ensconced within the cranial walls of one who had killed his man and yet had talked with God face to face. The God of the Jew is simply what Moses would have been if he could. The great God of this universe is a different being from the Jehovah of the Old Testament. He manifests himself in every blade of grass, in every flower; in the birds of the air, and in the fishes of the sea. Emerson goes even further, and says: 'The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb.' He it is whom Paul spoke of as the 'Unknown God.' Man will never know him. He is too great, there is too much of him ever to be inclosed in the skull of a man. That Jesus Christ was God is only the concept of men, who had become dissatisfied with the God of Moses; and whether they bettered it is to be seen in a further study of his teachings.

"Men are judged nowadays largely by the company they keep, and nothing can give stronger evidence of a man's taste than his daily associations. The sympathetic side of a good man's nature will naturally take him to the poor, the downcast, the ignorant, and the afflicted; but when he deserts his best friends, and forsakes those who are in sympathy with him and would aid him in his work, to grovel with the *canaille*, the question naturally arises, 'Is this man the highest type of humanity?'

"The first account we have of the manhood of Jesus in the gospel of Matthew is when John the Baptist heralded him to the world in terms which, to a man of refined feelings, ought to have secured to John a fast friend to the last day of his life; for John, in his enthusiasm, made public announcement of him in these words:

" 'I, indeed, baptize you with water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.'

"And when Jesus went to John for baptism himself, John protested, and said:

" 'I have need to be baptized by you.'

"Was ever loyalty more directly submitted from one man to another? Can friendship extend further? Here was a holy man, the first organizer of a new religious rite, offering to stand aside, and to place another in his stead; to become secondary in his own work, to exalt another above himself. What is the plain duty of man to man in a case like this? What did John deserve at the hands of Jesus? What did he get? Pitiful, sorrowful, ignominious to relate! John fell under the ban of Herod, got into prison and was beheaded. Jesus Christ, your God-man, who censured others for not visiting those in prison, never went near him; but what did he do? Let the Scriptures tell:

" 'Now, when Jesus had heard that John was cast into prison, he departed into Galilee; and leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the seacoast.'

"Abandoned his friend to the hot walls of a tropic dungeon, and during his entire imprisonment, which was about a year,

never sent a message of condolence, nor of inquiry as to his health or comfort. But even in prison, John never forgot Jesus, for he sent two of his disciples after hearing of his works, to inquire if he was really the Christ, or whether he should look for another. This would seem like a strange message, coming from one who had testified to the Sonship of Jesus, and proclaimed him as the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world'; but when we consider that prison walls have a language of their own, which we learn to interpret in the dark solitude of friendless proscription, we may not marvel that John—even John the Baptist, as 'a prophet! yea, more than a prophet,' should translate the monotonous silence of his confinement into symbols of doubt. Yes, John doubted, and no wonder. He could not be sure; he wanted assurance from the lips of him he loved. The answer given to the messengers is characteristic:

"'Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear; the dead rise again, the poor have the gospel preached to them. Blessed is he that shall not be offended in me.'

"There is not an instance in the old Bible where Jehovah, the God of Moses, ever deserted a friend. Is the 'Son' a degenerate, or has ingratitude become a virtue? We next hear of him as having a ridiculous bout with the devil, and 'From that time he began to preach.' Like all organizers of a new cult, Jesus felt the need of followers, and the first man 'called' is the most contemptible character in all the book. Peter! That name, in the far distant future, when lying and thieving shall have become obsolete in the affairs of men, will be a byword and a reproach—a scandalization of the rock upon which the Christian Church is built. No structure can stand forever upon a foundation of falsehood. The Omnipotent Being who set this universe in motion will not permit it. Peter, O Peter! Thou colossus of mendacity! Thou renegade, thou father of false pretense! Of what inconceivable wickedness have men been guilty that thou shouldst be set over them for a spiritual guide? Peter, the pretender, who followed his Master in prosperity, and deserted him in adversity! Peter,

the rock upon which the Christian Church is built, who followed 'afar off' when the Master was taken, and sat by the fire downstairs at the trial; who cursed and swore that he never knew the man! Peter, whom the Savior upon one occasion rebuked—as Satan. Peter, who never went near, nor inquired one word concerning his Master from the time of his trial to his resurrection; yes, Peter, the liar, who had the effrontery to rebuke Ananias, into whose hands the keys of heaven were given, and who told a lie upon poor old Judas long after he was dead! Peter, I say, is the poltroon of the Bible, the most contemptible character in the whole book.

"Matthew says that Judas took the money back to those he got it from and, repenting, went off and hanged himself. Peter says he bought land with it, and falling headlong burst himself open. Which is the more likely story? So much for Peter. If he repented, I am glad of it; if he reformed and became a truthful man, I am gladder still. Many there are who follow after Peter to this day, imitate and admire him, love and cherish his memory, and expect to enter heaven by the same means Peter avoided arrest at the trial of the Master. These people will plan a terrible retribution for the author of this enthymeme, and consign his soul to perdition; but truth is mighty and will prevail, falsehood will go back into the primeval Nothing, and sin and shame will pale in the radiant light of the God of truth.

"A third objection to the teachings of Jesus is that he makes an impossible condition in the salvation of man. Instead of basing salvation upon an act, or actions, possible, at least, for every man to do, he bases it upon an emotion of the mind which it is not in the power of man to control: Faith in him and love to himself. Fidelity to his teachings, and that alone, is to give man a seat in the celestial choir. No matter if a man spends his whole life in doing good, never once having an evil thought, or committing an unlawful act; no matter how hard he may *try* to believe in the Triune Godhead, if he fails in the least bit to give absolute, unswerving assent to this dogma, he is consigned to eternal and everlasting torment. On the other hand, he may be a liar, a thief, a robber, a

ravisher of women, a murderer; he may be steeped in sin of every conceivable kind throughout a whole lifetime; never having done a good deed in all the time allotted to man on this earth, never having had a single pure thought from the hour of his birth to a moment before death,—

“An act of contrition flashing with the rapidity of lightning through the soul of a dying man, may utterly and entirely change the character of his soul and his relations to God, so that he who was before the enemy of God, a rebel, loathsome and deserving of hatred, becomes at the very next instant, by a sort of magic transformation, the friend of God, his loyal subject, beautiful and worthy of His love. In such a case as this, *good* and *not good*, *obedient* and *not obedient*, *meet for Heaven* and *not meet for Heaven*, are true of the same object within two seconds of fleeting time.”*

“Stephen Girard, the millionaire philanthropist of the City of Brotherly Love, who, perhaps, made the only honest fortune ever accumulated in these United States; who left a monument of charity-work behind him unequaled in this world—a school, a home, food and raiment—for the homeless and fatherless children of Philadelphia, has been preached into hell by ministers of the Gospel, whom this man’s charity, this anti-Christian’s love of orphan children, had taken up out of the gutters and alleys of a great city and *raised*—fed, clothed, and educated. They are obliged to do it or give up the Gospel of Christ; Stephen Girard was an *Infidel*.

“The fourth and last objection which I shall speak of in the teachings of Jesus is that he came for the purpose of saving only a few of the people of this world, leaving the others to take care of themselves as best they may. Missionaries may go into foreign lands and preach to the heathen, Christian ministers may insist that the Gospel of Christ includes every creature, and the Bible may be translated into every tongue that is spoken on this earth, but the words of Jesus himself are more in evidence than any theory of the Church, or Papal Bull issuing from the Vatican.

“That the Gospel of Christ does not include all mankind is evidenced from the general tenor of its teaching, but is more

*Catholic Philosophy (Logic), page 39 (Stonyhurst Series).

particularly marked in the directions given to the Apostles after having received their commissions:

“These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying: Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not. But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.’

“Here is a positive command from Jesus, right in the beginning of his ministry, when there could be no question of his real presence, with all his faculties *in mediis rebus*, and not a doubt in the mind of any one of his apostles. How is this to be compared with that mythical command, after his resurrection, when ‘some doubted,’ which says:

“‘Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.’

“In one particular instance Jesus himself shows with what contempt and indifference he looked upon outsiders.

“On the coasts of Tyre and Sidon lived a poor woman of Canaan. She had a daughter who was ‘grievously troubled by a devil.’ Jesus passing along that way, this woman approached him in the interest of her daughter, and humbly begged him for help. He not only ignored her request, but refused positively to speak to her. The Book says, ‘He answered her not a word.’ She, in her distress, became persistent and importunate, thereby annoying his disciples, who, tiring of her entreaties, besought the Master to send her away. His answer to this request of his disciples shows that he did not consider this poor woman, at least, to be a subject of his mercy:

“‘I was sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel.’

“And, in a prayer to the Father, he said:

“‘I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them whom thou hast given me; because they are thine.’

“The fourth chapter of Mark teaches very plainly that he did not intend to instruct the multitude to whom he preached, but rather to confuse them, for he says:

“‘To you (his disciples) it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God: but to them that are without, all things are done

in parables; that seeing, they may see and not perceive, and hearing, they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them.'

"But the Syrophœnician woman was not to be deterred by the unkindness of the disciples, nor, as it appears, by the unseemly speech of Jesus. She was in sore trouble over the affliction of her daughter, and she was ready to sacrifice herself for the sake of her child. Then it was that she fell down at his feet and cried out, 'Lord, help me!' She actually worshiped him, and even after this homage, his answer to her was as coarse and churlish as the desertion of John in prison:

"'It is not good to take the bread of the children and cast it to the dogs.'

"And only after this afflicted mother cowered and degraded herself to the level of dogs did he condescend to aid her. 'Yes, Lord,' she says, 'yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs.' This sharp retort, it seems, struck a vein of humor, scorn or pity, or whatever feeling you may call it; for he said to her:

"'For this saying, go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter.'

"Pagan religions, in the estimation of Christians, have all been instituted, organized, and kept in operation by the devil, while *theirs* is the chant of angels and the voice of Almighty God echoing on forever by virtue of its lofty sentiments, its inherent beauty, and its unselfish love. Krishna, as you know, was the God incarnate of the Hindus, as Jesus was the incarnate God of the Christians. They both taught men how to pray.

"Jesus said:

"'Give us this day our daily bread.'

"Krishna said:

"'Lord, I do not want wealth, nor children, nor learning.'

"Jesus said:

"'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.'

“Krishna said:

“‘If it be thy will, I will go to a hundred hells, but grant me this, that I may love thee without the hope of reward—unselfishly love for love’s sake.’

“Jesus said:

“‘Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.’

“I know a good old man, a scholar, a gentleman, a preacher of the Gospel—who will not repeat that line in the Lord’s prayer. He will not even talk about it. Can’t you imagine why? What does it imply? I leave it to your own reflection.

“One of the disciples of Krishna, the then Emperor of India, was driven from his throne by his enemies, and had to take shelter in a forest of the Himalayas with his queen, and there one day the queen was asking him how it was that he, the most virtuous of men, should suffer so much misery:

“‘Behold, my queen, the Himalayas, how beautiful they are; I love them. They do not give me anything, but my nature is to love the grand, the beautiful; therefore, I love them. Similarly, I love the Lord. He is the source of all beauty, of all sublimity. He is the only object to be loved: My nature is to love him, and, therefore, I love. I do not pray for anything; I do not ask for anything. Let him place me where he likes. I love him for love’s sake. I cannot trade in love.’

“Is there a sentiment in the New Testament as pure, as unselfish, as exalted as this? ‘I cannot trade in love.’ Is not the whole scheme of Christian salvation a trade between God and man? How dare the Christian missionary say to the Hindus, ‘Thou art anathema in the sight of God’? But wherefore contend? I heard a good old Baptist brother, an educator of women, the head of a great institution of learning in the proudest State of this Union, say:

“‘If I knew the Christian religion was a *lie* from beginning to end, I would not give it up.’

“He was in love with Peter. The lantern of Diogenes will never shine in the face of such a man. Egotheism is the bed rock, the root and branch of Christianity.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ANSWER.

THE schoolmaster's friend had been engaged in silent prayer. He had listened to this criticism, not in anger, nor with impatience or disgust, but in amazement at the recusancy of human reason. He sat face to face with an old man—a conscientious, honest, truthful old man—a man who had spent his whole lifetime in the acquisition of knowledge, and in imparting it to others. He had been a teacher the better half of a century, and never had he turned off a boy because he did not have the means to pay for instruction. He had picked up young men, working at common labor for a pittance, and taught them to read, write, and cipher; taught them to be men, and he had seen many of them adorn the professions, and become highly influential citizens. He not only taught them books, but he gave daily lessons in morals and ethical culture. He was a friend to the poor, and especially to the young poor, who desired to go up rather than to stand still. Many a respectable teacher, competent lawyer, high-toned physician, and lovable minister of the Gospel owed their start and standing to the encouragement and aid of this old infidel schoolmaster. A few of the rigidly righteous frowned upon him, and regarded him as a “corrupter of youth,” but the general consent of the community in which he was known gave the verdict of oddity, and not of vilipendency to his character. He had owned slaves at one time, but under his stewardship they might have been called dependent freedmen. He censured that law of the South which forbade the education of negroes. He was for upbuilding, elevating all mankind. He was, withal, a very religious man. He believed in the One, Only, Almighty God, and to this God of Knowledge and Power he rendered his homage. He was not a Christian, and this gave distress to his friend.

The traveler, since he had been with the schoolmaster, had studied his character closely. He knew that a belief in the Divinity of Christ could never be attained solely through the

reasoning faculties. Men had to become as little children first. How was this octogenarian to be born again? If he had been a bad man, a drunkard, a roué, a scoffer even, he would have hope of touching the tender chord; but here was a clean character—a true follower of the example and precepts of the One whom he denied; and this denial was a source of unutterable distress to the man who had learned to love him. How to get at this man's heart was the thing uppermost in the mind of the traveler. He would appeal to his reason, and try him with his own logic. If at all successful, he would, later on, try the emotional side of his nature.

Rousing himself from his reverie, and making a last silent invocation to the Source of all Light, he said to the school-master: "From the standpoint of a deist, your criticism is rational, logical, and conclusive; but an argument consisting of only two propositions, an antecedent and a consequent deduced from it, is like a syllogism with one premise omitted—it ends in 'Paralogical doubt.' Enthymematical reasoning is the harlequinade of sophistry. It plays the Merry-andrew, and befuddles the intellect with its clownish tricks. In your exaggeration of man's vanity and egotism, you lose sight again of your own argument of the functional activity of brain-substance. The moment you get away from the material, and come in contact with the spiritual, you begin to doubt the power of God. Your own admission makes man the largest and clearest image of God in all his works; and yet you call Christianity an Egotheism, because it claims that God came amongst us in the shape of a man.

"Bend your faith a little more in the direction of your scientific theology, and you will have less trouble with the Man-God of the Christian world. If the brain of the average man has the power, as you admit, and argue that it has, to collect and formulate into an individual substance or entity that which we call the mind, and that entity really is a part and parcel of God himself, then, by analogy, comparing the coarsest with the finest of human brains, where is the limit to God's power of making brain-substance fine enough to collect all his attributes within the compass of one human brain? The elephant and the humming-bird are made of the same material, yet the hum-

ming-bird's heart beats twenty times faster than the elephant's. The muscles of the humming-bird's wings contract, perhaps, five hundred times while the elephant's leg muscle contracts once. This little bird's wings flap so rapidly that they give out a musical note. This is the difference between fineness and coarseness. Railroad bars and watch-springs are made of the same material. One railroad bar made into hair-springs of the finest watches would sell for enough to build the Union Pacific Road. It is only a matter of fineness. The Australian savage and Sir Isaac Newton had brain-substance very much alike, and of the same material. The difference in their minds is mainly a matter of fineness or coarseness of brain-substance. Now, if Sir Isaac's brain could collect so much more of the Divine attributes than that of the savage, where is the limit of God's power to refine brain-substance? I take you on your own grounds—we will argue from the same standpoint, and let reason be the arbiter.

"We have the account of a man who, it is believed, had within himself every attribute of Almighty God. Knowing what we do about matter in its different states, I see no reason why, from your own point of view, the brain of Jesus Christ should not be fine enough to take in every attribute of the Deity, and make him God also. The same reasoning would make every man a demigod, and your thrust at Christian Egotheism and man's egotism loses its bitterness, and places man in his right relation with his Maker. If Henry Ward Beecher laid aside his reason when he accepted the Trinity, it was because he had not studied the mutual relations of matter and spirit, the interdependence of one upon the other in the manifestation of thought. You seem to be on the right track at times, but you stop short of the consequent of your own philosophy. If God can impart a portion of his attributes to man without detracting from Himself, why can He not impart all? Don't you see that your own philosophical deductions, carried to their ultimate conclusions, can make Christ God, and yet leave God intact, thereby making two Gods, and at the same time having only one? Take a familiar example from the mathematics as an illustration: No Divine Power can set aside the law that *all the angles of a triangle are equal to two*

right angles. This is a truth as eternal as God is eternal. It existed before the world was, and will exist to all eternity. It is absolutely impossible that in any portion of the universe, actual or possible, that this truth can be a falsehood. It is susceptible of demonstration to the satisfaction of all cultivated minds. No man ever did or ever will doubt this truth whose mind is sufficiently developed and cultivated to comprehend its proof. It was a truth before any human mind ever recognized it, and will remain a truth after every mind on this earth is possessed of it. It is one truth among thousands, and it is only one truth, but it exists in China as well as in America; in Ethiopia as well as in England. It is everywhere; still it is only one truth. You have it, but your neighbor has not. You give it to him, and then he has it, but that does not take it from you. You both have it; twenty, a hundred, a thousand men have it, still it is but one.

"God is no more a Material Being than truth is a material entity; then, why not two, three Gods: a million demigods, and yet but one God? Truth exists whether you know it or not; so with God. If it be desirable to know truth, it is equally desirable to know God. We can know Him a little just as we know a little truth. The Trinity is not a supernatural, unreasonable dogma, and is no more of a mystery than truth is a mystery. If we accept the one, why not accept the other? You must give up your theory of the functional activity of brain-substance, or else admit our Blessed Trinity.

"Having arrived at the Godhood of Christ by a process of reasoning similar to your own, your criticism of his teachings loses its acrimony and falls limp at your feet. Think over it, my friend, and let your reason look on both sides of every mooted question. I don't propose to preach you a sermon now. Perhaps, later on, I may have something to say about the ignorance of man and the folly of intellectual pride."

The schoolmaster's mind had gotten on a different line of thought. His materialism was becoming more thoroughly mixed with spiritualism. His Gargantuan mass of brain-substance was dwindling away into a Liliputian morsel. He was beginning to see that, in the realm of thought, quality had more weight than quantity. Sir Isaac's brain was but little larger

than that of the Australian savage. An ounce of watch-spring was no bigger than an ounce of railroad bar. The humming-bird was much smaller than the elephant. Gross matter had bulk, fine matter had strength. The ant could carry a stone larger than its body, and the flea could hop a hundred times its own length. If the savage brain represented one unit, and Newton's brain represented a thousand units, what might not the brain of Christ represent? The thought was appalling. Doubter that he was, he began to doubt his doubt. To the God of his conception he granted infinite power over all possible things. In the brains of animals and men he saw a finite series of energies for the development of the Divine attributes; why not an infinite series? If the brain of Jesus ended the series, and that series terminated nowhere, what right had he to criticise his work upon earth? As well might he criticise God for the cyclone and the earthquake, the storm and the shipwreck. His explanation of the origin of evil, by a maladroit movement in forging the chain of cause and effect, possibly, might have extended to the copying, the translating, and the interpretation of obscure passages in the Gospels, and left a misshapen link in his own mind which under a more careful manipulation of the reasoning powers might be straightened, polished, and set in harmony with the rest of the chain. This might be a possible condition, notwithstanding the inspiration of the writers, and the painstaking efforts of the copyists, the translators, and the interpreters. He admitted the gigantic power of error, and its exhaustless energy. His philosophy began to assume an ugly shape.

These reflections wound themselves in and out of the old man's mind after the traveler had ceased to talk. He did not say a word. They both got up and walked off into the fields and the woods. They viewed nature and talked about nature—the birds, the trees, the growing crops; and when they got tired, returned to the house, both of them in a good humor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

GOING TO CHURCH.

THE next day was Sunday, and the schoolmaster asked his friend if he would like to go to the "preachment," as he sometimes called it. The church building was but a short distance from the old man's residence, and the congregation, at that time, was presided over by an eminent divine who, in after years, became famous as the curé of the "Church of the Strangers" in New York City.

As an additional tribute to the memory of a real character, whose mode of thought is largely depicted in this book, I may quote from a popular Sunday magazine in which the writer said:

"Some years ago, among the churches to which the editor of this magazine ministered in North Carolina was one called 'Smith's Chapel.' It would seat about two hundred white and one hundred colored people, but in that climate a large part of the year a considerable portion of the congregation sat outside. The nearest house to this little chapel was the dwelling of a gentleman who was one of the most famous school-teachers in his native State. He was the college mate of James K. Polk, and the first time we ever saw him was when he had just completed a walk of fifty miles to meet his old college friend at the university.

"Mr. John G. Eliot got his middle initial from his resemblance to a ghost. He was usually known as 'Mr. Ghost Eliot.' Small, thin, washed out by multitudinous ablutions, built after the architectural design of an interrogation mark, with a disproportionately large head, the white hair on which was cropped to a length measured exactly by the thickness of the comb, he was a man whose appearance attracted attention everywhere. In some departments he was very learned, and his solid acquirements dominated his eccentricities and won for him the respect of a large class of citizens. He was what the colored people would call 'a powerful hearer of de Word.' Upon warm days he would walk into the meeting-house, throw his coat, if he had one, over the back of his seat, pull off his shoes to cool his understanding, and, propping his head against his left hand and supporting his left elbow with his right hand, he set himself to penetrate the speaker with augur eyes. The thing his soul most hated was nonsense. He had no kind of reverence. He would take up a slave or the Archbishop of Canterbury with equal patience, and by Socratic methods exhibit to him the ridiculousness of his errors.

"If within the reach of practicability, Mr. Ghost Eliot was always at any service this editor held within his range. There are readers of this magazine in North Carolina who, when they peruse this article, will recollect how sometimes, when an assertion had been roundly made by the preacher, Mr. Eliot would rise in his place and say, 'Doctor, what is supposed among theologians to be the proof of that?' or, 'Doctor, I have heard that circumstance stated quite differently,' or, 'Doctor, that statement of yours has been publicly denied in the papers.'

"There was no laughing. Mr. Eliot was the oracle of that neighborhood. There were boys about there whom his skeptical ideas had infected; there were people in that audience not to be surpassed in what is called 'a Boston audience'; and Joseph Cook never ran a severer gauntlet in the Athens of America than the young professor from the university ran in that chapel in the pine woods. No one laughed; every one listened; and if Mr. Eliot had frequently got the better of the preacher the preacher's occupation would have been gone.

"To this day we feel the healthy influence of the instantaneous criticism. To this day, in preaching every now and then, it occurs to us that somewhere in the church there may be a 'Ghost Eliot,' who does not 'speak out in meeting,' but carries the objection away in his soul. Would it not be better for men to speak out?"

They went to church, and the minister preached one of his soul-stirring sermons. With the eloquence peculiar to Deems, the preacher discoursed upon the folly of unbelief, and the discontent of philosophic serenity. Knowing his audience, he descanted as few can in the arena of metaphysical subtleties. He spoke of the human mind and its limitations, its powerlessness to grapple with the whole of truth. He admitted the greatness of man, but he drew a line when it came to God. Man was finite; God was infinite. A comparison between the two could not be made, yet the finite was the image of the infinite, and to get a faint idea of God a man must know himself. If a grain of sand could think, it might have a feeble conception of the earth; if a mustard seed had intelligence, it might conceive of the planet Jupiter. The sand is a miniature image of the earth, and the mustard seed, at least, has the form of Jupiter. The sand is not only an image, but it is a part of the earth, and whilst a part, it is a separate and individual part. So with man; if God has separated the civic ego from Himself, and made it an individual being, it is as much a

separate personality from God as the grain of sand is a separate thing from the earth. And, being a separate personality, and at the same time an uncompounded essence, it must remain forever the same individual ego, incapable of absorption into the fountain-head, indestructible, immortal.

Like the atom of matter, the civic ego may form combinations, but its individuality is never destroyed. States, governments, armies, corporations, societies, families, all, are homogeneous compounds of the heterogeneous hypostases. Personalities may be as widely different as the ultimate particles of matter, but in blending one with the other we see temporary organizations as unstable and as easily disintegrated as the combinations of matter.

Governments change, families run out, corporations melt away, and partnerships dissolve, but the basic intrinsicities of all these remain, because they are from God. The atom of spirit is as indestructible as the atom of matter. Through all the multitudinous changes, combinations, and disintegrations of the spiritual forces of this universe the civic ego remains intact; maintains its own individuality, defies time and change, and whether in one part of the realm of infinity or another, it is forever the one indestructible, unchangeable spark from the everlasting to the everlasting. Being made after the manner of God, a part of Himself, it is the offspring of God, and owes to Him obedience, reverence, and love. Separated from the Father, cast upon the sea of life without knowledge, without a guide, its business was to obey. Like a child without experience, it should not have asked for reasons; temptations should have been passed by, and with a steady eye upon the command of God, man should not have strayed from the path of duty, should not have listened to the voice of the tempter, should not have fallen from his high estate. But, alas! the temptation was irresistible, the fruit was pleasant to look upon, its taste was delightfully sweet; knowledge took the place of innocence, and bitterness seated itself in the soul. "What have I done?" said the man in his agony. "I will hide from God; I will deny his acquaintance; I will associate henceforth with devils." But the all-searching eye was upon him. The covering of fig leaves would not avail. He could not hide; neither

can you hide, my friend. God, in his loving mercy, took pity upon his erring child. He provided a remedy for the pain of disobedience. That remedy is offered you to-day. Take it and all will be well; reject it and suffer the consequences.

“For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

“What more can you ask?”

Deems always preached from his own pulpit at some particular person in his audience; hence, the one invariable directness of his aim and the penetrative quality of his messages. When preaching to a strange audience he preached at himself. Somebody was always hit. He wasted no ammunition shooting in the air with both eyes shut. To-day he preached at the schoolmaster. Everybody understood it. Mr. Eliot did not speak out in meeting; but his eyes were moist. At the close of the sermon he met the preacher and introduced his friend. He spoke of him as a profound scholar, a brilliant talker, a good listener and, above all, as an humble Christian. The preacher shook his hand with the cordiality of a brother, and complimented him on the opportunity he had of knowing a rare character. The traveler said but little, yet his eye, his countenance, his actions showed the interest he took in his friend, and the profound regard he had for the ministerial calling. The rumor went round that he was a new preacher from a foreign land, and that Mr. Eliot had become much interested in the gospel-story as set forth by the stranger. There had been some talk in the neighborhood about the visitor at the schoolmaster's house prior to this Sunday meeting. His track had been seen in the road, and much gossip had passed between neighbors as to who and what he was. Some said he was a shipwrecked sailor for whom the “Old Ghost” had provided a temporary home; others, that he was a college professor making a tour of the schools. Some of the evil-minded said he was an escaped convict, and thought Mr. “Ellet,” as they called the schoolmaster, ought to be prosecuted for harboring a criminal. Such is the covinous spirit of man, that even some of the good people of the community began to speak harshly of the “Ghost” and

his *protégé*. But after this meeting the discovery was suddenly made that the stranger was a gospel missionary—an itinerant evangelist of high repute, who had been sent to look into the spiritual condition of the noted infidel. A few days afterward the report went far and wide that Mr. Eliot's preacher, as they now called him, would preach at "Smith's Chapel" at the next monthly meeting. Nothing else was talked of. Most extravagant stories went out, as much in his favor as before against him. Visitors called, and messengers came to ask if he intended to preach at the next regular appointment. It was a leisure time of the year, the crops had been laid by, visiting was in order, and the spirit of gossip ran riot in the community. Old church members were excited, young converts were enthusiastic, and sinners troubled. Each family wanted to see its neighbors and discuss the new sensation. For three weeks the public roads and bypaths were lined with vehicles and pedestrians, all seeking vent to their pent-up excitement. As the day approached for the next meeting at the "Chapel" the rosy-cheeked girls and sunburnt boys vied with each other in their determination to look their best in the flimsy finery of the season. All was a flutter, a suspense, an expectation. The older people joined in the enthusiasm and laid plans by which all could get to the church. In the meantime the schoolmaster and his friend remained at home. All the exercise they took was their morning and evening walks. They were engaged in a further study of man and his motives.

CHAPTER XXV.

STARTING IN LIFE.

THE weather was hot, and after an early breakfast on Monday morning following the Sunday meeting at the "Chapel," Mr. Eliot and his friend started off on their morning walk. The schoolmaster had thought a good deal about Deems' sermon of the day before, and had made up his mind to investigate more thoroughly the doctrine of Christian revelation; but this morning his mind had dropped back into the old rut of secular philosophy, and, remembering that he had left the youth upon the verge of manhood, or at that intermediate stage between youth and manhood where the individual is a mere cipher in the body politic, he commenced abruptly, as if they had just been discussing the subject, by saying: "If any period of life is more menacing than another to the character, happiness, and usefulness of the individual, it is that uncertain length of time between graduation, or what is called a finished education, and the establishment of one's self in business. Youth is bade adieu with less regret than boyhood, for youth has never yet been a period of felicity in the growth of man, and notwithstanding the dark midnight of manhood is now to be traversed with a feeble and flickering light—the light of inexperience—it is a welcome deliverance from the thralldom of juniority. With hope as a beckoning signal, with prudence as a guide, and with ambition for a goad to exertion, the young man of average intelligence will soon be on the highway of life; and, barring fatalities, he will be numbered with the thousands of respectable, commonplace human units which continually recruit the great army of civilized life. These men live and die, and make no impression upon the body politic save as additions to its bulk. They are what they are from the smooth and even causes of tranquil nature, and they act as ballast to the Ship of State on the stormy seas of active life.

"If we investigate the causes which serve to make up this class, we shall find them the same that operate to make heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and other extraordinary characters; but these causes are so evenly balanced in the formation of the

ordinary individual that, from want of some cogent feeling impelling him to carry reflection into action, knowing what he ought to do, he still does nothing. Like a sluggish stream, his life current flows placidly along without a ripple or an eddy, serving its useful purpose without flood or tide, and at last arriving at that port where caste is broken, where beggar and king have no distinction. Men of great reasoning powers are notoriously oftentimes incapacitated thereby from energetic action; they balance reasons so nicely that no one of them outweighs another; think so precisely over the event that they can come to no decision. With them, as with Hamlet, meditation paralyzes action. On the other hand, in the case of extraordinary individuals, one or more of these same causes so overbalance the others as to drive that particular person into determinations and actions which give him a name amongst men. Thus, the vaulting ambition of Napoleon set him above all men in the rôle of self-aggrandizement. The religious enthusiasm of Peter the Hermit enabled him to set on fire the heart of all Europe, to the destruction of millions, in what would now be considered a piece of absolute folly. The desire for wealth dominating all other feelings enables some men to accumulate princely fortunes; the love of knowledge goads others to efforts in the line of mental culture, which not infrequently end in calenture of the brain. The love of adventure drives some men to the North Pole, and others to the heart of Africa. The inventive faculty being strongest in others, brings forth Edisons, Morses, Howes, and Whitneys. And so it is with surroundings, opportunities, and times.

"Our own Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Lee are heroes by force of time, circumstance, and opportunity; but something within himself made Jackson the idol of his followers and the terror of his opponents. Burns was a poet in spite of the plow, and as the coulter turned the sod and crashed through the 'wee bit housie,' one of the finest sentiments ever engendered in the heart of man was evolved by this incident. The great cause here was innate, born into the man, and he—the 'bard of passion and mirth'—was simply an effect, as helpless under the stimulus of the causes which produced him as the shipwreck is the effect of the storm, or that death is the effect

of disease. 'Perhaps no poet ever more truly sang "because he must" than Burns.' Cause and effect is the unexceptionable law of the universe, and it works in man and his motives, his will and his actions, as invariably as it works in the machine or the tidal wave. It is folly to speak of a man as self-made. No matter who, when, or where he may be, the individual and everything connected with his personality are effects. Something or many things antedating him, working in harmony or discord, evolve the man, and the man is the product of this something or these many things. Theologians admit that God himself is a necessary Being, and being without cause, he is independent of cause and therefore free; but no caused being can possibly be free, for that would make him independent of cause and self-existent.

"As illustrative of this homely philosophy, we will take the young doctor at the bedside of his first patient. We will grant him an active mind, thoroughly cultivated, drilled in all the technicalities of that pretended science; a thorough anatomist, a master of physiology, knowing the nature of drugs and their therapeutic application, versed in toxicology, with all the rules of diagnosis at the tip of his tongue, a bacteriologist who can distinguish the germ of typhoid from yellow fever; with his diploma, his State license, his medicine chest, and self-confidence. We will send him into the bedroom of a young mother with a squalling, kicking, sniveling three months' old infant in her lap, into whose ear she has exhausted the vocabulary of baby talk, and with tears in her own eyes she has decided that of all mothers she is the most wretched. 'Oh, doctor,' she says, 'please do something for my baby. I know he is going to die. He has colic or appendicitis or something. I believe he is going to have a fit. Is it brain fever? Look at his eyes; he won't nurse—dreadful—he is all swelling up. Do, for heaven's sake, do something for him.' And the young doctor, full of himself, full of theories, full of what he conceives to be the science, if not the art of healing, endeavors to get in a word, but the wails of the mother and the yells of the youngster make his questions inaudible and unintelligible. In the din and confusion he is about to ransack his medicine case for a drug, but fortunately for the child, just at this moment an old neighbor-

hood woman walks in, and, with the intuition of experience, takes the infant on her lap and begins to undress it. As a fastening to an undergarment she finds a misdirected pin making savage jabs into the delicate flesh of the unfortunate babe. Here is cause and here is effect, the same as in the case of the old woman and the young doctor. Experience was the cause which enabled the old woman to find the pin, and ignorance or want of experience was the cause which made a fool of the doctor and played havoc with the mother's peace. Is the doctor free to cure disease? Just as free as the wild bird is to fly; but the bird must have wings, and the doctor must have knowledge and experience.

"Success or failure in life is just as dependent upon cause as this infant's pain was dependent upon the prick of a pin; but to ferret out cause is beyond the ken of man. If we could know causes, we could determine effects, and that man who has the greatest insight into cause has the most power to direct events.

"'Knowledge is power.' This trite saying is applicable to every event of life, even the minutest; but to make it effectual in the avoidance of error, it would include omniscience, and that would be destructive to man. Ignorance, then, is not the unmitigated evil; error is not the sole bane of human life. But for these two there could be no progress, no advancement in civilization, no evolution in the scale of being. The incentive to exertion is that something is lacking—that we want something which we have not. One of the greatest needs of life is knowledge, but not all knowledge; another great need is money, but not all the money. A part only is suited to the finite creature; all, solely, belongs to the Infinite—to God. If each and every one possessed unlimited knowledge, and had an unlimited amount of money, neither knowledge nor money would have any value.

"'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise' is another saying as true as the pet aphorism of Bacon. Many things it is better never to know, but all attainable and all useful knowledge should be sought by every one. A recent tragical incident or accident which caused the death of one man, the injury of several others, and great destruction of property, was caused by the ignorance of a boy whose curiosity to see a locomotive

flatten a spike tempted him to place it on the railroad track. If the boy had understood a few of the simplest laws of natural philosophy he could have had his spike flattened with no result except a slight jar to the locomotive. But, ignorant of the law of bodies in motion, by a mere chance, he placed the spike on the off rail, with the result of throwing the engine from the track and killing the engineer. Not knowing that bodies in motion move in a straight line forever until interrupted by some other force, and not knowing that railroad cars turn a curve by lengthening the periphery of the outside wheel and shortening that of the inside, thus enabling the off wheel to circle a greater curve in the same time that the inside wheel travels a shorter curve, and thereby enabling them to keep up with one another; and not knowing that the moment contact between the wheel and rail was interrupted by the spike, the increased length of the periphery of the off wheel was reduced to the length of that of the inside wheel, thereby destroying the force which kept the engine from going in a straight line, the result was, that when the off wheel fell from the rebound given by the spike it missed the track and the engine was ditched. Had he known that every car wheel is beveled on its face, and that this bevel enables the car to turn a curve by increasing the diameter of the outside wheel, and the sole power to turn a curve lies in that increased diameter, and the moment contact with the rail is interrupted the virtue of that increased diameter is destroyed, and had he been still determined to have the spike flattened, he would have placed it on the inside rail of the curve. But had he known all this he would not have risked the spike at all. And so with the young doctor: had his knowledge and experience extended to the possibility of a stray pin causing the child's pain and the mother's distress, he would have searched for cause instead of thinking to counteract effect by inefficient and dangerous means. So it is in every department of life; ignorance is the chief cause of failure, of accident, of crime even. Suppose men could see the final outcome of evil actions—of sin—would they commit it?

“But, again, imagine a world without sin! According to Christian philosophy, without sin there would be no repentance, and without repentance there could be no rejoicing in heaven. Is this celestial abode of the Christian the reflected

image of human ignorance, or is it a tenancy—the effect of sin—as its formal cause? In a previous conversation you admitted that it was impossible for your mind to conceive of an effect without a cause. Now, if heaven is not self-existent, it is caused. If caused, and has existence, *i. e.*, if it be a real place, it is the effect of at least two causes—an efficient and a final cause. Christian theology teaches that the final cause of heaven is a place of abode for human beings after life on this earth is ended; for the Savior said: ‘I go to prepare a place for you.’ It is evident from this that although the place may have been in existence, it was in no condition for regenerated souls; it had at least to be prepared—refurnished, perhaps—cleaned up, it may be—who knows?

“The next question is, Who gets there? A great deal of rancor exists over this question, and especially amongst those who are surest of heaven. From the Christian evidence, a logical argument will make the answer easy. Take the last link in the chain of cause and effect, which is your arrival inside the Golden Gates, and follow it back link by link to your advent into this world, and you will find your seat in heaven to be the effect of forgiveness, and forgiveness the effect of repentance, and repentance the effect of sin, and sin the effect of ignorance, and ignorance? The self-evident *minus quantity* with which you entered the world. The chain is complete, the goal is sure, *universal salvation is the fiat of Almighty God.*”

Here the traveler felt a shock, as if he had been struck. Where the blow came from he could not tell. He stopped still in the road. They stood face to face arguing.

“Your chain,” he continued, “has a spurious link. In your argument, repentance is bound to sin by a thread. You must forge another link before it will hold. Between sin and repentance comes conscience. Conviction of sin must necessarily precede repentance, for no man can repent unless he has something to repent of. Repentance, therefore, is not the immediate effect of sin. Conscience is the next link in the chain which prepares the sinner for heaven.”

“You tie the chain in a knot,” replied the teacher, “by substituting cause for effect. If any faculty of the soul is with-

out cause, that faculty is conscience. Wherever mentioned, and by whomsoever quoted, it is represented as cause. It is never spoken of as effect, and the different opinions concerning it show that it is not to be relied upon. Cruden, even, says:

“The conscience also, even of the best, is now and then erroneous and doubtful.”

“It is not a link in the chain; it is an outside cause. It parallels Elihu in the council of Job’s comforters, and should be treated as Elihu was treated. It is an interloper—a disturber of the peace—it knows too much. George Eliot said:

“Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.”

“In *The Giaour* it is represented as cause:

“Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!”

“Milton called it ‘The hell within him,’ and said:

“Let his tormentor, conscience, find him out.”

“Ovid said:

“Despotic conscience rules our hopes and fears.”

“Washington called it

“That little spark of celestial fire.”

“Shakespeare said:

“Conscience is a blushing and shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man’s bosom; it fills one full of obstacles.”

“Goldsmith said:

“Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.”

“In Richard III.:

“Conscience is a word that cowards use, devised at first to keep the strong in awe.”

“Byron wrote:

“Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man’s conscience is the oracle of God.”

"James McCosh says, in the *Princeton Review*:

"Regarding God as having produced the original germ and guiding and guarding the evolution of it, we may surely regard the conscience as possessing not only original but hereditary authority, as the vicegerent of God, and speaking to us in the name of him who has been our Maker and is our Governor and is to be our Judge."

"They all represent it as cause, and you say, 'No man can repent unless he has something to repent of'; thus intimating that conscience is the cause of repentance. Now, suppose the conscience to be good, can a good conscience cause repentance?"

"It is the accusing conscience," replied the traveler, "that causes repentance."

Teacher.—Then, without conscience, repentance would be impossible?

Traveler.—With a good conscience, repentance is unnecessary, and without a bad conscience or an upbraiding conscience, repentance is impossible.

"Very well, then," replied the teacher. "Do away with conscience altogether, either by force of reason, or, if that be impracticable, by continuing to sin until that officious monitor is seared or silenced, and the sinner will revert to absolute holiness; for his accuser is hushed and he cannot be convicted."

"I don't very well see that," replied the traveler.

Teacher.—Here, don't you see that conviction of sin is a self-conscious act in the soul of the sinner—that nothing can make the sinner conscious of sin except his own conscience?

Traveler.—I admit that a man's conscience is the monitor that tells him he is a sinner, and convinces him of his sinful state.

Teacher.—Then, without conscience the sinner could not recognize his sin, and he would have no accuser.

"Even in that case," replied the traveler, "he would none the less be a sinner."

"How," asked the teacher, "can sin exist where there is no possible means of recognizing it? To the blind man light has no existence, and to the deaf, sound is nothing. I admit that, to the man with a conscience, sin is a reality, just as light is a percept to the man with eyes; but light and sound cannot

affect the blind and deaf; neither can sin affect the man who has no conscience. Conscience, then, by the clearest logic is not only the cause of repentance, as you admit, but *is the cause of sin.*"

Here the traveler turned on his heel and walked off. For a moment he was stupefied. How could he argue with a man who trampled in the dirt his most sacred convictions? His own conscience had been upbraiding him for twenty centuries, and now to have it thrust upon him as the cause of all his misery was too much!

Was it possible that he was carrying in his bosom an undying worm? Could it be that the cause of his pain was being nurtured in his own soul? Rid of his conscience, would he be free? He had never thought of it in that light before. He had repented in sackcloth and ashes, yet he had not been forgiven. But his was an exceptional case. He would be free at the second coming of Christ; he would wait; he would bear his burden as best he might.

The schoolmaster walked along beside the traveler in silence. He had presented his side of the argument, and he was broad enough to respect the feelings and thought of his friend. He never insisted upon others adopting his views further than their own reason would convince them. He was tolerant even to the whims and prejudices of all mankind. Their conversation on this subject ended with their stop in the road, and they were now back at the house. They spent the balance of the morning in reading. After dinner the schoolmaster brought up the subject of matrimony, and like many others who have no experience in a certain line, thought he knew all about it. His views are given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARRIAGE.

INSTEAD of a languorous *siesta*, after the manner of a semitropic *lazzarone*, the postprandial diversion of these venerable schoolmen took place in the shade of a large oak tree in the center of the yard. Temperate in their habits, frugal in their diet, and free from the pernicious influence of that entire class of semidrugs so much indulged in by civilized man, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, wine, spices, and condiments of every kind, their bodies were cool and their minds clear. The mental hebetude incident to hot weather and epicurism was unknown to both of them. Their minds were as active on a sultry day as in the midst of frost, and just now, in the cool shade of the tree, their bodily rest was enhanced by the intensity of their mental activities. The schoolmaster opened the conversation in rather a dolorous vein, for he had been thinking much, in the forepart of the day, over his past life and the lonely condition of his declining years. He had asked himself many times before, "Why is it that I have never married?"

Had he made a proper introspection he would have seen, as Rondibilis, the physician, saw in the case of Panurge, that many causes are continuously in active operation as deterrents to wedlock; and the principal cause in the case of the schoolmaster was his studious habits, his nice balancing of reasons and his philosophical contemplations. "Nay," said the physician to Panurge, "in such a studiously musing person, you may espy so extravagant rapture of one, as it were out of himself, that all his natural faculties for that time will seem to be suspended from each their proper charge and office, and his exterior ceases to be at a stand. In a word, you cannot otherwise choose than think that he is, by an extraordinary ecstasy, quite transported out of what he was or should be; and that Socrates did not speak improperly when he said that 'philosophy was nothing else but a meditation upon death.' Therefore is it that Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, tutoress and guardiansess of such as are diligently studious and painfully industrious, is

and hath been still accounted a virgin. The *Muses*, upon the same consideration, are esteemed perpetual *Maids*; and the *Graces*, for like reason, have been held to continue in a sempiternal *pudicity*."

"For a number of years," began the teacher, "my constant thought was, that sooner or later, I would fall in love with some good woman, marry her, and raise a family of my own. I look back now at the golden opportunities neglected, the waste of moments precious in the life of every rational creature, and contemplate with horror the decrepitude of age, unrelieved by the sympathy of a solitary soul. It is a sad mistake for a man or a woman to neglect or refuse a partnership which, at its worst, is infinitely better than the solitariness of celibacy. The greatest regret of my life is that I never married."

His companion immediately took up the subject, and said: "I believe the universal rule in human experience is, that men and women who live to be old, and never marry, are sure to regret it."

"And, oftentimes," replied the teacher, "those who marry do the same thing."

"Yes," said the traveler, "regrets often follow marriage, but occasionally two people join themselves together and live a lifetime with no regrets for the step taken; while, on the other hand, there is, perhaps, not an instance in human experience where a man or woman living to old age, single, never experienced regret."

"If your postulate be true," replied the teacher, "it makes a very strong point in the argument for marriage, for where a certainty of regret overtakes the celibate, there is at least a possibility of no regret where the party marries."

"The possibility," said the traveler, "certainly overmatches the probability, but the probability of regretting the step comes so near obscuring the possibility that it is almost a game of chance which one shall outweigh the other."

"This brings me," replied the teacher, "to what I had in mind to say, and I am sure if men and women had to give reasons why they married, and especially why they joined themselves to that particular person, the answer would be as unin-

telligible to others as unsatisfactory to themselves. If it were possible for any effect to exist without cause, this marrying and giving in marriage would seem to be as causeless as the afflictions of Job by the hand of God. At the root of every marriage we can safely count on the one universal, essential and legal cause, without which marriage would be impossible; but this cause acts independently of marriage, and whilst marriage could not be consummated without it, the cause is not at all dependent upon marriage for its first-fruits, and would act the same if the institution had never been established. Sexual attraction is a law unto every creature that has life, and this law, in force as it now exists, makes the verbal command, 'Increase, multiply, and replenish the earth,' a mere lavishment of words. If the command had been the reverse of what it is, another crawling tempter would have entered the Eden of human delight and spoiled the romance of Platonic love.

"I look upon marriage as a social institution for the betterment of human conduct, and as it is still 'honorable in all,' perhaps it is the best solution of the sex problem. But to the query, Why do men and women marry?

"At the bottom of every courtship is a fool's paradise, an ideal Utopianism in which the young people dream and build castles, imagine all sorts of impossible conditions, look at one another through rose-colored lenses, and lust after an ideal, rather than an individual. No young man is in love with the girl he is courting, and no girl is in love with the man she calls sweetheart. Both are in love with their own ideals, and they are so blinded as to see that ideal in the person they hope to marry. Strip the imagination of this romance, and courtship and marriage would be reduced to a beastly passion. To simply join a man and woman together in a legal compact is not marriage in its essential feature. It may be lawful and respectable, but the very essence of marriage is love—blind, foolish, unreasonable love—love that will stand the test of time, circumstance, and conduct. This kind of love has no philosophy; it is not even on speaking terms with reason. It is a wound—a puncture from one of Cupid's arrows. It never heals; it festers and makes a running sore. Reason must take a

back seat at the marriage feast. Sentiment rules, or should rule, when the marriage bell peals its joyous note. Love, like the mole, is blind, and properly so, for neither can live in the light. Cupid is a mischievous god and loves fun. He is not a philosopher, and when the sage meets him in debate he is generally met with an argument like this: 'To argue with me is to contend with sport, and to make yourself disagreeable to society.'

"'There are other demons in our brotherhood more suited to the philosopher—Flagel, for instance; he is the soul of special pleading, and the spirit of the bar. He composes the rules of court, invented the law of libel, and that for the imprisonment of insolvent debtors; in short, he inspires pleaders, possesses barristers, and besets even the judges. It is he whose acquaintance the philosopher should seek. I am more useful to society; I am not a reasoner, I am the demiurge of voluptuousness, or, to express it more delicately, Cupid, the god of love; that being the name for which I am indebted to the poets, who, I must confess, have painted me in very flattering colors. They say I have golden wings, a fillet bound over my eyes; that I carry a bow in my hand, a quiver full of arrows on my shoulders, and have withal inexpressible beauty. I make absurd matches; I marry gray-beards with minors, masters with servants, and American heiresses with penniless European nobles. It is I who introduced into this world luxury, debauchery, games of chance, and chemistry. I am the author of the first cookery-book, the inventor of festivals, of dancing, music, plays, and the newest fashions.'

"This recital of Cupid may be taken for what it is worth, but in seeking the causes of marriage, we may not do better than accept it as truth; for the very nature of the compact precludes the possibility of making it amenable to reason.

"The love of Heloise for Abelard is the most striking instance of the power which the mischievous god can exert over the fairest and most intellectual of womankind. A thousand years ago, yet the French people of this day hold festivals and cantatas in honor of the unparalleled devotion of this gifted but ill-fated woman.

"The legal compact between these two victims of Cupid's aim, made void by the savage revenge of her uncle, had no healing balm for the wound inflicted. Haeckel's 'elective affinity' of two differing cells—the sperm-cell and the egg-cell—held no place in the undying affection of this martyred woman. In a case like this, 'supernatural' causation seems to mock every natural explanation. The imagination of Byron enabled him to crown Haidee with a circlet of orange blossoms, chaste and pure as the affection of Heloise for Abelard. This semisavage maiden, reared in the barbaric splendor of her island home; alone save a retinue of menials to do her bidding, educated in the simplicity of nature; with no teacher but nature's God; radiant, with the bloom of youth—but hold! Byron tells it better:

"Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which the sun
Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
Her person if allow'd at large to run;
And still they seem resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds when'er some zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

"Round her she made an atmosphere of life,
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft and beautiful, and rife
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.'

"This maiden, I say, pure and unsullied as Nature's God could make her, beholding Juan shipwrecked upon her island shore—half dead, beautiful, helpless, sick and friendless—she, in her mental and spiritual solitude, believing her father dead from his long absence, and craving the fruition of her in-born capacity, became the natural and easy prey of the love-god's pitiless shaft. The arrow went deep into her soul, the wound became septic and unhealable. A purer joining of flesh with flesh never went out from cathedral door than the plight-

ing of this young maiden's faith with that of her lover. Upon the return of her father, endeavoring to plead her cause, she said:

"'Oh! dearest father, in this agony
Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss
Thy garment's hem with transport, can it be
That doubt should mingle with my filial joy?
Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this boy.'

"And when the irreconcilable fury of old Lambro prompted him to rashness, her pleadings turned to defiance:

"'On me,' she cried, 'let death
Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal shore
He found—but sought not. I have pledged my faith:
I love him—I will die with him: I knew
Your nature's firmness—know your daughter's too.'

"And Haidee died the most touching, the most pathetic death ever conceived and recorded by man.

"Cupid is not overnice in his aim. The fairest victims are sometimes overlooked, while his arrow is sent into the heart of the bully, the coarse—the commonplace. None are so hard as to turn its course or blunt its point. Men cased in the shell of the armadillo are as vulnerable as the most delicate female. High, low, educated and ignorant, giant and dwarf, rich and poor, reformed and deformed, handsome and plain, all entering the Zodiacal light under the sign Sagittarius are liable to be hit.

"Samuel Johnson, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by the malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye; and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. His manners were eccentric; his grimaces, his gestures, his muttering sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. He was always boorish, and for a time in his early manhood his eccentricities savored of insanity. One day, in the presence of a coarse, buxom widow, old enough for his mother, the fickle

god took aim at Johnson's heart and the arrow transfixed both him and the widow. A marriage followed that was unaccountable from its incongruity, but it was sealed with the stamp of the Archer, and death itself was unable to break the compact. On her monument he placed an inscription extolling the charms of her person and her manners; and when, long after her decease, he had occasion to mention her, he exclaimed, with a tenderness half ludicrous, half pathetic, 'Pretty creature!'

"But Cupid does not draw his bow upon every courting couple. He often makes pretense to shoot, and instead of an arrow he hits with a puff-ball. These are marriages of convenience: mercenary, conventional espousals—not a making of flesh one flesh, and of bone one bone. The slight shock from the puff-ball disappears with the honeymoon, and the couples doubt being struck at all. These marriages are the patrons of the divorce courts, and abettors in the elopements of other people's wives and husbands. There are other so-called marriages in which Cupid has no hand—where the suitor works the problem out in his own mind, and concludes, from a mathematical calculation, that he has found his affinity; also, in the case of the strong-minded woman, who, ignoring the hints and promptings of the heart, boldly assails the marriage problem from the standpoint of reason and what she calls common sense. The trouble in these cases arises from the premises taken. Ignorance here will destroy the 'best laid schemes o' mice and men'—likewise of women. One prick from Cupid's arrow is worth all the philosophy, all the reason, and all the common sense that can be brought to bear on this subject. The trouble with philosophy, reason, and common sense, is it is impossible for them to get at the bottom facts. In seeking a life partner, the man, especially, starts out with two ideals in his mind—a mental or spiritual, and a physical ideal. A veil of conventionalities, impossible to penetrate, obscures the one, and an exposition of the other would become a *felo-de-se* to his ideal.

"Men and women recognizing the difficulties attending all marriages not guaranteed by the bend of Cupid's bow, have devised all manner of schemes to prevent or ameliorate the unhappiness and other evils attendant upon a mere secularizing of the marriage compact. The most *outré* and outrageous con-

ceptions have been put into practice. For thirty years, in Oneida County, New York, a most revolting experiment in stirpiculture was carried on by men and women of the highest intellect and culture. It failed because of its antagonism to nature and its moral nastiness. Polygamy is almost as old as the human race, and free-love is advocated now by blue-stocking women and depraved men. The *cicisbeo* was at one time as necessary to the Spanish and Italian married woman as her servants and her finery. Swift gives a lively account of the women of Laputa in their efforts to vary the monotony of a life of ease and luxury; for this is a country of philosophers, where everything is done according to science and mathematics. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat.

“In the description of his visit to the ‘Flying Island,’ upon which the king and his court reside, he makes Gulliver say:

“ ‘My first dinner consisted of two courses of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboid, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of a fiddle, sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

“ ‘The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and, although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversion of the metropolis; which they are not allowed to do without a particular license from the king; and this is not easy to be attained, because the people of quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had several children—is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the Island—went down to Lagado on the pretense of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose

company she was taken, much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

“These Laputians are not only philosophers and scientists, but they are proficient in sorcery and magic; and the legend is that Cupid made such havoc with their studies that a celebrated magician was employed by the government to catch and seal the mischievous chap up in a bottle, and cast him into the sea.’

“Floating round with the waves for months and years, the bottle, at last, was washed ashore upon the coast of Spain. LeSage tells, in *Asmodeus*, how a student of *Alcalda* set him free by breaking the bottle, and since then Cupid has given the Laputian coast a wide berth; hence, the disaffection of the women, who, everywhere and in every clime, prefer love to science and philosophy.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

DIVORCE.

It was getting time for their evening walk, and after this serio-comic discription of the marriage problem had quieted the schoolmaster's nerves and settled his dinner, he became impatient for that regular exercise which had, for so many years, contributed to his physical health and promoted the vigor of his active brain. His companion was always ready for a move, and, as it were, by mutual consent, without the trouble of a suggestion even, they both abandoned their seats under the shade and quietly strolled down the road.

The teacher had been in a repentant mood most of the day. Whenever he seriously considered his unwarrantable neglect of one of the most important duties and privileges of man, and found that time had made it impossible for him to reform, he quieted his conscience by swallowing a small dose of repentance. This, in his estimation, was only a placebo, but it was better than nothing, for the wisest physician is not willing to quietly fold his hands and say, "Nothing more can be done." To get his thoughts a little off from what he now considered the great error of his life, he introduced the subject of divorce, and said:

"Few social questions are surrounded with greater difficulty than this. In Roman law marriage was regarded as a voluntary union which might be terminated at any time by consent of the parties. No legal process was required, and until the time of Justinian divorce by consent of both parties does not appear to have been subject to any restriction. Divorce by the husband against the wish of his wife was a power much more likely to be abused than that of dissolving marriage by mutual consent; and yet, although the legal right was recognized, it is said not to have been acted on for a period of five hundred years. Harshness in the exercise of the power was condemned by public opinion, and sometimes punished by the authority of censors. L. Antonius, a senator, was expelled from the senate for a harsh divorce of a young wife. The effect of the spread of Christianity was to reinvest marriage with the religious character from which, in the later law of Rome, it

had completely escaped. At a still later period Justinian enacted that persons dissolving a marriage by mutual consent should forfeit all their property and be confined for life to a monastery, which was to receive a third of the forfeited property, the remaining two-thirds going to the children of the marriage. This severity, so much at variance with the Roman spirit, indicates the growing power of the clergy. These prohibitions were repealed in the next reign. It is a remarkable illustration of the Roman view of marriage that, in view of what must have been the great social evil of capricious divorce, the right of either party to dissolve the marriage was never successfully questioned. From the pure Roman to the canon law, the change is great indeed. The ceremony becomes sacred, the tie indissoluble. Those whom God has joined, let no man put asunder, was the first text of the new law of marriage, and against such a prohibition social convenience and experience pleaded in vain. To this day there is a kind of social ostracism in the minds of the great majority of Christian people toward those who take advantage of the divorce courts. Holding marriage to be a divine institution, they repudiate the right of men and women to sever, by legal process, a union sealed by divine ordinance and made indissoluble by religious authority. Here, in my opinion, has originated the great cause of divorce.

"That principle of resistance which alone makes it possible to live in this world is roused into action by every restraint, whether it be for good or evil. Where the least restraint is, there we find the least resistance. The principle is worldwide, and applies equally to the physical and spiritual forces throughout the whole creation. Tell a man, a woman or a child not to do a certain thing, and the first impulse is to do that very thing. If our first parents' attention had never been called to the forbidden fruit, the probability is it would have escaped their notice; but the moment they were told not to touch it, and threatened with death if they did, and especially after being assured that no penalty would follow, but, instead, they would become wise, human nature would have been at fault had they not yielded. The only regret with me is that they had not eaten more for my benefit!

"This myth only illustrates the universal principle of resistance, which is essential to the preservation of life. In addition to the stirring up of this principle, the conviction that wedlock is indissoluble holds out the strongest of all temptations to the perverse; they indulge without restraint in acrimony, and all the little tyrannies of domestic life, when they know that their victim is without appeal. If this connection were put on a rational basis, each would be assured that habitual ill-temper would terminate in separation, and would check this vicious and dangerous propensity.

"A system could not have well been devised more studiously hostile to human happiness than our present marriage system."

The traveler had been quietly listening to this ascription of cause and proposal of remedy for an evil which had defied every conception of man for its alleviation, and he chuckled inwardly as he reflected on that transcendentalism which, in its depreciation of experience, loses sight of the relation which facts and phenomena sustain to principles. It amused him to see with what fluency a man could discourse upon a subject with which he had no experience.

"If it be true," he said, "that the heart of man naturally delights in liberty, and hates everything to which it is confined, it is also true that the heart of man naturally submits to necessity, and soon loses an inclination, when there appears an absolute impossibility of gratifying it. How many frivolous quarrels and disgusts are there, which people of common prudence endeavor to forget, when they lie under a necessity of passing their lives together, but which would soon be inflamed into the most deadly hatred were they pursued to the utmost, under the prospect of an early separation? We must consider that nothing is more dangerous than to unite two persons so closely in all their interests and concerns, as man and wife, without rendering the union entire and total. The least possibility of a separate interest must be the source of endless quarrels and suspicions. The wife, not secure of her establishment, will still be driving some separate end or project; and the husband's, being accompanied with more power, may be still more dangerous."

"Your remarks," replied the teacher, "would seem to ignore the very essence of marriage, and expunge from the compact the only halter worthy of being worn by man and wife. If the nuptial tie is to be severed by every petty annoyance of life, then let it snap at once; or, better still, never enter into it. Indissoluble marriage, instead of reconciling men and women to the matrimonial yoke, is the direct means of causing unsuitable, incompatible, and unhappy marriages, and causes more separations, more bickerings, and more conjugal infelicities than all other causes put together. If divorce was absolutely free, at the will of either party and without legal process, it would remove the cause of divorce by making the matrimonial compact as difficult to enter into as it is now difficult to get out of. Facility of marriage makes desire for divorce. Man naturally values a possession according to the difficulty of obtaining it. If the young wife knew that her happiness depended entirely upon the love of her husband, she would be more solicitous of the love-god's wound. She would nurse it faithfully; she would see that it never healed; she would study his whims and caprices, his likes and his dislikes. She would be as polite to him as she is to her neighbors and her servants, and would make her home so pleasant that clubs and street gatherings would be left to bachelors and widowers. The young woman, before her marriage, would cultivate those graces which would insure an unhealable wound in the heart of her suitor, and instead of the poutings and jealousies which excite in her lover a sense of mortification and regret, she would endeavor to show him that she is a prize worth winning. She would not criticise, she would study him; she would never say, in her heart, after an imaginary slight or unthinking remissness on his part, 'Never mind! when I get *that knot tied* I will make you pay for this.' She would be hard to get, and would be valued accordingly. This is the best means of ruling a husband.

"I admit that it is possible for some wives to bring their husbands into subjection by force, but ever afterward her respect is gone, and her love is changed into pity and contempt. He obeys because his spirit is broken, and he buys peace at the price of manhood. Love is dead on both sides

and the marriage is turned into a legalized concubinage. Divorce is vastly preferable to a case like this.

The traveler, remembering his own unhappy matrimonial experience, and numbering it amongst the many causes of his past and present afflictions, had but little heart to contend for the divine origin of the compact. "But," said he, "if divorce was made absolutely free at the will of either or both parties, a certain number of men and women would make a traffic of marriage, and with them the institution would become a legalized prostitution."

"To prevent such an abuse of privilege," replied the teacher, "I would limit the license to the repair of mistake only, and after one honest effort to mitigate the evil of a first blunder, I would put a stop absolutely to such libertinism by attaching a penalty sufficiently harsh as to deter all such people. For the first offense I would confine the culprit in State's Prison, at hard labor, for a period of ten years, and for the second I would double the time and make it unpardonable."

Here they met a boy on horseback who seemed to be much in a hurry, for he was galloping along posthaste apparently unconscious of the possibility of any other person being on the road, until he suddenly came to a halt at the side of the schoolmaster, who got a dab of mud in the face from the sudden stop of the horse. "Howdy, Mr. Ellet," said the boy; "me gran'sur sont me over to 'no' ef it ar a fac' dat de noo preecher is er guine ter preech at de chap'l nex' rig'ler meetin'-day, an' ef he guine ter lecture on de sin ob igner'nice as da sa he is: me gran'sur wants ter 'no'."

This was a very ignorant boy who lived with an old ignoramus of a grandfather—his own parents being dead. Mr. Eliot had often tried to persuade the old man to send the boy to school, but he had contended that education was of no use, as "book-larnin" had spoilt many a good farmer to make a poor preacher or a shiftless schoolmaster—in proof of which he affirmed that a three-rail fence would keep "The Ghost" out of his own field for a whole year.

"Sammie" (the boy's name was Sam Patch), "tell your grandfather to come out to the chapel and hear what can be

said on the subject of ignorance, and perhaps he may be induced to send you to school; and you come too, for we expect a treat that day."

"Thankee," Sammie said, and with a quizzical glance at the stranger he galloped off. Mr. Eliot waved his hand at the boy, when he and his friend turned round and walked back to the house.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RAISING A FAMILY.

IT WAS near sunset when Mr. Eliot and his friend got back to the house, and both of them being prudent in their habits and abstemious in their diet, decided to forego supper this evening, and spend the remaining hours before retiring in the simple and rational pleasure of conversation.

The night was calm and warm, the sky cloudless and the moon bright and silvery. The solitude of a bachelor's country home, rendered more lonely by the occasional hoot of the owl and the chuck-wills-widow of the Carolina goat-sucker, was eminently suited to philosophic contemplations or the reveries of Persian castle-building. In either line, the school-master was "neither lag nor lame," but on this particular evening he was eager to debate a subject in which he was much interested, but of which he had little experience. It is true that he had been thrown with children all his life, but his authority over them had been confined to the schoolroom, and while he had discovered many defects in the home training, it is doubtful whether his plans would eliminate the evils which the combined experience of mankind had failed to cure. With his wonted appeal to judgment and reason, he opened the conversation by saying: "The young man has now arrived at the most important stage of his worldly existence, and if failure overtakes him here, his career had better never have begun. But we will assume that he is an average success, and discuss the causes, motives, influences, and surroundings which contribute to the most important end in life.

"That the family relation is the most normal condition possible for the human being, is the testimony of the accumulated experience of all men, and when two young people form a partnership which brings them so near to a *oneness* as that of marriage, they have started out with the best possible prospect of fulfilling the requirements of nature, and of bringing happiness to themselves. The family necessitates the home, and the home makes the State. A man may manage to get along without a home, but that woman does not exist, whether married or

single, whose greatest craving is not centered upon a home of her own. Homeless, she is like a ship without a rudder, and the older she gets the more she is buffeted by the storms of life. 'Home, sweet home' is an angel song in the ears of every woman.

"Settled in their own home, the young man and woman have entered upon their real life-work, and the change is so great that a new existence appears to have been entered into. The change for the woman is more radical than for the man, and this is strictly in accordance with the physical and mental evolution of her organization. From a maid, she becomes a matron, and with this change she becomes almost a different creature. Her life is centered upon new objects, new aspirations, new hopes. Like the vine, she begins to twine around her support, and her life, for the nonce, is centered upon the one object—her husband. Love, in all its lavishment, is her dowry, and she is as happy as her nature will admit of. To please him is her greatest enjoyment, and to help him is her highest ambition.

"He returns her affection, and the recording angel smiles—sometimes with a cynical smile—as the 'Book of Life' is opened and a new account entered. The account grows as the family grows, and the debit and credit sides each have long columns to add up at the close of life.

"With the first baby a new factor enters the domestic household to make a more radical change in the thoughts, actions, and aspirations of both parents. Life has been transmitted, and they see a reproduction of themselves. Pleasure begins anew in a current never before experienced, and a murky stream of trouble flows beside the enchanted brook. It is the finest baby that ever came into the world and the only one.

" 'A charming, little, tiddy, iddy, bit of mother's bliss!
A tiny toddles, sweet as flowers of Spring!
A precious popsy wopsy—give its mammy, den, a kiss;
A pretty, darling, itsy, witsy t'ing!"

"The language spoken between mother and babe is neither translatable nor subject to any rules of syntax, but is truly 'Conscience viewed as the internal repository of the laws of right'—a veritable *Synteresis*, in which philosophy can take no part. It is here that the mother gets recompense for the pains

of maternity, and this dowry she can no more divide than she can divide the cost of obtaining it. It is her right and her dower, with which no man can interfere, and from which the father can only turn away with a smile. It is the universal *Volapük*, understood by mothers and babes alone. The 'goo-goo,' the crow, the smile of the infant, as the mother tosses, and tickles, and shakes, and 'boo-boos' into the eyes, the mouth, and ears of her own precious darling—this unpronounceable, untranslatable 'baby-talk' is the joint tenancy of motherhood and infancy. It belongs to no other phase of life, and it terminates as it began, only as an episode in the evolution of human existence.

"Very soon a different line of forces begins to invade the home, and the young couple are beset with temptations they never dreamed of before; and to combat the evils and promote the good which so mingle in the family where children are to be raised, taxes the moral and physical powers of both mother and father to their uttermost. The children are to be fed, clothed, and educated—a task Herculean—yet entered into without a thought of its difficulties. Each one seeks the best means at his command, and ever after believes his plan the best. It is a sad comment upon the spirit of truth to see with what diversity of thought, feeling, and action men and women arrive at the coveted goal. The old question of Pilate may well come in here: 'What is truth?' As regards the rearing of children, mothers and fathers are ever ready to assume the divine prerogative, and say, 'I am the truth!'

"The poor man, with ambition to succeed, feels that truth lies at the end of a hard day's labor, and with this thought his little children are encouraged, and coaxed, and oftentimes driven to physical exertion which ends in the dwarfage of both body and soul. This thralldom leaves an indelible stain upon the mind, and men so reared remember with horror their early life, and ever afterward look for truth in the opposite direction. The rich man, with ambition for his children's welfare, too frequently sees truth at the terminal end of his bag of gold, and with the mistaken idea of the power of money, lavishes *that* with all its attendant evils. Others get it into their heads that

what is popularly called education is the *summun bonum* in human life, and sacrifice all their energies to the realization of this doubtful good. As a financial measure, time and money spent in the acquisition of book learning is the poorest of all investments. The college-bred man has a poor chance of employment—not on account of competition—but because of the small demand for his goods. The professional man is in demand, but competition makes success very doubtful. Education is the evil star which lures to destruction many a frail craft sailing on the foggy waters of ignorance. Like many other costly acquisitions, it is valued most by those who have the least.”

Traveler (with a humorous twinkle in his eye).—“I am surprised at you, my friend. You are veering away from your established principles, and making concessions that, carried out, as you carry out all your conclusions, would envelop your whole system of philosophy in a cloud of Cimmerian darkness. You either reason falsely or you attempt to erect a solid structure upon a bed of sand. Is it possible that your loadstar has developed into an *ignis fatuus*? Was Bacon mistaken when he said: ‘Knowledge is power’—or, as Festus said to Paul:

“‘Art thou beside thyself—hath much learning made thee mad?’”

“Indeed,” replied the teacher, “I am not mad, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.

“Knowledge *is* power, whether Bacon said so or not. The trouble with me is the want of it. Ignorance is power, and it was this ignorance of the real value of book learning which caused me to offer sacrifice at the altar of that false god. I know better now, but the knowledge came too late for my best interests. This is why I would caution parents against pushing their children too hard at school.

“‘There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death.’

“Nothing more forcibly exhibits the wisdom of Solomon than this commonplace mot. After getting all the knowledge we can, the amount is so small that we feel ashamed of the time and toil expended in the effort.

"If a man wants to know how little he knows, let him write a composition on any subject he may choose, and if he wishes to know how much his neighbors know, let him ask them for information. Knowledge is a pitiless master, a siren song that lures to destruction. The fruit of the tree, though sweet to the taste, is indigestible, and leaves a mental dyspepsia which nothing but the waters of *Lethe* can heal. Let us leave the subject. I am heartily sick of the treadmill that turns out knowledge in such grudging morsels, and holds in store such mountains of ignorance."

Traveler (seriously).—"The greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge—for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction—and seldom sincerely to give a true account of these gifts of reason to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon—and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and a relief of men's estate.

"Christ does not represent heaven as a college for the learned; therefore, the rules of the Celestial Legislator are rendered as clear to the simplest understanding as to the deepest. And let me here, my friend, invite you to observe that He who knew most of our human hearts and our immortal destinies did not insist on this intellectual culture as essential to the virtues that form our well-being here, and conduce to our salvation hereafter. Had it been essential, the All-wise One would not have elected humble fishermen for the teachers of His doctrine, instead of culling His disciples from Roman portico or Athenian academe. That which Plato and Zeno, Pythagoras and Socrates, could not do, was done by men whose ignorance would have been a byword in the schools of the Greek. The gods of the vulgar were dethroned; the face of the world was changed! This

thought may make us allow, indeed, that there are agencies more powerful than mere knowledge, and ask, after all, what is the mission which knowledge should achieve?

"The Sacred Book tells us even that; for after establishing the truth that, for the multitude, knowledge is not essential to happiness and good, it accords still to knowledge its sublime part in the revelation prepared and announced. When an instrument of more than ordinary intelligence was required for a purpose divine, when the Gospel, recorded by the simple, was to be explained by the acute, enforced by the energetic, carried home to the doubts of the Gentile, the Supreme Will joined to the Zeal of the earlier apostles the learning and genius of St. Paul—not holier than the others—calling himself the least, yet laboring more abundantly than them all—making himself all things unto all men, so that some might be saved. The ignorant may be saved no less surely than the wise; but here comes the wise man who helps to save! And how the fullness and animation of this grand presence, of this indomitable Energy, seems to vivify the toil, and to speed the work!

"In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.'

"Behold, my friend! does not Heaven here seem to reveal the true type of Knowledge—a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith!—a power, a power indeed—a power apart from the aggrandizement of self—a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it but 'weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in cold and nakedness'—but a power distinct from the mere circumstance of the man, rushing from him as rays from the sun; borne through the air and clothing it with light, piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest! Worship not knowledge, worship not the sun, O my friend! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator; let the knowledge but illumine the worship!"

The pious itinerant, overcome by his own earnestness, paused; his head drooped on the shoulder of his friend, and both of them were long silent. The habitual turn of a philosophic mind at

length quelled the emotional storm in the schoolmaster's breast, and he gave his thoughts once more to the child and its management.

"If," said he, with the calmness of a philosopher, "if parents could once recognize the fact that children are children, and not grown people—that their minds are as immature as their bodies, and that their thoughts are the product of a growing brain, much unnecessary solicitude would be saved the parent, and much happiness left the child of which it is now deprived. One of the greatest mistakes a parent ever makes is in trying to enforce obedience where obedience is impossible. They try to make their children *mind*—a hopeless and impossible task! A child cannot mind, and if it could, the very act of minding would destroy the child. If it were possible for every command and every threat made by the average mother of a family of children during one day to be recorded as spoken, she would deny that she ever spoke such words, and be indignant at such an accusation.

"'Mind your books' was an old-time *ukase* of the country schoolmaster, bawled out every few minutes during school hours. The school-children minded their books about like the little tots mind their mothers.

"Nothing can more forcibly illustrate the fiendishness of mis-directed parental authority than an incident which came under my observation a few years ago. Being in a village one Sunday afternoon, I had a mind to step over to a friend's house, thinking to spend an hour in pleasant conversation. The gentleman was sitting on his porch superintending the play of his own children with half a dozen of their little neighbors. So intent was he in directing their pleasures that little attention was given to my presence. I sat twenty minutes looking on, when I got up and deliberately told a falsehood to get away without seeming rude. During the twenty minutes I watched the children closely, and if they attempted to do a single thing which they ought not to do, I failed to see it. Not less than two commands and four objections were issued by this good parent every minute while I remained. They mustn't do this and they mustn't do that. They must play as he directed. His

intentions were good, but nothing ever more forcibly impressed me with the truth of the old Portuguese proverb, that 'Hell is paved with good intentions.' The children were literally in torment. They tried to slip off into the back-yard, but he called them back. Every suggestion that one of them made was objected to. If they played 'tag,' they must play it with the thought of a gray-beard. If they attempted 'hop-scotch,' they must hop on the left foot; if 'hide the switch,' they must hide it in a particular manner. After a while the largest girl began to sulk and vowed she would play no longer. It was an object-lesson worthy of the huzza of Mephistopheles.

"On another occasion I spent a week at the house of a friend whose wife was an invalid. The oldest daughter was house-keeper, and the youngest child a little girl of three years. One day at the table the child asked to have two spoons. Her sister objected, and the little girl was carried from the table in a tantrum. The father said nothing. Three times a day for four days this scene was reënacted. On the fourth day, the father quietly asked what objection there was to the child's having two spoons. Then the older sister flared up and tossed a second spoon to the child. The father told her to pick the spoon up and hand it to her, and said: 'I have just been waiting to see if you would ever see the folly of your ways, but it seems that common sense has no place in your mind.' It was a severe rebuke, but perhaps a necessary one. He then turned to the child and asked her in a kindly and coaxing manner if she didn't want two cups. She said yes, and when she had gotten two of every piece on the table, she was happy; and the beauty of it all was, she never asked for two spoons, or two cups, or two of anything else again. She was satisfied. Now, which was the better plan? Is there any harm in a little child's having two spoons?

"This is a fair sample of the contradictions, austerities, and tyrannies exercised by grown people over the young, and the worst of it all is, it often extends to corporal punishment of the most brutal kind. And when I think of the whip as a means of making children mind, language fails me. Why is it that Christian people set more store by the savagery of Solomon

than the benevolence of Jesus? Did the Savior ever tell you to whip a child? Those who resort to the whip acknowledge thereby that their resources are piteously limited. And, besides, no parent ever whipped a child for the child's good alone. This is a bold assertion, but a very true one. There is always an element of spleen, of revenge, of retaliation in the act. A father after beating his son into silence commenced to blubber over his barbarity, and asked the boy if he knew why he whipped him, as if he expected him to cower and lick the hand that smote him. The boy, ignoring the driveling sentiment of his misguided parent, quietly looked him in the eye, and said: 'Because you are the biggest.' The boy gave the true reason, and every parent knows it if he will but think.

“ ‘Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn’ ;

and the brutality of grown people to children makes the devils in hell rejoice.”

The clock struck ten, and the schoolmaster and his guest retired.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MANAGING A FAMILY.

On their morning walk next day the schoolmaster, not satisfied to drop the subject at what was said the evening before, commenced by quoting the familiar saying:

“‘Little children are little trouble and big children are big trouble.’

“Hardly a parent,” he continued, “after their children begin to grow up but will subscribe to the truth of this well-known saying, yet there are many troubles connected with infancy and childhood that most fathers and every mother will call ‘big,’—yea, very big! Sickness is one of them. The mother who has the misfortune to lose her first baby has reason, as Job had, to anathematize the day of her birth and to regret the hour in which she became a mother.

“Rasselas upbraided the Sage in Johnson’s tale of the Prince of Abyssinia for giving way to grief after discoursing so learnedly and dispassionately on the ‘conquest of passion’; but the philosopher silenced him in his answer: ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘you are come at a time when all human friendship is useless; what I suffer cannot be remedied, what I have lost cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died last night of a fever.’

“‘Every one can master a grief but he that has it’; but that man knows little of the human heart who will either chide or attempt to console a parent in his sorrow for the loss of a child. Philosophy closes her eyes when the iron enters into the soul.

“That mother is blest, and that child is thrice blest, whose lot falls to the care of a wise and conscientious physician. Half the trouble in the daily routine of human ailments comes from fright, and the wise mother selects her medical adviser—not because he parts his hair in the middle and wears patent-leather shoes, nor because he pays more attention to the well baby than he does to the sick one; but for his knowledge, his honesty, and his ability to distinguish between a serious and a trivial ailment. Many doctors overrate small discomforts, and add to the uneasiness of parents for the sole purpose of magnifying their own ability. Others, through ignorance, fail to

recognize serious sickness and soothe parents into a false security where real danger exists. Nothing can be more fatal to the happiness of a household than an incompetent or dishonest physician.

"Next in order and importance is the schooling period; and here I would enter my protest against the modern methods of education. Hand in hand with the humbuggery of medicine comes the quackery of the schools. Teachers and parents are both responsible for this waste of energy and inhibition of a sound mental development. Children are overloaded with books, and encouraged to study, or rather to cram for an exhibition or prize, merely to tickle the fancy of a vain parent or beef-witted teacher.

"Up-to-date teaching is an effort to put more into the pupil's head than it will hold, and the consequence is, it runs over with froth. Another mistake is in the endeavor to combine pleasure with study. The senses are appealed to more than the thinking powers, and object-lessons speak to the eye with disastrous results. Picture-books, slates and blackboards should be discarded from the primary schools. When the eye is depended upon, the mind is left in darkness. Object-lessons are instructive only to the mature mind. I have ever found it a vain task to try to make a child's learning its amusement; nor do I see what good end it would answer were it actually attained. I knew a little fellow who had been taught to read before he knew the alphabet. He had been so cheated by the figures and pictures marked on the blackboard by his up-to-date teacher that, actually, he thought words had shapes. He believed that a verb looked like a jack-rabbit.

"Another silly thing is trying to teach a child its own language by means of a book called grammar. Just as well try to teach him how to grow! There never was a grammar of any language prior to the days of Julius Cæsar, and yet his writings are classical, and the orations of Cicero have never been surpassed for beauty of diction.

"The first essential in the education of a child is to force into his mind a few arbitrary *substrata*, without which book learning would be impossible—such as the alphabet, the numerals, how to read simple sentences, and how to count. Imme-

diately after this, set him to using his thinking powers. Memory will take care of itself. Mental arithmetic and a primary speller are about all the books a child needs for the first six months of its school life. If object-lessons were essential to instruct the mind, how in the world would the blind ever be taught?

"I am in favor of free and compulsory education. The Government ought to have charge of the schools, and it should establish one grade of schools where wages are paid to the pupils. This should be a school of Labor, and every man and woman born in the United States, and every one immigrating into this country, before he or she is twenty-five years old, should be compelled to attend this school two years. Common laborer's wages should be paid to these pupils, and they should be deprived of every other means of support during this school attendance. The Government of this educational system should be strictly military, and the regulations rigidly carried out. Diplomas should be awarded its graduates, and honors given according to conduct. This would be a leveler indeed, but it would bring about more brotherly love than all the churches. It would introduce the poor and the rich to one another, and it would inspire confidence between capital and labor. It would enable the rich man to know how the poor man feels, and it would school the poor man in kindly feelings toward the rich. But enough—we must stick to the family, and its management.

"Every family, like the Government, should have a head. This sometimes devolves upon the father, sometimes on the mother. Better on both, as two heads are better than one—especially in the family. But where one is incapable, the other should rule. Somebody's word should be law, and when spoken should be obeyed. Love, sitting at the feet of justice, is an ideal family picture. Little children have a high sense of justice, and unless their minds become perverted through favoritism, they willingly abide by her decisions. The sensible mother or father deals impartially with all.

"After a while the little girl becomes a young lady, and this is the period in which the sensible mother has the greatest influence for good. If too anxious for her daughter to have attention from young men, she may live to regret an unsuitable marriage, and, on the other hand, if she thinks no man is good

enough for her girls, she may have a lot of old maids for her companions. A middle course is selected by the sensible mother, and if her girls be worthy, she will have no trouble in marrying them off to advantage. Worthy young men are ever on the outlook for suitable wives, and they generally have an instinctive preference for that which is meritorious. A desire to elevate one's family is a laudable ambition, but to marry out of one's class is a mistake. Caste exists all over the world—in one shape in India, and another in Europe and America. If I were a nigger, I would associate with niggers. I would never try to straighten my hair, nor to sit on the same seat with a white man. Natural barriers can never be wholly overcome, and the barriers of *caste* are more intractable than mountains and rivers."

Mr. Eliot and his friend had walked a little further this morning than usual, and just as they were about to retrace their steps an old white-haired gentleman came along in his buggy on his way to his lodge meeting. This man was about the age of the schoolmaster and his particular friend, although in thought, feeling, and aspirations they differed as widely as the North from the South. One was a philosopher, the other a man of action; one a thinker, the other a doer; one lived in the abstract, the other in the concrete. For many years this old gentleman's mind had been imbued with the importance of three obligations, or, rather, a conscientious fealty to the performance of a trio of solemn duties. He was a strong Methodist, a bright Mason, and a true Patriot. He revered the Church, loved his lodge, and gloried in the Fourth of July. He never failed to celebrate the day of American independence, never missed a lodge meeting, and always went to church. He died promptly on the fourth of July, after predicting his death three months in advance.*

*This is a fact; and those who deny premonitions must account for it as best they may. The author of this book knew the old man well. He was about eighty years of age when he died, and in April preceding his death he began to send word to his neighbors to come to see him, as he would die on the fourth of July. They looked upon his prediction as one of the childish whims of old age, but as he persisted in sending them word to come, merely to gratify him they all visited him before the fourth. He talked about his death on the day he loved, as if he knew it and desired it, and when they tried to talk him out of it, he would say, 'Time will show.' On the fourth he got up as usual, dressed, and ate his breakfast. He told those about him not to go away, as they would be needed before night. After dinner he went to bed and died without a groan.

He drew rein as he neared the two men, and bade them a hearty good morning. The schoolmaster introduced his friend, and the old gentleman began, at once, to inquire about the rumored meeting that was soon to take place at the chapel. He was very anxious to know what denomination the stranger was attached to, and especially if he had any Methodist proclivities. His ideas all ran in the rut of denominational Christianity, and it was but of little consequence to him whether a preacher was imbued with the spirit of Christ, so long as he followed the example of Wesley. He was as uncompromising in religion as he was in politics, and he would no more put his foot inside a Catholic church than he would seat himself at a far-table, or vote the Republican ticket. He talked rapidly and almost incoherently, for he had been infected with the prevailing excitement concerning the man who had been sent on a special mission to convert the schoolmaster.

Knowing Mr. Eliot too well to ask him a direct question, he finally addressed the stranger, and asked him point-blank if he intended to preach at the chapel next Sunday. The traveler was taken rather aback at this sudden demand, for he, like his host, was a little shy of the critical and the curious; but his long experience had taught him that St. Paul tried to impress the Corinthians with a secular, as well as a religious truth, when he said:

"Though I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

He readily perceived the illiberal churchism of this old gentleman, but his kindly nature returned a soft, if not a satisfactory answer.

"I would not have you ignorant, so, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you, for I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, 'The just shall live by faith.'"

Now, this old man had entirely too much faith. He believed that the Methodist church was a direct inspiration of the Almighty; he believed the Masonic order to be a divine

institution, and he believed the Fourth of July, as an expression of American Independence, was appointed by God himself.

As he looked at the stranger and considered his answer, a sort of awe crept through his mind, and without further discussion, he bade them a kindly farewell and drove on to his lodge.

The schoolmaster and his friend walked slowly back to the house, talking more on religious than secular matters. They discussed the neighborhood report, and decided that inasmuch as the whole community seemed to expect a sermon from the stranger, it would be as well for him to make a little talk, if the pastor of the church should invite him to the pulpit.

On reaching the house, they found a messenger with a note. Here it is:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—What with the exciting rumors abroad in this end of the circuit and the intense interest now manifested in your friend, whose acquaintance I am proud to acknowledge, I feel constrained to vary my rule by inviting him, through you, to be present and assist me at the next regular meeting at the chapel. I shall be more than glad to give him the entire hour if he will fill it. Hoping that he will accept and praying that the good Lord will bless us all, I am, fraternally and sincerely,

Your friend,

C. F. D.

Answer.

Handing the note to his friend, the schoolmaster said: "The rumor has reached the parson, and here is an invitation for you."

A faint imitation of a smile passed over the stranger's countenance as he read the note, and handing it back to the teacher, he said: "I am ready at all times to give an answer to every man that asketh me a reason for the faith that is in me"; then, moving to his desk, the schoolmaster wrote this brief note to the minister:

MY DEAR DOCTOR:—Note received and our friend feels the compliment. He desires me to say he will aid you in any way he can with the services.

Your friend,

GHOST ELIOT.

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD AGE.

AFTER dismissing the messenger, Mr. Eliot turned to his guest, and said: "The last subject for discussion in the life of a human being is the subject of old age, and where I fail to realize the full significance of that period I shall look to you for help, as to one whose experience is more valuable than all the theories of the greatest philosophers."

There was as much flattery and as much deception in this observation as the old teacher ever was guilty of, for while he found much to puzzle him in the character of his guest, he could not get the consent of his mind that there was not still a crotchet hanging like a veil over the mind of his friend, whenever he spoke of his age and his experience. However, he could make but little mistake in such a compliment, paid to a man of so much learning and varied accomplishments as he had found in the mysterious stranger.

"Your age and your experience," he continued, "must have given you an insight into the nature of man denied to the average octogenarian."

"As to that," replied the traveler, "I have little advantage over you, for whenever I reach the age of one hundred, I am always turned back and again become a man in his prime. Even as a centenarian, I would know less of old age than the average man of seventy, for my faculties never deteriorate, and my capacity for suffering is never blunted. I only get a little stiff in the legs, and the pains of senility acquire a little sharper twinge. As to the mental state of an old man, I know nothing of it. Swift endeavored to portray the miseries of immortality in his description of the *struldbrijs* of Luggnagg: and, perhaps, his imagination wove a true picture of the wretchedness of a never-ending life. Even with my faculties unimpaired, the greatest desire of my life is death, and I shall hail with joy the second coming of Christ.

"The man who craves immortality here, must have a poor conception of the eternal life hereafter. Though my case be different from that of others, I can't understand why any man

should desire a prolongation of his earthly existence after age has enfeebled his body and benumbed his mind. At best, after the novelty of youth has passed, and the trials of manhood have been experienced, we can only look to the present for the consolations of the passing hour. Looking back, we behold mistakes and regrets; looking forward, we see the hideous shapes of decay—the blurred images of driveling imbecility. Nothing this side the grave is of much importance to the aged man. Into the beyond we must look and be consoled by the promise:

“Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”

“Oh! for the privilege of being with God—to be heirs and joint heirs with the Son of man! There, unburdened with the vanities of the flesh, rid of the passions which beset men in this life, purified and exalted above the temptations of earth, with our minds serene and calm, growing in knowledge and expanding in love, we shall view this earthly shell as the butterfly views the moth. With what serenity we shall look down upon earth, knowing that a few fleeting years will deliver our friends from that chrysalis state in which the germ of a higher life is waxing into the perfect man!

“We pity ourselves and our fellows here, because of our imperfections, our ignorance, and our proneness to error and to pain. There, we look upon this life as a probationary state, fitting us for the higher life, eternal with the Author of our being. This is our hope, based upon the promise of Him who came to redeem us. Your material philosophy dares not to contradict the promise, but rather abets it; for, if the civic Ego be an emanation from God, as your theory of the functional activity of brain-substance would teach, it must go back to God when released from its earthly bonds, or else wander forever in limitless space—a supposition at variance with the teachings of science. Without this hope old age would, indeed, be a monstrous travesty upon our earthly existence.

“The civic Ego being an uncompounded essence, it is neither subject to disintegration nor change, therefore it must continue to exist as a personality for all time. The aged man, satisfied

with the sensual pleasures of earth, must turn either to this hope or gaze with sightless eyeballs into a blank and starless future. The hope, even if a delusion, must be worth its nurture. But the hope is based upon reason as well as the promise, for science will not admit of destruction, and as change can take place only with material combinations, the true personality of man is one and the same after leaving the flesh."

"I understand fully," replied the teacher, "the significance of the Christian's idea of a future state, but that being purely a theoretical conception, and out of the pale of earthly existence, I would confine our inquiry to the state of man prior to the shuffling off of this mortal coil, and when he has arrived at that stage of existence where the bodily organs begin to show signs of deterioration, and the mental powers lapse from strength and activity to a state of apathy and indifference. Deprived of the stimulus of passion, uninfluenced by the hope of accomplishing some end, debarred from the activities of life by increasing bodily infirmities, the old man's ideas run in a groove ill-suited to the sphere of action by which he is surrounded, and more often he becomes morose, ill-tempered, and pessimistic. To guard against such a state when the pleasurable resources of life are diminishing one by one, the habit of philosophical thought should be cultivated in the prime of life, and the doctrine of inexorable necessity accepted as the logical outcome of that law of cause and effect which alone exists without exception.

"To contemplate the spirit of the restless old man who is dissatisfied with his past life, who is without resources for the present, and who has no hope for the future, is one of the saddest of the dark pictures of human life. Darker still is the picture of the wretch who, through improvidence, has brought himself to dependence upon others for the necessities of life. He is at war with the world and he attributes his own unhappy lot to the dereliction of others. Nothing suits him and he has the same feeling for friend and foe. Like the old lion who has lost his teeth and worn his claws, he lies in the sunshine of others and snarls and snaps at every passer-by.

"It is pleasant to turn from this picture of a misspent life to the happy old grandfather surrounded by a lot of prattling

tots, ever ready to tell them a story or have them search his pockets for nuts and sweets. The resources of the aged man are limited to his mental heritage and to the manner in which he has cultivated his talent. If allowed to go to waste, the better part of his earthly career is clouded with vexations to himself and discomfort to his friends. Here, more than elsewhere, may be seen the utility and beauty of mental culture. Proper direction of thought by the study of science and literature, by reflecting on the wisdom of the sages who have preceded us, by looking into the causes which govern the phenomena of existence, and by yielding *equo animo* to the inevitable, sets the aged man upon a pedestal unattainable by those whose only object in life has been the gratification of the flesh. Education pays its handsomest dividends in the decline of life, and nothing is more beautiful to behold than the waning years of the aged man or woman, with a well-stored mind, whose eyesight, hearing, and mental faculties remain after the purely animal functions have ceased to call forth effort necessary to the fulfillment of the activities of manhood and womanhood.

"Sitting in the corner, with her pipe, her book, and her knitting, I recall the picture of an ancient lady—a mass of wrinkles—almost a skeleton, but whose vegetative functions still kept the spark of life aglow; happy in the satisfaction of a well-spent life, able to entertain a king or a beggar, a child or a philosopher, her daily routine was from her book to her pipe, from her pipe to her knitting and from all three to the entertainment of friends. This good old grandmother was loved by all, and when she came to die the spark went out as quietly as the flicker of a burned-up torch. For such a death there can be no regrets; for such a life the world is made better."

"The picture you draw," replied the traveler, "of a well-spent life is ideal in its simplicity and the beauty of its earthly surroundings; but the hand of the master is lacking—the one color essential to its perfection is not there. Life, immortal life, pictured on the brow, and shining with the effulgence of a glorious aureole of light, completes the portrait, and we have a masterpiece by the Author of our being. A belief in the risen Christ, faith in immortality, and submission to the will of God adds a crown of glory to a well-spent life unattainable through mental

culture. Without this faith the poetry of age is lost in the Stygian pool of oblivion, and the hard prose of active life becomes a blotted page of emptiness.

"The wrinkled grandmother, patiently waiting her summons, with this crown in sight, is an invited guest to her home in heaven. The Father will hold out his hand and beckon her up the golden stairs, and the Son will give her a seat amongst the blessed. This state is the crowning glory of a well-spent life, and instead of regrets, the hosts of heaven will rejoice, and the denizens of earth should have no cause for grief. Let us learn to indulge this hope and strive for the immortal crown."

It was now midday and Saturday. The conversation had gone on to a degree when some other diversion became desirable. Dinner was announced, and after the meal both the schoolmaster and his friend selected a book and soon became absorbed in the thoughts of those who had lived before them. Curious as it may seem, the stranger took from the shelf Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, and the schoolmaster picked up the Bible. For a couple of hours they both read and thought. Tears might have been seen in the eyes of the traveler as he read the great detractor's pathetic account of the barbarous treatment inflicted upon the innocent man whose tragic death made such a terrible impression on his mind so many years ago. The schoolmaster, instead of criticising the book he was reading, selected those passages which appeal most strongly to the better nature of man, and which, in a spirit of reverence, the humble may always see is an inspiration beyond the power of mere intellectuality. His mind began to turn from the cold critique of reason to the warmer glow of passion. Love, joy, forgiveness, charity, thrilled him as the dry details of logic never had. He began to realize that there was something more in man than mere thought. Feelings, which he had all his life endeavored to subdue, loomed up and cried out against the tyranny of rationality. He asked himself, "If God is without passions, where did man get his?" The inconsistency of scripture was to him a stumbling-block, as it had been to the Greek foolishness. The character of Jesus Christ as portrayed in the gospels was intensely human. Did he inherit his human nature from Mary and his other nature from God? Was it possi-

ble that the line of demarcation could be so sharply defined? or, was the whole case an exception to the law of heredity? If the entire story of Jesus was a legend, how came we by such a character? By what hocus-pocus of logic or imagination could such a life have been invented? That he had all the attributes of humanity the narrative fully demonstrates. Was he God also? Thousands of good people believed it; the incomprehensible stranger at his side knew it.

He laid down the book, and turning to his guest, he said: "I am almost persuaded to be a Christian." The stranger then repeated Paul's answer to Agrippa, and they took their evening's walk.

Strolling down toward the "chapel," they saw a throng busily engaged in placing seats in the church-yard—planks laid on logs of wood, and boxes and benches taken from wagons and arranged under the shade of the trees. In the open spaces they were erecting bowers of evergreens, and in one corner of the yard they were raising a platform for the preacher. The weather being hot and the meeting-house small, it was decided that an outdoor sermon would be better suited to the crowd expected on the morrow.

Not wishing to interrupt the work nor to be criticised by idle curiosity, they turned into a bypath and missed the church.

"You see what they are expecting," remarked the teacher, as they continued their walk.

"I fear they will meet with disappointment," replied the stranger, "if they expect anything great, but, God willing, I hope to instruct them for their good, and show them the necessity of learning the way of salvation."

Both men walked on in silence—the traveler studying out a plan by which to reach this multitude, and the schoolmaster racking his brain over the problem of the Triune Godhead. At length the walk was ended, the house had been reached, and they both felt tired. After a desultory conversation of little importance, they retired, each man thinking of what the morrow might bring.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SUNDAY MORNING.

"EARLY to bed and early to rise," a part of Poor Richard's proverb, if applicable to these men at all, certainly did not include that fragment which applies to wealth. As to health, if we may trace or ascribe cause, there may be some connection, and possibly the mental vigor so manifest in these two was, more or less, the effect of a continuous viewing of the rising sun. At any rate, they were early risers, and on this particular morning the glorious luminary beamed upon them as he came above the horizon, and they seemed to feel the touch of God's finger as the life-giving ray dispelled the gloom and darkness of night. It was a glorious morn, and a light wind stirred and dissipated the excessive heat. Much was to be gained by an early walk, so they wended their way to the "chapel." Here the preparation was complete for a large company. The outdoor pulpit had been decorated with ferns and evergreen vines—the Virginia creeper and the honeysuckle, the holly and the Southern pine formed a pleasing contrast as they were twined and arranged by the deft fingers of the artist; for the women had been there the evening before, and a mixture of pride and religion had been at work to produce a pleasing effect.

The little chapel was situated on the edge of the woods, and the sun had not yet penetrated the dense foliage of the trees, while the schoolmaster and his friend roamed about the churchyard, amongst the arbors and settles arranged for the comfort of the audience. Approaching the pulpit-side, a shadowy form emerged from the bower and flitted away into the semigloom of the forest.

"There!" exclaimed the traveler, "there goes the spirit of peace. It has been here to bless the day and the hour; I have seen it before and its presence augurs well for the day."

This outburst of superstitious reverence—the first evidence the schoolmaster had of his guest's hyper-orthodoxy—brought to mind the beautiful lines:

"For well I ween,
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly fay been seen."

But the old gentleman was not in an argumentative mood. He was willing for his guest to enjoy the delusion of sense, if such it was, and after resting a moment, they quietly walked back to the house.

About 11 o'clock it could be seen from the house that the congregation was collecting. From miles and miles around the people came. Never had such a commotion been caused in a rural community over a Sunday church-going. Old and young, white and colored, simple and wise—all made direct for the church on this midsummer day. Many went through curiosity, and others simply because they had nothing else to do; but the great majority went because they were anxious to hear the stranger preach and see the schoolmaster converted. Mr. Eliot being the only infidel in this community of Christians, every eye was turned upon him and every thought directed toward his future state. His uprightness, his charity, his doing good for evil, his love for his fellowman, had nothing to do with the estimation in which he was held. He was regarded as the incubus which weighed most heavily on the spiritual resources of the community. Thieves, liars, drunkards, and murderers flourished apace, but their acts were not remembered when a man who questioned Holy Writ came alongside. He dared to ask the preacher for rational explanations, while the others accepted all that was said, and repented at every revival. They would be saved while he would be lost. Hell was to be avoided, not by avoiding wickedness here, but by faith and repentance. The preacher had told them so, and they believed the preacher. The bigger the scoundrel the more certain he was of heaven, provided he repented. The worst liar who ever lived now had the keys. Only one decent man had ever gotten there, and he was sent up in a whirlwind surrounded by a chariot of fire. David, the man after God's own heart, had coveted another man's wife, and Moses, who was buried by God himself, had killed a man in his youth. They remembered these things, but they forgot that the wise man said:

"Fear God and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man."

“And,

“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this,
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep
himself unspotted from the world.”

The preacher drove up about the time Mr. Eliot and his friend reached the grounds. Every eye was upon the three. After the salutations and hearty expressions of pleasure at the opportunity of the day, the meeting and introduction of friends and acquaintances, the preacher and the stranger walked over to the bower and seated themselves in the outdoor pulpit. The congregation was asked to sing while the two men held a private conversation. A brother raised the tune and the whole company joined in the hymn, which begins:

“Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see.”

Enthusiasm was manifest from the beginning, and the forest echoed the harmony of the soulful tune. The music ceased and the preacher stood up before the audience.

“Brethren and friends,” he said, “this is a glorious day, and the occasion is a glorious occasion. There are times when it seems that the appetites of men pall at the mention of bread, when meats cloy and drinks become abhorrent. When the soul is hungry the body refuses nourishment. There are times when it seems that the Spirit of God is more active, when the hovering of angels is more manifest in the affairs of men, when all things give way to the longing for food sent from heaven.

“That time, it seems to me, is here now—this day and this very hour. Strange, unaccountable things have occurred in all the back history of this world, and for many weeks we have had in our midst an unsolved riddle—a man whose history, as it has leaked out little by little in this community, has made an impression unaccountable in the natural sequence of events. If we are laboring under a delusion, we are none the worse off, for his conduct has been that of a gentleman, his conversation has proved him to be a scholar, and his walk that of a Christian. He is endorsed by the best informed man in this or any other community, and as the impression has gone forth that he is to assist in conducting the services here to-day, I have chosen

rather to give him the entire hour, for his experience, as I understand it, will be an enlightenment to us all.

"I give way with pleasure to the instruction of our friend and brother."

The preacher sat down, and the stranger rose up and faced the audience. He looked over the whole congregation several times, as if he was measuring the distance to the remotest seat in the church-yard. The silence was profound, and when he spoke, his voice, though modulated to an easy tone, was heard by the remotest listener. He did not touch the Bible; he gave out no hymn; he uttered no prayer.

He spoke, and said: "Friends, if I were to say I am embarrassed I should not speak truth, for I am past embarrassment; if elated, I should be vain, but I have parted company with vanity; if delighted, I should be proud, and I am not proud; but when I tell you I feel complimented I am justified, for I am not aware of deserving this honor. The friend at whose house I have been entertained for the past few weeks has been kind enough to speak well of me, and while he and I differ as widely as midnight differs from noon on the most vital of all subjects—on the subject in which we all should be most interested, that of our immortal destiny—there is no reason why we should differ as to the brotherhood of man. He is actuated by the purest motives, and if his error is the result of ignorance it behooves us to teach and not to condemn, for the Savior said:

"Judge not, lest ye be judged by the same judgment."

"And, speaking a little wrathfully to the self-satisfied, he said:

"Thou hypocrite! Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

"So, if any of you think your chance of heaven is better than his, it will become you to cultivate the Christian graces, and remember that the greatest of these is charity.

"I am not here to-day to flatter, but to speak the truth; I am not here to make a good impression, but to bear the cross of Christ. There was a time when I spurned that burden, but

now I rejoice in the privilege of carrying it. Nineteen hundred years ago I drove from my door the Holy One of Israel—the victim of fanaticism and hate, refusing him a paltry request—that of resting a moment that he might gain strength to carry out his design of saving a sinful world. Since then I have fought the good fight, and with God's help I purpose to remain a valiant soldier of the Cross. I shall tell you what I have seen before I conclude, and while it may be incredible to your minds, it is as true as that Christ was born of a virgin, or that he fed five thousand with two little fishes and five loaves of bread.

“In the Christian ministry it is customary for the preacher to select a text from the Bible, and endeavor to explain the thought and meaning of the inspired writer; but to-day we will speak in a plain, matter-of-fact way on the subject of ignorance and its consequences. The Scriptures very clearly teach that ignorance is the cause of sin, and I shall endeavor to show that cause and effect here are one and the same thing—that ignorance itself is sin, and that sin and doubt in a moral sense are synonymous terms.

“When God made man he made him upright and in his own image, with knowledge amply sufficient for his needs and happiness; but with the fall came a consciousness of doubt, sin, and ignorance—interchangeable terms for the inheritance bestowed upon all through the disobedience of one. The knowledge of good and evil, gained by eating the forbidden fruit, threw man on his own resources, and since that day he has been in a quandary as to what is right and what is wrong. Like much of the knowledge gained in these days, instead of adding to our happiness, it adds to our grief, and unless we could know more it would be better for us not to know so much. We recognize the principles right and wrong, good and evil, as potential activities, yet it would be better for us to lack this cognizance, so long as we are unable to distinguish the one from the other. This partial knowledge fell upon the human race as a consequence of Adam's sin, and now it becomes us to get more or to sink in the quicksands of infidelity. The line of demarcation is not very clear in many instances, but every phenomenon of

existence is either in one scale or the other. It is impossible that anything can be right and wrong at the same time and under the same circumstances.

"If it is right to be ignorant, then the pursuit of knowledge is wrong, and all schooling, all preaching, all reading, and all writing should be abandoned; sending the gospel to the heathen should be prohibited and all literature destroyed. If ignorance be not sin, all missionary work should cease, and the command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' should be countermanded, and the Christian faith allowed to perish.

"If the heathen be not already damned through ignorance, then the Scripture falsifies its own statement, and the name of Jesus Christ becomes of no effect, for the declaration is plain and emphatic that :

" 'There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved; neither is there salvation in any other.'

"Ponder it, think over it, my friends! Thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures going down into the eternal abyss every day, there to weep and wail in everlasting agony without hope—with no possibility of redemption—and all for the lack of a knowledge of Him who was sent as a propitiation for our sins. If the case of the heathen is pitiable from a human standpoint, what of ours, where a double guilt is fastened upon us—that of ignorance and willful rejection of the message?

"That every human being comes into this world without any knowledge whatever is a self-evident truth, and that he is conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity is an assertion of Scripture. Absolutely ignorant, totally unprepared for any kind of life except a purely vegetative existence, the human infant is confronted at once with good and evil, right and wrong—the very things which man in his maturity has never yet been able to reconcile. In the child-life of human beings parents stand in the same relation to them that God stood to our first parents before the transgression. But man born of woman is more pitiable and has less of an opportunity than the full-grown,

intelligent being issuing forth from the hands of his Maker. If the one, with all the knowledge necessary to his happiness, failed, how is it possible for the other, absolutely without knowledge, to succeed?

"If a blind man were to set out on a journey, with innumerable roads crooked and forked, some of which led to his journey's end, others away from it, with thousands of bypaths reaching into desert places, even with an occasional sentinel along the route to direct him, there are a thousand chances to one that he would get lost and fall by the wayside. Theseus, in the Cretan labyrinth without the guiding thread of his lady-love, would have been no more hopelessly in the dark than the human infant confronted with good and evil. Let us imagine a debtor and a creditor page in the ledger of human accounts, with every error recorded on the debtor side, and every right action written on the credit side—this account to be kept from the moment of birth till the close of a long life. Let these debits and credits be represented by unit values or numerical measures, ranging from one to one hundred, according to the degree of good or evil, right or wrong in the actions. Would it be possible for the accounts to balance? Will the 'book of life,' recorded in the Apocalypse by St. John the Divine, balance when the great day of reckoning comes?

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.'

"Revelation and common sense oftentimes effect At-one-ment in which the sacred writer strikes the chord of human consciousness in a key which produces harmony instead of discord; and the note of true science will always vibrate in unison with the revealed word rightly interpreted. The 'book of life,' opened in the presence of St. John, represents the ledger account of human thought and action indelibly stamped on the psychic record of each and every individual. The conflict between science and religion is nothing more than a misfit interpretation of the natural laws of the Universe and the revealed

word of God. Science falsely so-called is the abattoir of faith, and reason misapplied is the fungoid excrescence of criminal ignorance.

"Let any man take his own experience and ask himself: Have I done as many right things as wrong things? have I committed as many good deeds as evil deeds? Have I had as many good thoughts as evil thoughts? Would he not exclaim in the language of Paul?

"I know that there dwelleth not in me that which is good, for the good which I will, I do not; but the evil which I will not, that I do."

"Is it in the range of probability that the blind man should go straight to his journey's end with so many forks and crooks in the road he is traveling? Would it be possible to get out of the labyrinth without the thread for a guide? Now, is it possible for the human being to reach his coveted goal without help?

"That help is offered you in the atonement of Jesus Christ; and this brings us to the second and most important part of the discourse.

"For the benefit of those who reject the supernatural and who regard natural law as the only revelation of God, I desire to call your attention to some facts which every man's experience will teach him are realities, and in many instances most calamitous realities. From the terrible cataclysmic disasters, such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, storms and floods which overwhelm men, causing havoc and death, down to the most insignificant individual annoyances, we have in this train effects inimical to human happiness and prosperity which men have never yet been able to circumvent nor to anticipate. Notwithstanding every effort made by the deepest insight, and the knowledge gained by past experience, to mitigate and prevent these unpleasant and unprofitable occurrences, the world is full of accidents, full of pain, full of disease and death. Whether a man lose his life by accident, by disease, or by violence, the fact to him is the same—he is dead. Material philosophers who reject the doctrine of rewards and punishments are wont to call these *consequences*; they deny any connection, kinship, or jointure whatever with sin—deny punishment and attribute all to inexorable law.

"In the name of all that is reasonable, what difference can it be to the sufferer whether it be called by one name or another—whether it be punishment inflicted or whether it be consequence, either of violated law, of accident, or of sin? The suffering in either case may be the same, but for the violated law there is no forgiveness; the consequence must be endured. Nature has no mercy, and she afflicts the innocent the same as the guilty.

"The material philosophy teaches that for violated law there can be no modification of the consequence, let the suffering be never so great. It makes no difference between accident and willful crime. Intention is placed in the same category with casualty. It has no moral code, and it ignores sin. It is inhuman, soulless, lifeless—dead. It belongs to the inanimate world, and, constituted as men are, it becomes an *ignis fatuus*, leading on to destruction. To be a materialist, man must divest himself of passion, deny final cause, and become a mass of reasoning matter. It is impossible: and the man who fools himself with this pseudo-philosophy is criminally ignorant and ignorantly sinful.

"The hell he has constructed for our future abode is more horrible in its structure and more devilish in its furnishings than any conception of the Christian. Admitting the impossibility of making the account balance, he consigns all, without exception and without remedy, to this endless horror. An exposition of the fiendishness of this Godless philosophy is nowhere more forcibly expressed than in the writings of one of its modern advocates:

"In Scripture we meet with several doctrines which may be considered as the *approximate formula*, the imperfect, partial, and inaccurate expression of certain mighty and eternal verities. Thus the spirituality of Christ's character and the superhuman excellence of his life lie at the bottom of the Incarnation; which was simply a mistake of the morally for the physically divine, an idea carnalized into a fact. In the same manner, the doctrine of the eternity of future punishments, false as it must be in its ordinary signification, contains a glimpse of one of the most awful and indisputable truths ever presented to the human understanding, viz., the eternal and ineffaceable consequences of our every action, the fact that every word and every deed produces effects which must, by the

very nature of things, reverberate through all time, so that the whole of futurity would be different had that word never been spoken or that deed enacted.

“There is a sense, therefore, in which the eternity of future punishment may be irrefragably and terribly true—if that very enhancement of our faculties in a future life which enables us to perceive and trace the ineffaceable consequences of our idle words and our evil deeds should render our remorse and grief as eternal as those consequences themselves. No more fearful punishment to a superior Intelligence can be conceived than to see still in action—with the consciousness that it must continue in action forever—a cause of wrong put in motion by itself ages before.

“The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they gave rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighborhood of the speaker, and at the immediate moment of utterance, their quickly-attenuated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. But the waves of air thus raised perambulate the earth's and ocean's surface, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence.

“But these aerial pulses, unseen by the keenest eye, unheard by the acutest ear, unperceived by human senses, are yet demonstrated to exist by human reason; and in some few and limited instances, by calling to our aid the most refined and comprehensive instrument of human thought (mathematical analysis), their courses are traced and their intensities measured. Thus considered, what a strange chaos is this wide atmosphere we breathe! Every atom impressed with good and with ill retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand waves with all that is worthless and base. The air is one vast library, on whose pages is forever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand forever recorded vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating, in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will.

“But if the air we breathe is the never-failing historian of the sentiments we have uttered, earth, air, and ocean are in like manner the eternal witnesses of the acts we have done. No motion impressed by natural causes or by human agency is ever obliterated. The track of every canoe which has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean remains forever registered in the future movements of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place.

“While the atmosphere we breathe is the ever-living witness

of the sentiments we have uttered, the waters and the more solid materials of the globe bear equally enduring testimony of the acts we have committed. If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the earliest murderer the visible and indelible mark of his guilt, he has also established laws by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its several particles may migrate, will still retain, adhering to it through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort by which the crime itself was perpetrated.

“‘If we imagine the soul in an after stage of existence, connected with an organ of hearing so sensitive as to vibrate with motions of the air, even of infinitesimal force, and if it be still within the precincts of its ancient abode, all the accumulated words pronounced from the creation of mankind will fall at once on that ear; and the punished offender may hear still vibrating on his ear the very words uttered perhaps thousands of centuries before, which at once caused and registered his own condemnation.’

“Is there anything in Dante or Milton more horrible in its conception of future torment? Concede the revealed hell of the Christian and the reasoned-out hell of the philosopher to be of equal capacity for the torture of lost souls, and then compare the utter hopelessness of escape from the philosophic hell, with the possibility—yea, certainty, on one condition, of avoiding the Christian’s hell, and ask yourself, Which? Choose! for it is with you. God himself cannot save you without your consent, for God cannot tell a lie; and he has said:

“‘By grace are ye saved through faith’; and, ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.’

“A summing up of the proposition brings it to this: Nature demanding compensations in all its minutest details, philosophy and reason can only balance that book of life—the human account—by adding to the creditor page an endless place of torment for every soul that has existed on this earth. This is the *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, or the proffer of materialism. The proposition of Christ is a promise:

“‘Accept me, and I will not only balance your account, but I will blot it out, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool; for I will forgive your iniquity, and I will remember your sins no more. Thus saith the Lord. Amen.’

"The argument is closed—we rest here. The logic of it to my mind is conclusive. Materialism offers nothing; Christianity offers a promise, and gives you a hope. You say: Suppose the promise is false! Suppose it is! you are only where the materialist is, no better—no worse off. But, friends, there is something more in human life than facts and reason—there is experience; and from this the categories of thought get all their meaning, which is the only proof of their possibility.

"But the experience of all men is not the same—hence the diversity of thought in the every-day business of life. This applies equally to our thought of our relation to God, and if we find we cannot interpret our life without rooting it in the divine, we are perfectly free to do so, so far as speculation goes. But speculation does not always reach the root—the bottom of things. In the concrete region the only test of possibility apart from the purely negative and formal one of non-contradiction is experience.

"We view the Sphinx, the Pyramids of the Nile valley, and the enormous columns of the ruined city of Karnak; and we speculate on the mechanical means by which they were placed in position, but the experience of all that host of architects and laborers is lost, and imagination only can fill the void in our knowledge.

"We have a meager account of the trial, crucifixion, and resurrection of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, all of which is true, but the half has never been told; and the things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. And yet the experience of one who saw these things is here before you to-day; for unrecognized as prophecy often is, and obscure as the language in which it is written may seem, the eternal verities are never shaken—'even the mystery which hath been hid from ages, and from generations, but is now made manifest to his saints.'

" 'If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?'

"This rebuke to Peter's inquisitiveness is applicable to all succeeding inquirers into the mystery of godliness; and if I

proclaim the truth of this obscure hint as one of the most stupendous miracles connected with the ministry of Christ, I only act as interpreter of his word.

“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head.’

“This has a deeper meaning than the poverty of Him who preached against riches, for it includes the wanderings of lost souls, emphasized by the endless pererration of the man whose lot it is to go on till His return.

“On that awful day, full nineteen hundred years ago, when the most appalling scene ever enacted amongst men was carried into effect—when, through ignorance, fanaticism, and hate, the most cruel, unjustifiable, and cold-blooded murder ever committed on this earth was perpetrated, and that, too, under the sanction of law: suddenly, about the sixth hour, to the westward, there arose a vast, cloudy vapor, which by degrees expanded, mounted, and seemed to be slowly diffusing itself over the whole face of the heavens. By and by this vast sheet of mist began to thicken toward the horizon, and to roll forward in billowy volumes. The spectators to this scene, among whom I, myself, unwittingly became an eye-witness, put conjecture on the stretch to divine the cause of this phenomenon; and the interest continually increased in proportion as simple curiosity gradually deepened into the anxiety of uncertain danger. At first it had been imagined that a paludal vapor had risen from the miasmatic bogs of the lowlands, and that the sun’s rays would soon dissipate the mist and restore the sky to its azure tint. But this conjecture was dissipated by the slow increase of the cloud and the steadiness of its motion. In the course of an hour the vast phenomenon had advanced to a point which was judged to be within a mile of the spectators; though all calculation of distance were difficult, and often fallacious, when applied to the rocky undulations of the Judean hills. Through the next hour, during which the gentle morning breeze had a little freshened, the murky vapor had developed itself far and wide into the appearance of huge aerial draperies, hanging in mighty volumes from the sky to the earth; and at particular

points, where the eddies of the breeze acted upon the pendulous skirts of these ærial curtains, rents were perceived, sometimes taking the form of regular arches, portals, and windows through which began dimly to gleam the forms of winged angels 'indorsed' with ministering spirits, and at intervals the moving of evil genii and demons in tumultuous array, and then through other openings or vistas, at far distant points, the flashing of fiery darts and vivid streaks of light. There was no noise; else it might have been considered an electric rain-cloud of unusual appearance. After a while the wind slackened and finally died away, when all those openings of whatever form in the cloudy pall slowly closed and the whole pageant was shut up from view. Until the ninth hour this dark mantle hung over the earth like an inverted bowl, through which the sun could only be seen as a faintly luminous spot; but notwithstanding the murkiness of the cloud, and the intense gloominess of its shadow, a faint light of day could be perceived in the diaphanous sky above; and as through a glass darkly could be seen the outlines of shadowy forms contending in battle array.

"It was, in fact, the host of heaven in conflict with the powers of darkness; good striving with evil; brotherly love warring with the evil passions of men—Satan contending for the Throne of Heaven. From the sixth to the ninth hour the unequal contest raged; and, when the banner of the Cross lay prostrate before the enemies of Light, and surrender came with the heartrending wail of the sacrificial Victim, a bugle-note of victory sounded in the enemy's camp. Pandemonium was stirred from center to circumference with the revelry of fiends, while Jehovah bowed his head in shame at the wickedness of men. But the rejoicing in hell was of short duration. On the third day consternation seized hold on the unclean spirits, and with wailings and gnashings of teeth, hellish roars went up from the flaming pit, and the father of lies was compelled to acknowledge defeat. But, friends, no amount of disappointment can thwart his evil intentions. Checkmated at one point, he brings his tactics to bear on another, and no description better fits the hidden resources of this arch fiend than that of the poet:

“Whyles ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey a’ holes and corners tryin’:
Whyles on the strong-wing’d tempest
flyin’,
Tirlin’ the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin’,
Unseen thou lurks.’

“Yea, in the human bosom he lurks unseen! Cast him out and turn to the sacrifice of your Maker:

“‘For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.’”

The stranger sat down and the preacher stood up in his stead. He was about to congratulate the congregation, but seeing signs of emotion in the audience, he asked for a hymn to be sung and exhorted his flock to repentance. With the soul-stirring music, the overcharged emotions burst forth in shouts and prayers and hosannas to the Highest. The schoolmaster fell upon his knees, and many others saw angels in the air and in the tops of the trees beckoning upward. The excitement ran high and many names were added that day to the church. The schoolmaster joined on probation, as was then the privilege; but he never got further, for his lifetime rationalism came to his rescue after the excitement was over, and he dropped back into his old materialistic philosophy, doubting everything, and died calling for more light. His end was neither peaceful nor happy. His school broke up, and, having no family, he wandered from home and died in the house of the stranger.

At the end of the services the traveler was looked for, but he could not be found. His track was seen in the road for many miles, but no one had met him. To this day the little “chapel” stands there in the edge of the woods, and the sparse congregation, as they collect every fourth Sunday, never cease to speak of the meeting when the stranger preached.

APPENDIX.

THE earliest extant mention of the Wandering Jew is to be found in the book of the chronicles of the Abbey of St. Albans, which was copied and continued by Matthew Paris. He records that in the year 1228 "a certain Archbishop of Armenia the Greater came on a pilgrimage to England to see the relics of the saints and visit the sacred places in the kingdom, as he had done in others; he also produced letters of recommendation from his Holiness the Pope to the religious and the prelates of the churches, in which they were enjoined to receive and entertain him with due reverence and honor. On his arrival he came to St. Albans, where he was received with all respect by the abbot and the monks; and at this place, being fatigued with his journey, he remained some days to rest himself and his followers, and a conversation took place between him and the inhabitants of the convent, by means of their interpreters, during which he made many inquiries relating to the religion and religious observances of this country, and told many strange things concerning the countries of the East. In the course of conversation he was asked whether he had ever seen or heard anything of Joseph, a man of whom there was much talk in the world, who, when our Lord suffered, was present and spoke to Him, and who is still alive, in evidence of the Christian faith; in reply to which a knight in his retinue, who was his interpreter, replied, speaking in French: 'My lord well knows that man, and a little before he took his way to the western countries the said Joseph ate at the table of my lord the Archbishop of Armenia, and he has often seen and conversed with him.'

"He was then asked about what had passed between Christ and the said Joseph; to which he replied: 'At the time of the passion of Jesus Christ, He was seized by the Jews, and led into the hall of judgment before Pilate, the Governor, that He might be judged by him on the accusation of the Jews; and Pilate, finding no fault for which he might sentence Him to death, said unto them, "Take Him and judge Him according to your law." The shouts of the Jews, however, increasing, he at their request released unto them Barabbas, and delivered Jesus to them to be crucified. When, therefore, the Jews were dragging Jesus forth, and had reached the door, Cartaphilus, a porter of the hall in Pilate's service, as Jesus was going out of the door, impiously struck Him on the back with his hand, and said in mockery: "Go quicker, Jesus; go quicker: why do you loiter?" and Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said to him, "I am going, and you shall wait till I return." And according as our Lord said, this Cartaphilus is still awaiting

His return. At the time of our Lord's suffering he was thirty years old, and when he attains the age of a hundred years, he always returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. After Christ's death, when the Catholic faith gained ground, this Cartaphilus was baptized by Ananias (who also baptized the Apostle Paul), and was called Joseph. He dwells in one or other divisions of Armenia, and in divers Eastern countries, passing his time amongst the bishops and other prelates of the Church; he is a man of holy conversation, and religious; a man of few words, and very circumspect in his behavior; for he does not speak at all unless when questioned by the bishops and religious; and then he relates the events of olden times, and speaks of things which occurred at the suffering and resurrection of our Lord, and of the witnesses of the resurrection, namely, of those who rose with Christ, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto men. He also tells of the creed of the Apostles, and of their separation and preaching. And all this he relates without smiling, or levity of conversation, as one who is well practiced in sorrow and the fear of God, always looking forward with dread to the coming of Jesus Christ, lest at the Last Judgment he should find him in anger whom, when on his way to death, he had provoked to just vengeance. Numbers came to him from different parts of the world, enjoying his society and conversation; and to them, if they are men of authority, he explains all doubts on the matters on which he is questioned. He refuses all gifts that are offered him, being content with slight food and clothing.' "

We hear no more of the Wandering Jew till the sixteenth century, when we hear first of him in a casual manner, as assisting a weaver, Kobot, at the royal palace in Bohemia (1505), to find a treasure which had been secreted by the great-grandfather of Kobot, sixty years before, at which time the Jew was present. He then had the appearance of being a man of seventy years.*

Curiously enough, we next hear of him in the East, where he is confounded with the prophet Elijah. Early in the century he appeared to Fadhilah, under peculiar circumstances.

After the Arabs had captured the city of Elvan, Fadhilah, at the head of three hundred horsemen, pitched his tents, late in the evening, between two mountains. Fadhilah, having begun his evening prayer with a loud voice, heard the words "Allah akbar" (God is great) repeated distinctly, and each word of his prayer was followed in a similar manner. Fadhilah, not believing this to be the result of an echo, was much astonished, and cried out, "O thou! whether thou art of the angel ranks, or whether thou art of some other order of spirits, it is well; the power of God be with thee; but if thou art a man, then let mine eyes light upon thee, that I may rejoice in thy presence and society." Scarcely had he spoken these

*Gubitz, Gesellsch, 1345, No. 18.

words, before an aged man, with bald head, stood before him, holding a staff in his hand, and much resembling a dervish in appearance. After having courteously saluted him, Fadhilah asked the old man who he was. Thereupon the stranger answered, "Bassi Hadrhet Issa, I am here by command of the Lord Jesus, who has left me in this world that I may live therein until he comes a second time to earth. I wait for this Lord, who is the Fountain of Happiness, and in obedience to his command I dwell behind yon mountain." When Fadhilah heard these words, he asked when the Lord Jesus would appear; and the old man replied that his appearing would be at the end of the world, at the Last Judgment. But this only increased Fadhilah's curiosity, so that he inquired the signs of the approach of the end of all things, whereupon Zerib Bar Elia gave him an account of general, social, and moral dissolution, which would be the climax of this world's history.*

In 1547 he was seen in Europe, if we are to believe the following narration:

"Paul von Eitzen, doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and Bishop of Schleswig,† related as true for some years past, that when he was young, having studied at Wittemberg, he returned home to his parents in Hamburg in the winter of the year 1547, and that on the following Sunday, in church, he observed a tall man, with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing barefoot, during the sermon, over against the pulpit, listening with deepest attention to the discourse, and, whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, bowing himself profoundly and humbly, with sighs and beating of the breast. He had no other clothing, in the bitter cold of the winter, except a pair of hose which were in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached to his feet; and his general appearance was that of a man of fifty years. And many people, some of high degree and title, have seen this same man in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Spain, Poland, Moscow, Lapland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other places.

"Every one wondered over the man. Now, after the sermon, the said doctor inquired diligently where the stranger was to be found; and when he had sought him out, he inquired of him privately whence he came, and how long that winter he had been in the place. Thereupon he replied, modestly, that he was a Jew by birth, a native of Jerusalem, by name Ahasverus, by trade a shoemaker; he had been present at the crucifixion of Christ, and had lived ever since, travelling through various lands and cities, the which he substantiated by accounts he gave; he related also the circumstances of Christ's transference from Pilate to Herod, and the final crucifixion, together

*Herbelot, *Bibl. Orient.* iii, p. 607.

†Paul v. Eitzen was born January 25, 1522, at Hamburg; in 1562 he was appointed chief preacher for Schleswig, and died February 25, 1598. (*Greve, Memor. P. ab. Eitzen. Hamb. 1844.*)

with other details not recorded in the Evangelists and historians; he gave accounts of the changes of government in many countries, especially of the East, through several centuries; and moreover he detailed the labors and deaths of the holy Apostles of Christ most circumstantially.

"Now, when Doctor Paul v. Eitzen heard this with profound astonishment, on account of its incredible novelty, he inquired further, in order that he might obtain more accurate information. Then the man answered that he had lived in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of Christ, whom he had regarded as a deceiver of the people, and a heretic; he had seen Him with his own eyes, and had done his best, along with others, to bring this deceiver, as he regarded Him, to justice, and to have Him put out of the way. When the sentence had been pronounced by Pilate, Christ was about to be dragged past his house; then he ran home, and called together his household to have a look at Christ, and see what sort of a person He was.

"This having been done, he had his little child on his arm, and was standing in his doorway, to have a sight of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"As, then, Christ was led by, bowed under the weight of the heavy cross, He tried to rest a little, and stood still a moment; but the shoemaker, in zeal and rage, and for the sake of obtaining credit among the other Jews, drove the Lord Christ forward, and told Him to hasten on His way. Jesus, obeying, looked at him, and said, 'I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go till the last day.' At these words the man set down the child; and, unable to remain where he was, he followed Christ, and saw how cruelly He was crucified, how He suffered, how He died. As soon as this had taken place, it came upon him suddenly that he could no more return to Jerusalem nor see again his wife and child, but must go forth into foreign lands, one after another, like a mournful pilgrim. Now, when, years after, he returned to Jerusalem, he found it ruined and utterly razed, so that not one stone was left standing on another; and he could not recognize former localities.

"He believes that it is God's purpose, in thus driving him about in miserable life, and preserving him undying, to present him before the Jews at the end, as a living token, so that the godless and unbelieving may remember the death of Christ, and be turned to repentance. For his part he would well rejoice were God in Heaven to release him from this vale of tears. After this conversation, Doctor Paul v. Eitzen, along with the rector of the school of Hamburg, who was well read in history, and a traveler, questioned him about events which had taken place in the East since the death of Christ, and he was able to give them much information on many ancient matters; so that it was impossible not to be convinced of the truth of his story, and to see what seems impossible with men is, after all, possible with God.

"Since the Jew has had his life extended, he has become silent and reserved, and only answers direct questions. When invited to become any one's guest, he eats little, and drinks in great moderation; then hurries on, never remaining long in one place. When at Hamburg, Dantzic, and elsewhere, money has been offered him, he never took more than two shillings (fourpence, one farthing), and at once distributed it to the poor, as token that he needed no money, for God would provide for him, as he rued the sins he had committed in ignorance.

"During the period of his stay in Hamburg and Dantzic he was never seen to laugh. In whatever land he traveled he spoke its language, and when he spoke Saxon, it was like a native Saxon. Many people came from different places to Hamburg and Dantzic in order to see and hear this man, and were convinced that the providence of God was exercised in this individual in a very remarkable manner. He gladly listened to God's word, or heard it spoken of always with great gravity and compunction, and he ever revered with sighs the pronounciation of the name of God, or of Jesus Christ, and could not endure to hear curses; but whenever he heard any one swear by God's death or pains, he waxed indignant, and exclaimed, with vehemence and with sighs, 'Wretched man and miserable creature, thus to misuse the name of thy Lord and God, and His bitter sufferings and passion. Hadst thou seen, as I have, how heavy and bitter were the pangs and wounds of thy Lord, endured for thee and for me, thou wouldst rather undergo great pain thyself than thus take His sacred name in vain!'

"Such is the account given to me by Doctor Paul von Eitzen, with many circumstantial proofs, and corroborated by certain of my own old acquaintances who saw this same individual with their own eyes in Hamburg."

The statement that the Wandering Jew appeared in Lubeck in 1601 does not tally with the more precise chronicle of Henricus Bangert, which gives: "*Die 14. Januarii Anno MDCII., adnotatum reliquit Lubeccæ fuisse Judæum illum immortalem, qui se Christi crucifixioni interfuisse affirmavit.*"*

In 1604 he seems to have appeared in Paris. Randolph Botoreus says, under this date: "I fear lest I be accused of giving ear to old wives' fables, if I insert in these pages what is reported all over Europe of the Jew, coeval with the Savior Christ; however, nothing is more common, and our popular histories have not scrupled to assert it. Following the lead of those who wrote our annals, I may say that he who appeared not in one century only, in Spain, Italy, and Germany, was also in this year seen and recognized as the same individual who had appeared in Hamburg, anno MDLXVI.

*Henr. Bangert, Comment. de Ortu, Vita, et Excessu Coleri, I. Cti. Lubec.

The common people, bold in spreading reports, relate many things of him; and this I allude to, lest anything should be left unsaid."¹

J. C. Bulenger puts the date of the Hamburg visit earlier. "It was reported at this time that a Jew of the time of Christ was wandering without food and drink, having for a thousand and odd years been a vagabond and outcast, condemned by God to rove, because he, of that generation of vipers, was the first to cry out for the crucifixion of Christ and the release of Barabbas; and also because soon after, when Christ, panting under the burden of the rood, sought to rest before his workshop (he was a cobbler), the fellow ordered Him off with acerbity. Thereupon Christ replied, 'Because thou grudgest Me such a moment of rest, I shall enter into My rest, but thou shalt wander restless.' At once, frantic and agitated, he fled through the whole earth, and on the same account to this day he journeys through the world. It was this person who was seen in Hamburg in MDLXIV. *Credat Judæus Apella!* I did not see him, or hear anything authentic concerning him, at that time when I was in Paris."²

A curious little book,³ written against the quackery of Paracelsus, by Leonard Doldius, a Nürnberg physician, and translated into Latin and augmented, by Andreas Libavius, doctor and physician of Rotenberg, alludes to the same story, and gives the Jew a new name nowhere else met with. After having referred to a report that Paracelsus was not dead, but was seated alive, asleep or napping, in his sepulchre at Strasburg, preserved from death by some of his specifics, Labavius declares that he would sooner believe in the old man, the Jew, Ahasverus, wandering over the world, called by some Butadaeus, and otherwise, again, by others.

He is said to have appeared in Naumburg, but the date is not given; he was noticed in church, listening to the sermon. After the service he was questioned, and he related his story. On this occasion he received presents from the burghers.⁴ In 1633 he was again in Hamburg.⁵ In the year 1640, two citizens, living in the Gerberstrasse, in Brussels, were walking in the Sonian wood, when they encountered an aged man, whose clothes were in tatters and of an antiquated appearance. They invited him to go with them to a house of refreshment, and he went with them, but would not seat himself, remaining on foot to drink. When he came before the doors with the two burghers, he told them a great deal; but they were mostly stories of events which had happened many hundred years before. Hence, the burghers gathered that their companion was Isaac Laquedem, the Jew who had refused to permit our Blessed Lord to rest for a moment at his doorstep, and they left him full of terror. In 1642 he

¹ R. Botoreus, Comm. Histor. lii, p. 305.

² J. C. Bulenger, *Historia sui Temporis*, p. 357.

³ *Praxis Alchymiae*. Francfurti, MDCIV. 8vo.

⁴ *Mitternacht*, Diss. in Johann. xxi. 19.

⁵ *Mitternacht*, ut supra.

is reported to have visited Leipzig. On the 22d of July, 1721, he appeared at the gates of the city of Munich.* About the end of the seventeenth century or the beginning of the eighteenth, an impostor, calling himself the Wandering Jew, attracted attention in England, and was listened to by the ignorant, and despised by the educated. He, however, managed to thrust himself into the notice of the nobility, who half in jest, half in curiosity, questioned him, and paid him as they might a juggler. He declared that he had been an officer of the Sanhedrim, and that he had struck Christ as he left the judgment hall of Pilate. He remembered all the Apostles, and described their personal appearance, and their clothes, and their peculiarities. He spoke many languages, claimed the power of healing the sick, and asserted that he had traveled nearly all over the world. Those who heard him were perplexed by his familiarity with foreign tongues and places. Oxford and Cambridge sent professors to question him, and to discover the imposition, if any. An English nobleman conversed with him in Arabic. The mysterious stranger told his questioner in that language that historical works were not to be relied upon. And on being asked his opinion of Mahomet, he replied that he had been acquainted with the father of the prophet, and that he dwelt at Ormuz. As for Mahomet, he believed him to have been a man of intelligence; once when he heard the prophet deny that Christ was crucified, he answered abruptly by telling him he was a witness to the truth of that event. He related also that he was in Rome when Nero set it on fire; he had known Saladin, Tamerlane, Bajazeth, Eterlane, and could give minute details of the history of the Crusades.†

Perhaps, of all the myths which originated in the middle ages, none is more striking than that we have been considering; indeed, there is something so calculated to arrest the attention and to excite the imagination in the outline of the story, that it is remarkable that we should find an interval of three centuries elapse between its first introduction into Europe by Matthew Paris and Philip Mouskes, and its general acceptance in the sixteenth century. As a myth, its roots lie in that great mystery of human life which is an enigma never solved, and ever originating speculation.

What was life? Was it of necessity limited to fourscore years, or could it be extended indefinitely? were questions curious minds never wearied of asking. And so the mythology of the past teemed with legends of favored or accursed mortals, who had reached beyond the term of days set to most men. Some had discovered the water of life, the fountain of perpetual youth, and were ever renewing their strength. Others had dared the power of God, and were, therefore, sentenced to feel the weight of His displeasure, without tasting the repose of death.

*Hormayr, Taschenbuch, 1834, p. 216.

†Calmet, Dictionn. de la Bible, t. ii, p. 472.

John the Divine slept at Ephesus, untouched by corruption, with the ground heaving over his breast as he breathed, waiting the summons to come forth and witness against Antichrist. The seven sleepers reposed in a cave, and centuries glided by like a watch in the night. The monk of Hildesheim, doubting how with God a thousand years could be as yesterday, listened to the melody of a bird in the green wood during three minutes, and found that in three minutes three hundred years had flown. Joseph of Arimathæa, in the blessed city of Sarras, draws perpetual life from the Saint Graal; Merlin sleeps and sighs in an old tree, spellbound of Vivien. Charlemagne and Barbarossa wait, crowned and armed, in the heart of the mountain, till the time comes for the release of the Fatherland from despotism. And, on the other hand, the curse of a deathless life was passed on the Wild Huntsman, because he desired to chase the red deer for evermore; on the Captain of the Phantom Ship, because he vowed he would double the Cape whether God willed it or not; on the Man in the Moon, because he gathered sticks during the Sabbath rest; on the dancers of Kolbeck, because they desired to spend eternity in their mad gambols.

ADDENDUM.

For the benefit of readers who never knew Mr. Eliot, I subjoin an account of his "Last Days on Earth," written by a man who, with too hasty and prejudicant ears, notes a wail *de profundis* rather than a *te Deum laudamus*.

The old man's rebuke to this flaminical bramble should have sent him to Mat. xxiii: 15, and vii: 1, 2. Mr. Eliot's Heterodoxy is the Orthodoxy of to-day.

JOHN GHOST ELIOT'S LAST DAYS ON EARTH.

PITT COUNTY, March 18, 1882.

Editor Messenger:—Since the publication of Rev. Mr. Marable's article in your paper, in which the facts of Mr. Eliot's life and character were very faithfully set forth, particularly his views of Christianity, I have been solicited to publish the facts of his last illness.

It is but natural for an inquisitive public to desire the last news of the views of so notable a man. And believing there is a great truth expressed in the lines—

"The pebble in the streamlet scant
Has changed the course of many a river ;
The dewdrop on the tiny plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

I have gathered all the data he has left us, and give Dr. W. L. Best and myself, who were eye-witnesses, as authority for the correctness of the following statement:

Mr. Eliot died November 13, 1881; twenty-one days previous he came to Dr. Best for medical treatment. He had had phymosis seventy-one years. An operation was performed; it healed kindly and he was entirely well of that at death. He also had had hemorrhoids about fifty years, and double hernia about forty years, but the cause of his death was senile-diarrhea, for which there is no cure.

During his illness I visited him several times, and always found him quiet and patient in suffering. At one of my first visits he incidentally spoke of dying. I immediately directed his mind to Christ as our merciful Savior and only hope. His reply was concerning the impossibility of the scriptural statement of the conception of Jesus being true. I then asked if he did not believe what the Scriptures said concerning the conception, birth, life, death, burial, resurrection, ascension and mediation of Jesus Christ was true.

He replied: "I believe everything in that book, but don't understand it." The subject was then pressed further, when he said with some feeling: "Harper, never try to press your views on anybody, for if you convince a man against his will, he'll be of the same opinion still."

About four months prior to this, in a conversation with Dr. Best, he said: "About the best prayer I ever heard was an old school-teacher's prayer, who, when he apprehended that death was near at hand, exclaimed, 'O God, if there is a God, have mercy on my soul, if I have a soul.'" He did not say who the school-teacher was.

Ten days previous to his death, in conversation with Dr. Best, he compared himself to a growing stalk of cotton, by saying: "The stalk is composed of fourteen different elements, ten of which are derived from the earth, and four from the air. When it dies, the parts from the earth return from whence they came, and the four are given back to the air, just as you and I will do." Conveying the idea clearly that he had no more immortality than the cotton stalk.

His tenacity to life, and the courage with which he fought the disease that was taking him away, were wonderful. He seemed hard to convince that he must soon die, for only a few days before death I encouraged him to make a wise distribution of his property, and he said "he had stood a certain man's security, and with the proceeds from the farm this year (1881), I want to pay that security debt, cover my house and get me a set of teeth."

Two days previous to his death Dr. Best entered his room, and hearing him speaking in an undertone, asked him what he was saying, and he replied, "Repeating a prayer." The doctor being very much surprised at that, requested him to tell what he said when he prayed, but he excused himself by saying: "I am out of breath, but will tell you all about it when I can breathe more easily." But he died without telling.

Alas! how prone we are to "put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day," and prayer and obedience to Christ is often postponed until too late! too late!!

Six hours before death, the doctor heard him making a noise, and, entering his room, asked what was the matter. He replied: "I am lost." The doctor asked: "In what way are you lost, Mr. Elliot?" He did not reply. The doctor asked if he knew where he was, and he replied, "Yes, here in my room." "Whose house are you at?" "Yours, Dr. Best." The doctor asked if he meant his soul was lost, and he made an indefinite answer, and turned the conversation to his body, asking the doctor to dissect his body, articulate his skeleton, and donate it to some good literary school. The doctor told him this was impossible, from the press of business. He then requested the doctor to have a coffin built of fat lightwood and bury him. The

doctor asked the privilege of having a nice coffin for him, and he replied: "I practiced no pride in life and don't wish it in death."

All this conversation took place in the last five or six hours of his life, and he remained conscious unto the end. His last words were:

"Attend to my necessities."

* Reader, draw your own conclusions.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—
Heb. x:31.

H. D. HARPER.





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